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August 2, 1941

BARBECUE A Short Story BY DAMON RUNYON

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AUGUST 2, 1941

"Shake a hoof, Elmer!" cried Elsie, "I'm off again!"

ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, snatched another armful of clothes from Elmer, the Bull.

"You're *off*, all right," he grumbled crossly. "I don't know what for."

"For Canada, beautiful Canada!" said Elsie. "I really need a vacation, and Canada's the place where the *cream* of society is going this year! Besides, it's a part of my good neighbor policy."

"Hah!" scoffed Elmer: "How would folks in Canada ever know they had *you* for a neighbor?"

"The same way folks all over the United States know I'm a good neighbor," Elsie replied, packing away happily. "For they know the pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* I produce for them. And the host of pure, wholesome things Borden experts are able to make from that milk."

"Your milk *this*, your milk *that!*" Elmer grunted, struggling to close an over-stuffed suitcase. "They make me tired!"

"Other people don't feel that way," remarked Elsie. "They find, for instance, that *Borden's Ice Cream* is wonderfully refreshing. Smooth, luscious, and pure as can be—because it's made from the finest milk and cream."

Elmer's language suddenly became quite violent. He had the suitcase closed at last—with the end of his tail in it.

"Elmer! I'm surprised at you!" exclaimed Elsie. "Just because you're jealous of my career is no excuse for you to say things like that. Thousands of folks say *lovely* things about me. And about the tempting cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes they can make with

Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk—the same milk that doctors approve for babies because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D."

"All right, all *right!*" muttered Elmer, flinging a green coat of Elsie's into the crowded trunk and trying to slam the lid shut.

"Exactly," Elsie chatted on. "It's because my milk is *always* all right that a product like *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* is always all right, too. So it never fails in helping to make mouth-watering cake frostings, candies, and cookies."

The trunk lid was stubborn. "Guess I'll have to jump on it," fumed Elmer.

"Youngsters generally jump for joy," commented Elsie, "when they're promised that delicious builder-

upper, *Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk*. And grown-ups feel just about as enthusiastic."

Click! went the trunk lock. Elmer was triumphant. "I knew," said he, "that a little cleverness would get that thing closed!"

"The cleverest thing I know," Elsie mused, "probably is *Klim*. Klim is pure, whole milk—*powdered*. Only the water is taken out. And to make it turn into real milk that *tastes* like real milk again, you just add water to it. It needs no refrigeration, so it's a great companion for sportsmen. Mothers give it to babies,

and use it in cooking. It . . . Elmer! Did you put my *green* coat in the trunk?"

"I certainly did, my dear," Elmer replied proudly. "Anything else I can tend to?"

"Yes," said Elsie, "you can tend to opening that trunk again—the train tickets are in my coat pocket. And we'll need them, if I am to tend to reminding folks in Canada . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'*"

* * *

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden . . . and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,000 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.

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A LESSON IN *Kissing Technique*

LISTERINE TELLS YOU WHAT THE MASTERS SAY ABOUT KISSING

The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.
DR. HENRY GIBBONS

What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:
The sure sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.
ROBERT HERRICK

A kiss, when all is said, what is it?
. . . a rosy dot
Placed on the "i" in loving; 'tis a secret
Told to the mouth instead of to the ear.
EDMOND ROSTAND

The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a great deal longer.
O. W. HOLMES

Kissing don't last: cookery do. GEORGE MEREDITH

Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.
SWIFT

And when my lips meet thine,
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine. H. H. BOYESEN

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me:
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.
LEIGH HUNT

A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.
TENNYSON

Excerpts from "The Home Book of Quotations" by Burton Stevenson; Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers

WHETHER it's the kiss given in the first fine rapture of love's discovery, the kiss you give your husband of twenty years as he rushes out in the morning, or the kiss of mother and son—don't be careless. Remember . . . nothing is so intimate or so revealing as a kiss.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

So—for love's sake!—don't ever be guilty of offending HIM with halitosis (bad breath). It freezes love . . . yet anyone may have it at some time or other.

Wouldn't any woman be foolish to chance losing this regard unnecessarily when it's often so easy to make breath sweeter, purer, with Listerine Antiseptic?

Halitosis is sometimes due to systemic conditions. Usually, however, say some authorities, it is caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. For that condition, a good rinsing of the mouth with refreshing Listerine Antiseptic morning and night works sweet wonders!

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse night and morning.

* * *

"P.S." TO MEN: *Don't imagine you're immune from halitosis! (Who is?) Keep Listerine Antiseptic on hand—make it a morning and nightly ritual! Always remember to rinse your mouth with this delightful, breath-sweetening antiseptic deodorant before any important business engagement—or your date with Her. It pays. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

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THIS WEEK

AUGUST 2, 1941

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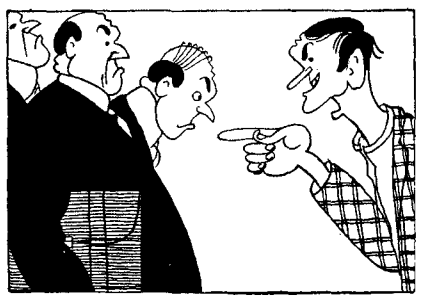
COVER PAUL SHIVELY

ANY WEEK

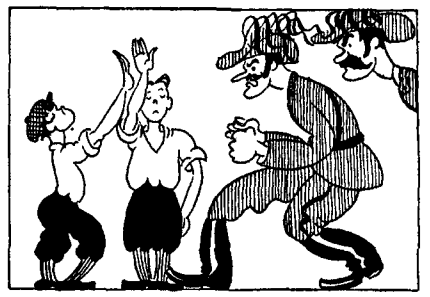
JUST as we foolishly thought that we had a good grip on world affairs, two hundred members of the New York Chapter of the Newspaper Guild held a meeting. Now we have to start in all over again. As you probably know, the Guild is the newspaperman's union. For the benefit of its membership we have dug up the long-lost reason for its organization—to win better pay, shorter hours and a modicum of security for newspapermen. It's been dull, hard work, but rewarded with many successes. There are still a large number of daily journalists who could use a little more money and do with a few more hours of leisure—even in New York. Anyway the New York Guild went into session. We weren't there, not being eligible. But our inside man reports that gravity of a highly important order prevailed. And out of that meeting of the newspaperman's union came resolutions, adopted with vast solemnity, protesting against the use of the United States Army at the North American Aviation Company's plant, "to destroy the right of workers to strike." We hope a reporter didn't write that line. We hate to think there are reporters that bad. We wonder, too, how far the Guild would go if, after he had reported a couple of jobs in that manner, the reporter got canned.



ALSO we became involved with a gentleman with a mildly improbable name—Mr. Abel Nundottle. Mr. Nundottle lives in Kearney, New Jersey. The topic we gave a good going over was Britain's decision at this somewhat late date to abolish the Old School Tie as a badge of special privilege in holding top government posts. Mr. Nundottle brought the argument to a snappy close with: "So what the hell. We've never had anything like that Old School Tie stuff and we've had just as lousy government as England." And yet we weren't wholly satisfied. We began looking things up. Our researches prove Mr. Nundottle right. From Mr. Bill Clugston of Topeka, Kansas, we learn that during the first forty years of that state's statehood, not one necktie wearer was elected to any important office. Several otherwise able candidates for governor of Kansas were defeated because their opponents unearthed old photographs showing that they wore ties at their wedding, one of them losing because it was proved that his father wore a cravat at his own funeral. And some time ago Judge Charlie Allen of Butte, Montana, told us about an early congressman from that state who never wore a collar. On this statesman's first day in Congress he surveyed his fellow legislators in the cloakroom and let fly with: "What's ailing all you fellers wearing collars? Ashamed of not having no Adam's apples?" However we've noticed for some time signs that Britain is finally losing faith in the Old School Tie. You would have too, had you, like us, seen the marked increase in the number of lean, hardy, horny-handed frontier types in the British legation in Washington and the Andrew Jackson–Abraham Lincoln flavor in the various missions Great Britain is sending over to this country.

ALL the unusual features of modern warfare are not found exclusively in Europe. It is unthinkingly called a humane war because relatively few human beings are killed—few, that is, in proportion to the numbers involved, the lands raped and all the horrible implications of Hitler. Instead of dying, men and women become slaves. While life can be dear, it can also be intolerable. In America nobody is being killed. And that, writes Mr. Joseph Cann Drewry of Pasadena, California, leaves us free to make ourselves ridiculous. "I go home," writes he, "from a meeting in which a windy politician tells us that we are the richest country in all history. I find my wife giving a couple of aluminum skillets to the government to defend democracy with. I drive down to the water front to see oil going to Japan while the government tells Boston to prepare for gasolineless Sundays and empty fuel tanks next winter. Obvious crackpots are being sent to jail for sixty days for refusing to stand up while they play The Star-Spangled Banner, but outspoken Reds roam our streets and rule labor unions. Newspapers are being censored but my radio presents me with commentators whose views and information are always impossible to check. They not only don't know what *has* happened but they have no hesitancy in predicting what is going to happen and which never does. I have just read a newspaper headline which says, 'Hitler Laughs at America's Fears.' That's wrong too. He's just laughing at America."

FOR several years we have been a member of an order of which you may have heard nothing—the Futileers. To be a member one must be completely futile. To be a Futileer one must be enormously energetic but completely unproductive of anything of value. We Futileers were so proud of our ineptitude that we never bothered to find out who our fellow members were. We scorned organization, officers and meetings lest we be charged with attempts at efficiency. One wasn't elected to membership nor chosen; one just automatically became a Futileer by consistency in inefficacy, uselessness, inadequacy and tireless wild-goose chasing. Thousands belonged and didn't know it. But reading the newspapers, listening to radio commentators, perusing the mail we receive these days from all sorts of isolationist groups, all-aid outfits, war declarants and so on, we realize in our muddled fashion that we Futileers have at last come into our own.



BUT our sense of security has been shaken a bit by a cablegram we've just received from W. B. Courtney. Mr. Courtney has been in Germany for some weeks. One of those weeks he devoted to following the German army through Greece. "Don't imagine," cabled he, "that you and I will be able to keep out of the fight because of our ailing dogs. If you're able to sit up and take a little nourishment and look out the window you can fight today. Neither senility nor varicosity bothers the modern infantryman who rides comfortably down the glory path in de luxe busses. He has competent guides to point out the historic sights and social interpreters to introduce him to prisoners the Panzers have taken. Laugh off all tales of mass frontal attacks and corpses stacked twenty feet high. I didn't see a single bayonet fixed in all Greece nor hear of a single bayonet wound. Bayonet sticking and corpse stacking all being done on portable typewriters in hotel rooms. Greeks bear up in the manner of a people who count history in centuries rather than decades. Greek and German soldiers mingle without seeming to be aware of one another in cafés and on streets. The skirted evzones with their Walt Disney shoes go through elaborate manual of arms watched by German soldiers in mingled awe and professional jealousy. Athenians hoot and jeer the hapless Italians. I saw a crowd of kids follow three sweating Bersaglieri laughing at their feathers with obvious allusions. When the tormented Italians finally turned and lunged at them, the brats solemnly and instantly stiffened, raised their hands and chorused 'Heil Hitler.'"

W. D.

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WORLD CHAMPION

MISS MARGARET HAMMA, operating an IBM Electromatic Typewriter, established a new professional world's record of 149 words per minute for one hour.

The first half-hour of this performance won for her the amateur championship. ✰ These records were made in competition with 8 other professional contestants and 44 other amateur contestants from various parts of the United States and Canada. ✰ The competition was held under the auspices of the Ninth Annual International Commercial Schools Contest in Chicago, on June 19 and 20, 1941.

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

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Golden Shell MOTOR OIL

Does 4 jobs at Once!

"*WHO'S THE BUSIEST GENT IN AMERICA?* Don't look now, but it's me!" says Goldie. "When you put your foot down on your starter, I begin doin' 4 jobs at once!

"Take a look at my schedule an' you'll see what I mean . . ."

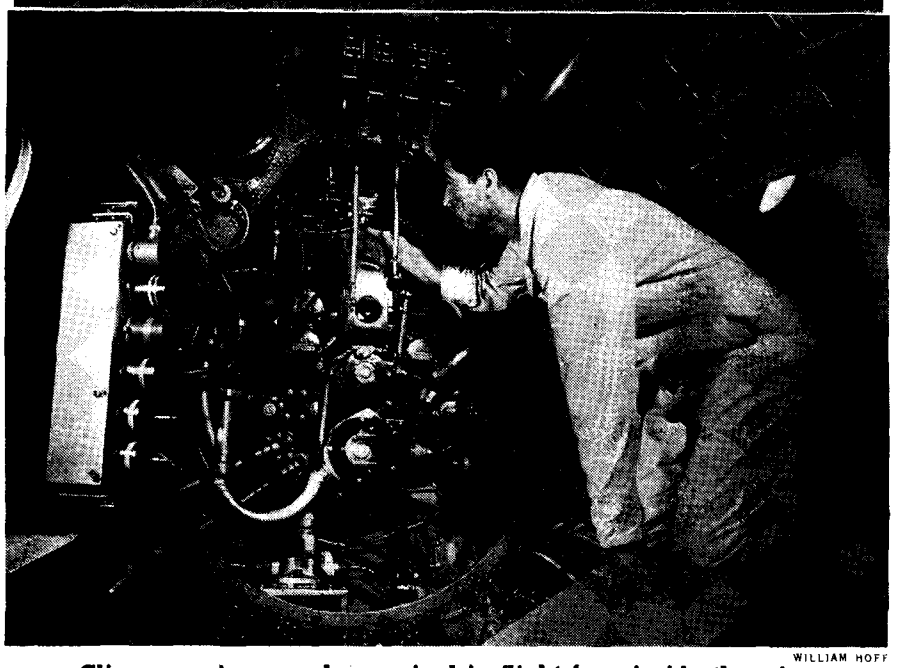
1. **COOL** your engine. "That's important because if tight-fittin' parts get too hot, they wear out fast."
2. **CLEAN** your engine. "Dirt and grit give up quickly and quietly when I'm on the job."
3. **SEAL** in power. "I put a stop to power slippin' by pistons."
4. **OIL** all moving surfaces. "I put the kayo on friction—it's the way to keep peace in the family."

"In refinery talk I'm what you call a 'perfectly balanced motor oil.' Leastways, that's what Shell engineers call me.

"But I'm not up in the clouds when it comes to price. No sir, a quarter a quart and I'm your man!"

THE MODERN OIL FOR PRECISION-BUILT CARS

WING TALK



WILLIAM HOFF

Clipper engines can be repaired in flight from inside the wing

MANY an airplane has been forced down by the failure of a minor engine accessory which needed only slight adjustment to keep it going. But with engines utterly inaccessible in flight, there is nothing to do but land. Pilots, engineers and plane owners are mighty tired of this, and with the advent of bigger planes for operation off the domestic airways they insisted on locating the power plants so that a mechanic could walk out to any one of them *inside* the wing, make the repairs and restore it to operation.

Revealing figures on the wisdom of this procedure come from Pan American Airways, which specified engine accessibility on its clippers because it, more than any other line, needs continuous operation of enough engines to sustain flight over the oceans. In the last two years, on both the Atlantic and Pacific runs, Pan American mechanics made 431 repairs *in flight*. In 64 of these cases, had the engines not been accessible, the causes of the failures were of such a serious nature that the ships would have been forced to return to their nearest base.

IT COSTS the government $104.70 per hour to operate a four-engined heavy bomber and $7.25 per hour to fly a primary trainer; in between is the medium bomber at $74.74 per flying hour and the single engine fighter at $31.85.

However, if you think the cost of operating a heavy bomber is high, the government will welcome a cheaper method of transporting thousands of pounds of bombs at thousands of feet above the earth to points thousands of miles away and at speeds of more than 300 miles per hour.

AN AIRPLANE can get out of balance easily. The passenger load not only differs on each flight but the passengers move around. Same is true with a bomber when the crew is at work. Gasoline is being continuously consumed; the wings or tail surfaces may be imperceptibly twisted or warped; or the engines may be putting out slightly different power.

All these things help throw the ship out of balance and the pilot has to counteract the unbalance by setting his controls in an abnormal position to maintain straight and level flight.

He is helped in this by a small hinged flap or "trim" tab which is incorporated in the trailing edges of each of the control surfaces of the tail and the ailerons. By turning control knobs in the cockpit, the tabs are deflected up or down, right or left, as the case may be, so that the air striking the tabs moves the entire control surface over to the desired position. First officer, twist the knob and trim the ship!

The Back Seat

TRADITIONALLY the Navy is a man's organization, and naval aviation is even more so. Yet in the Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington there is a woman who is rounding out her sixth year at a job that carries responsibilities entitling her to wear from two to three stripes, if she were permitted to wear any. Joy Bright Hancock is her name.

What makes her so outstanding is the assistance she renders newspapermen who write aviation. If she doesn't know the answer, or isn't sure of it, she doesn't stop there; she goes and gets it—may dig for a week. Newsmen swear by her.

Outside her office in the main thoroughfares of the Navy Department hangs a blue-and-gold sign—"Editorial Research." There's nothing inviting about it, so you don't go in unless you are sent. But when you are, you don't come away empty-handed. Joy has an inherent and constant ability to make friends for naval aviation. Hence naval aviation has a consistently good press.

Twice widowed through airship accidents, Mrs. Hancock has sufficient and just grounds to shun naval flying forever. First it was the ZR-2 in England when she was still a bride and Lieutenant Little lost his life. Years later she had to suffer a second blow when the Shenandoah crashed with Commander Hancock.

But Joy Hancock is made of stern stuff, and, after a world cruise, studies in Paris and Washington, and finally a pilot's course, she returned to naval aviation and took over the job she now holds.

She also writes stories about naval aviation for aeronautical magazines, apologetically under the true name of J. B. Hancock. Men, you don't have to keep those chests out so far. F. R. N.

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*
LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

NEW YORK CITY

To all Metropolitan Policyholders:

Three and one-half years ago, we decided to devote part of our advertising effort to explaining how a life insurance company operates.

Since then, we have published thirty-nine advertisements having this as their aim. We have told you about mortality tables, dividends, surpluses, diversification of investments, and many other subjects. However, so far in the series we have not covered in detail Metropolitan agency practices and principles which govern life insurance selling activities.

Accordingly, we are devoting this and several succeeding messages to their explanation.

The principles underlying our sales practices are designed to help us provide you with the kind and amount of insurance protection you should have at the lowest cost consistent with safety. Briefly stated, these basic selling principles are . . .

1. Your life insurance program should be fitted to your own particular needs and those of your family.

2. In taking out life insurance, full consideration should be given to the relationship between your income and your insurance needs.

3. As your insurance needs change, or your income varies, your insurance program should be fitted to your new situation in whatever way will best serve your interests and your family's. Your Company or any representative will be glad to advise you in such cases without charging you a fee of any kind.

4. The Company should do everything it reasonably can, not only to make it convenient for you to keep your life insurance program in force, but also to help fulfill its objectives.

Life insurance companies have found that the most satisfactory way to help you accomplish these things is through the Agency System. Metropolitan agents are especially trained in life insurance, so that they may be equipped to help you with your problems. This method of selling life insurance has been given the stamp of public approval by generations of policyholders.

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This is Number 40 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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BUY FLORSHEIM QUALITY

AMERICA'S STANDARD OF FINE SHOE VALUE

THE RAMBLER
$9.50

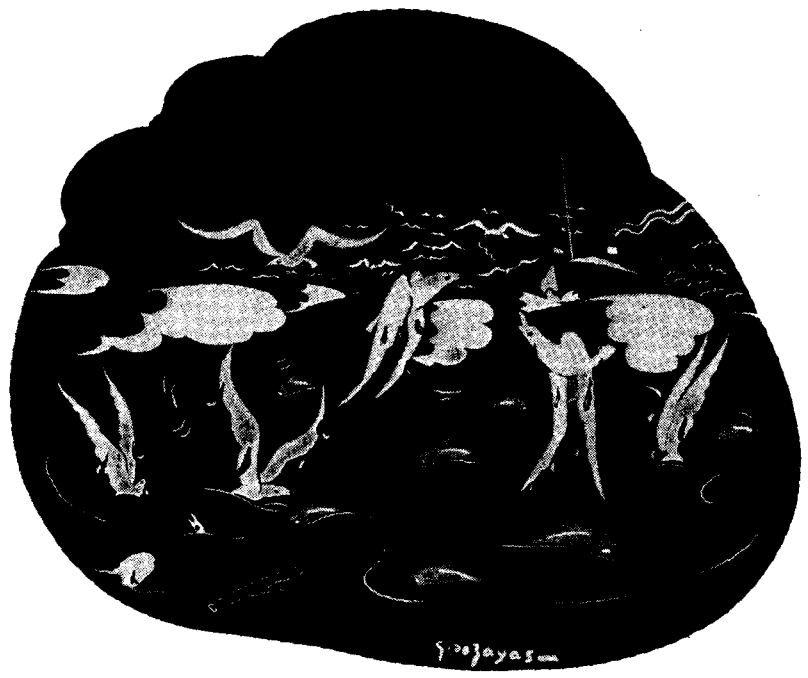
THE STRATFIELD
$10

The Florsheim Shoe

Florsheim has never sacrificed *quality* for *quantity*...never risked *value* for *volume*. Today, as always, Florsheim accepts nothing but the finest—in leathers, lasts, labor. Because there's no substitute for quality, there's no substitute for Florsheims...ask for them next time.

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

For almost two years, a de-oiling hospital for sea gulls has been operated near Penzance, England. Every time a submarine is sunk off this coast, the explosions kill many fish, thereby attracting flocks of gulls, which become so drenched with the floating oil that they cannot fly. As many as seven hundred of these birds have been rescued and sent to this "de-oilery" in a single day.—*By Grant M. Paterson, Victoria, British Columbia.*

The Kremlin in Moscow is the most concentrated seat of government in the world. Its sixty-odd buildings, built to contain the homes, as well as the offices, of Russia's most important executives within the small space of ninety acres, is surrounded by a fifty-foot brick wall with nineteen great guard towers. To avoid sabotage, all visitors have been barred from this fortress since 1934.

Although the Suez Canal's average width is about 250 feet, ships going through it are not allowed to pass each other in motion between the Mediterranean and the Bitter Lakes, or over about three quarters of the one-hundred-mile course. The ship facing the tide, which flows for seven hours and ebbs for five, is obliged to tie up while the other passes, for fear too much backwater will loosen the sandy banks.

The world's largest organ, which is installed in Convention Hall in Atlantic City, contains seven manuals, or keyboards, 487 keys, 933 stops, thirty-two pedals, seven blowers with motors totaling 365 horsepower and 33,056 pipes, ranging in height from a quarter inch to sixty-four feet.

A fir tree that had "swallowed" another tree was discovered in the sawmill of the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company of Springfield, Oregon, in 1926. When the log, four feet in diameter, was cut in two, another separate tree, fifteen inches in diameter, was found in the middle of it.

Because so many American families make their old flour sacks into clothing, the chief selling point of one of the largest manufacturers of these bags is that he prints the labels of his customers in inks that "vanish in the wash."—*By C. P. Cabell, Wilmington, Delaware.*

Germany and German-occupied countries have more than four hundred large armament concerns engaged exclusively in the manufacture of heavy ordnance, tanks, machine guns, torpedoes, bombs, shells and other kinds of war material, among the giants being Schneider-Creusot of France and Skoda of Czechoslovakia.

One of the worst landslides on record occurred in a valley near Goldau, Switzerland, in 1806, when a large section of Mount Ruffi suddenly came tumbling down, burying five villages, killing hundreds of persons and spreading huge masses of rock over twenty square miles.

The Visa Division of the State Department in Washington not only receives daily scores of cablegrams and overseas telephone calls asking for visas for special refugee cases, but its waiting lists contain the names of persons who have been trying to enter the United States for more than forty years.

Although there are fewer than forty vessels in most convoys, some such groups, when carrying important people and valuable cargoes through dangerous zones, have been known to comprise as many as eighty naval ships and armed merchantmen. These giant convoys require an area of about thirty-five square miles, usually travel at only ten knots and may be discovered by their smoke at a distance of fifty miles.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE!

THERE'S trouble *ahead* for the fellow who smokes where smoking's not allowed.

But there may be trouble *right now* for the man who drives a car with a smoking exhaust.

For smoke from the exhaust of a car is too often the sign of excessive engine wear. And that means waste of power, gas and oil.

Act *now* before your car becomes a wasteful smoker! Change to Insulated Havoline, the motor oil especially made to take the punishment of today's efficient, high-speed engines.

Havoline stands up to heat that breaks down ordinary oil—gives full protection at running temperatures on the hottest days—because Havoline is *insulated.*

It flows freely when cold and lubricates at temperatures that make ordinary oils sluggish.

And harmful, carbon-forming impurities are removed, thanks to a special distilling process.

For safety and smoother performance, change to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil *now* at Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.

TEXACO
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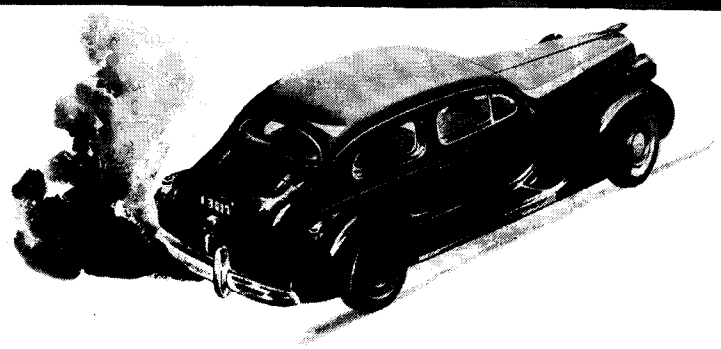
You're Welcome
AT TEXACO DEALERS



DON'T WAIT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

Change to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil and eliminate excessive engine wear. Remember, inefficient lubrication costs motorists millions of dollars every year.

TUNE IN: "MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE"—All star radio program every Wednesday night, Columbia Broadcasting System, 9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

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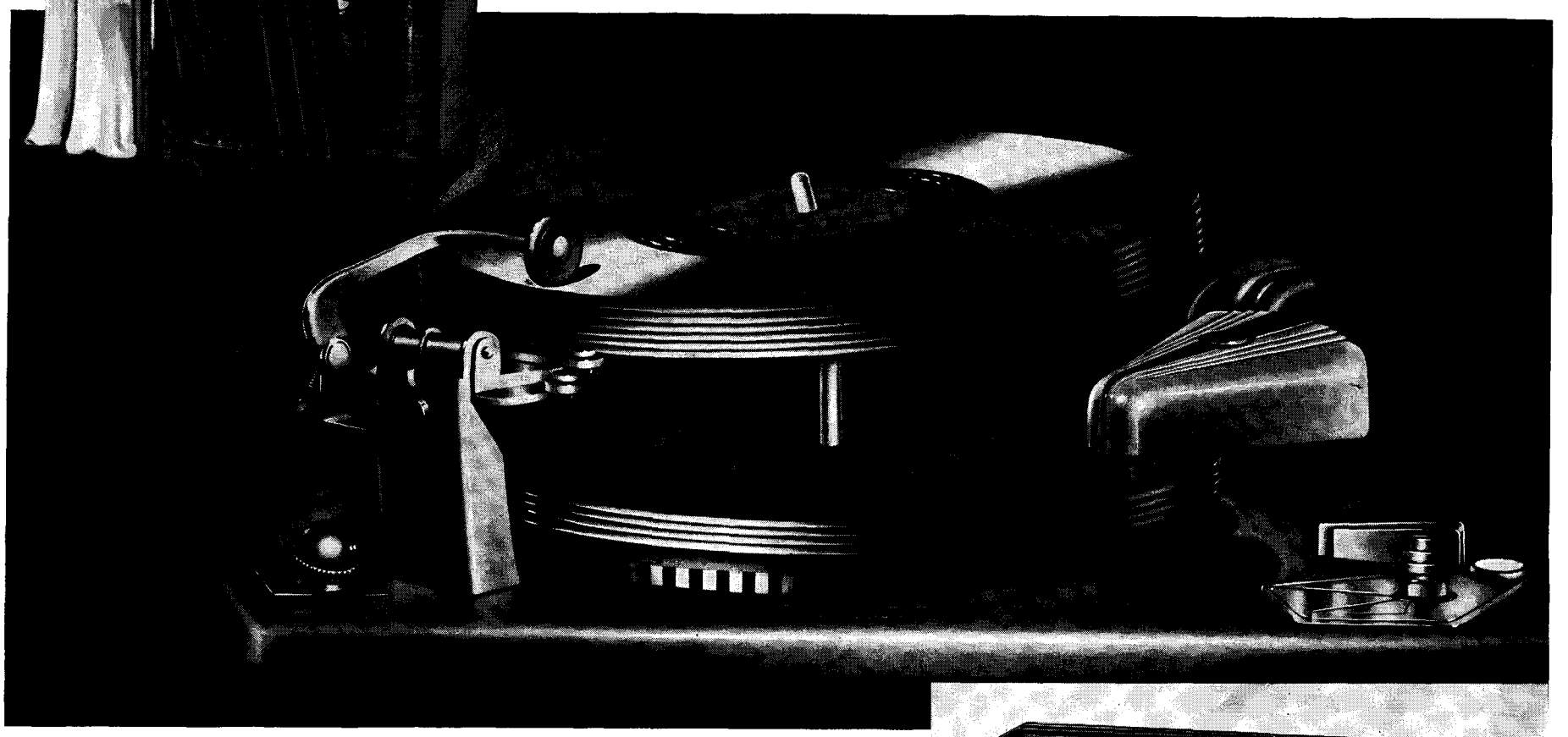
TO "Music on a Beam of Light" ... PHILCO adds another exclusive phonograph invention!



PHILCO AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER with STROBOSCOPE PITCH AND TEMPO CONTROL

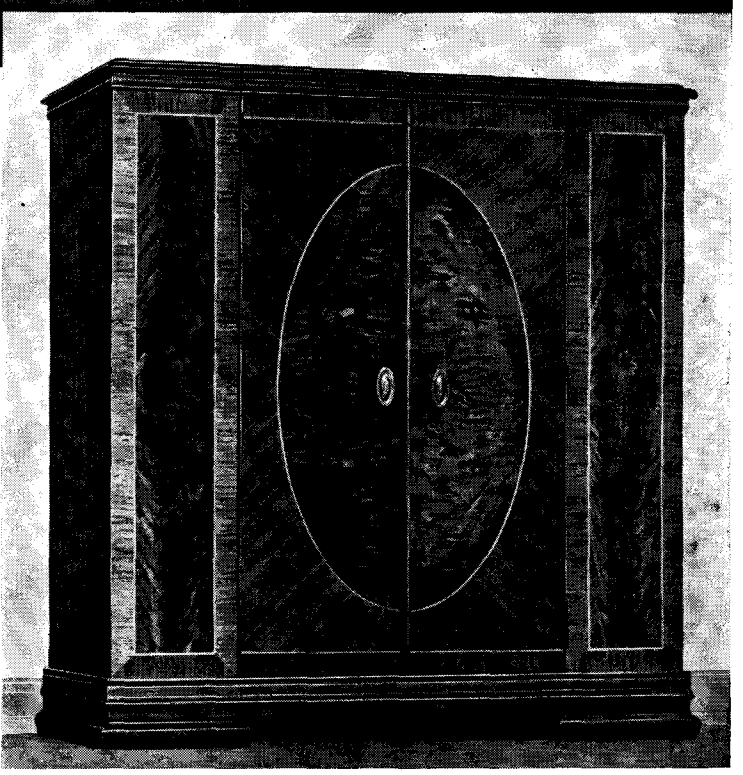
ONCE MORE, the inventive genius of Philco engineers brings you new and greater enjoyment of recorded music, finer tone and greater thrills from your favorite records than you have ever known before. For the first time, the sensationally famous Stroboscopic principle is applied to phonographs in the new Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control.

Now you can hear your records with absolute fidelity of pitch, exactly as the artists recorded them in the studio. And, in addition, you get simpler, gentler, more reliable automatic changing of records. It's another Philco first . . . and, again, *only Philco has it!*

All this is now added to "Music on a Beam of Light," the revolutionary invention of Philco engineers, the first basic improvement in reproduction of records since the invention of the phonograph. No needles to change; surface noise and record wear reduced by 10 to 1; glorious new beauty of tone . . . these great benefits you enjoy only in a Philco. For only Philco gives you the amazing, new Photo-Electric Reproducer.

And then, Philco offers you the new and exclusive Tilt-Front Cabinet . . . no lid to lift, no need to remove decorations, no dark, unhandy compartment. Just tilt forward the grille, place your records and tilt it back again.

These important features, plus exclusive Philco *radio* inventions, are the mark of the *modern* radio-phonograph . . . and they are yours *only in a Philco*. See the new 1942 Philco models at your Philco dealer today. You'll find a gorgeous array of cabinet styles, in conventional and period designs, priced to suit your purse. Liberal allowance for your old radio; easiest payment terms.



PHILCO 1015, ILLUSTRATED . . . IN WALNUT OR MAHOGANY . . . Philco Photo Electric Radio-Phonograph; plays any record on a Beam of Light. New Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control. Exclusive Philco FM System for Frequency Modulation broadcasts. American and Foreign Reception. Philco Built-in Super Aerial system; separate built-in FM aerial. Authentic 18th Century Georgian Tilt-Front Cabinet, Walnut or Mahogany. Philco *Home Recording Unit* optional. *Easiest Payment Terms.*

(*Upper left*) Philco 1010 Photo Electric Radio-Phonograph. Only $15.95 down.

Prices subject to change without notice; slightly higher Denver and West.

RADIOS, RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS, PORTABLES, AUTO RADIOS . . . FROM $9.95 to $500. SEE AND HEAR THEM TODAY

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Collier's

The National Weekly for August 2, 1941

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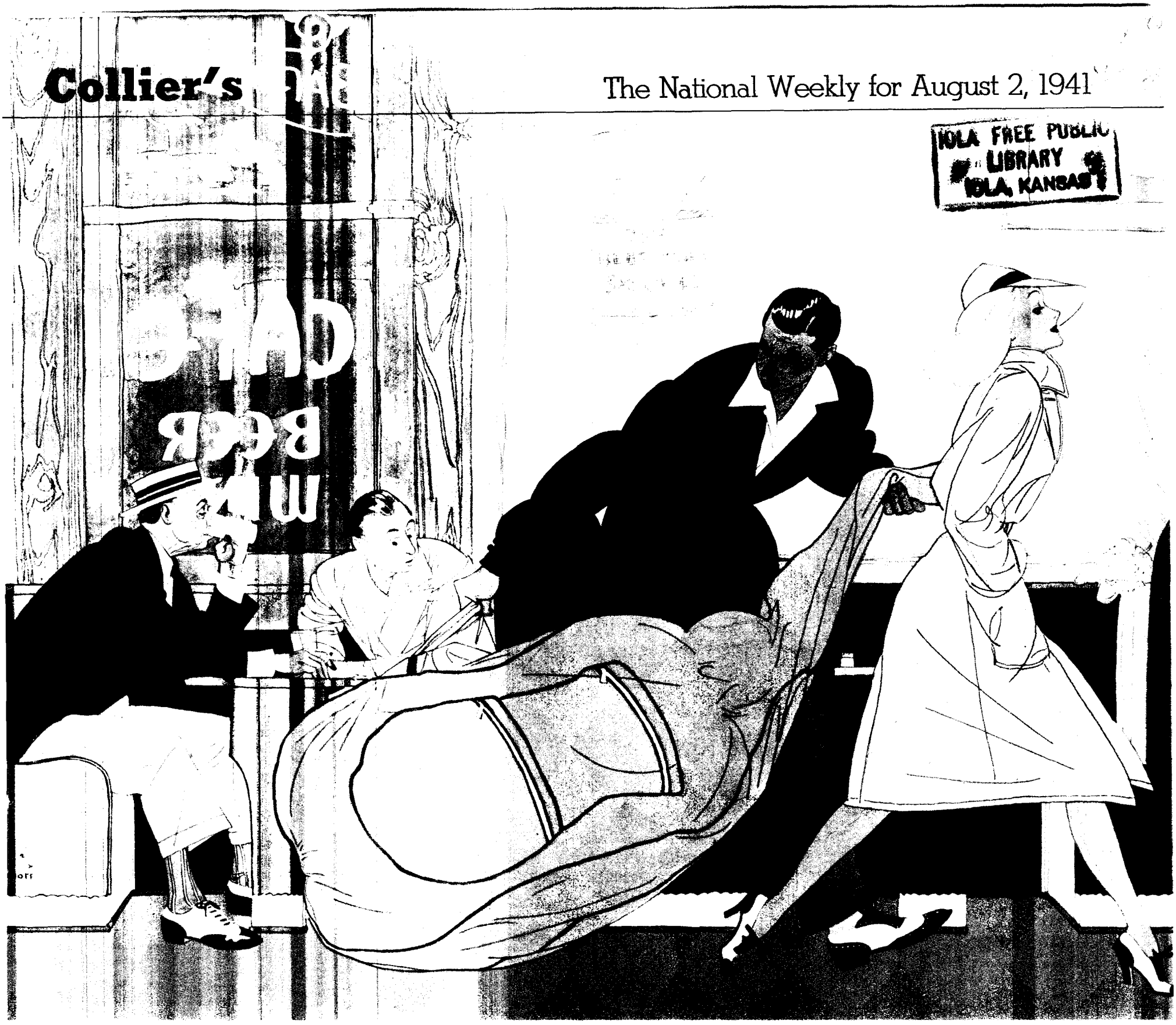

Presently they go out the front door again, this Juliano dragging the bull-fiddle case after him

BARBECUE

By Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Introducing High-C Homer, the victim of a series of circumstances which he'll never be able to explain to his wife. And, in fact, he'll have quite a time when he mentions these matters to the judge

ONE afternoon in an early November, I am sitting in Chesty Charles' little Sharkskin Grill on Biscayne Boulevard in the city of Miami, Florida, chatting of this and that with a guy by the name of High-C Homer, who is called by this name because he loves to sing songs in a real high voice.

In fact, Homer tells me that when he is much younger he wishes to become a singer by trade and tries out one amateur night at the old Colonial Theater in New York but he says professional jealousy is very strong at the time and somebody in the audience pegs a turnip at him while he is singing Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt and hits him on the Adam's apple and affects his vocal cords so his voice is never again good enough for the stage, but all right for back rooms.

Anyway, when he sees there is no hope for him in a musical career, Homer has to find something else to do and what he does is the best he can, which is one thing and another, and he is explaining to me in the Sharkskin Grill that even doing the best he can, he is not doing so good, when in comes a fuzz by the name of Finnegan, a fuzz being a way of saying a plain-clothes copper, who steps up to Homer and speaks to him as follows:

"Homer, the chief of police will consider it a favor if you will kindly bid us farewell."

"Why?" Homer says. "What is his idea?"

"Does the chief have to have one?" Finnegan asks.

"No," Homer says, "by no means and not at all. I am just wondering."

"Well," Finnegan says, "when he first mentions your name he requests me to bring you in because it seems a large touch comes off in West Palm Tuesday night and right away the chief thinks of you. But," Finnegan says, "I remember seeing you in the police station all night Tuesday night trying to square that traffic violation, so you cannot also be in West Palm and when I speak of this to the chief he says all right but to suggest your departure anyway. You may thank me if you wish."

"Thanks," Homer says. "Do you mind telling me the details of the touch to which you refer?"

"Oh," Finnegan says, "it is a pay-off swindle. They beat an old simkin from Iowa for fifty thousand tears of blood."

"A fifty-er?" Homer says. "My goodness, this is important moo. But, Finnegan," he says, "I am not in the pay-off world and I do not see how anybody can associate me with such incidents. I am an operator on the race courses and quite upright and legitimate."

"Well," Finnegan says, "if you call skinning marks on those phony tip sheets you peddle legitimate, maybe you are legit, but perhaps

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the chief looks through the files on you. I seem to be able to remember some things myself."

"Never mind," Homer says. "Tell the cheese of police goodby for me, Finnegan, and the same to you."

Then Homer thinks a while and finally he says he guesses he will go over to Tampa and he invites me to accompany him and as it is quite a while before the races start in Miami and I have nothing on my mind at the moment and the fuzz also gives me some severe looks, I accept the invitation.

So Homer goes to a parking lot not far away where he keeps an old bucket parked and presently we are rolling along the Tamiami Trail headed west, and as we journey along Homer sings several songs to me that sound very soothing but all the time he seems to be in deep thought and finally he sighs and says to me like this:

"WELL," Homer says, "fifty thou is undoubtedly a splendid tally but I am glad I am not in on it. Honesty is the best policy, to be sure. There are no handholds on a wrong dollar. The way of the transgressor is hard. But," he says, "if it is the guys I think it is, they at least owe me the courtesy of a refusal to participate because of past favors rendered. I never hear a word from them."

Then Homer begins singing again and I get to thinking that it is really most remarkable that there are still marks in this world for the pay-off, as the pay-off is really a very old-fashioned dodge in which the marks are convinced that they are being let in on crooked horse races and are permitted to win a while in an astonishing manner, but when they commence asking about being paid off they are told they must first prove they will be able to settle if they happen to lose.

So the marks generally send to their banks and get the cash money to prove this, as the pay-off guy never picks marks who do not have cash money in banks, and the next thing anybody knows the money disappears and so do the pay-off guys. Furthermore, the marks seldom squawk, as the pay-off guys are cute enough to pick marks who cannot afford to let it become noised about that they are trying to make a few dishonest dibs, though it is well known to one and all that when such a mark does squawk it is the loudest squawk ever heard on land or sea.

There is no doubt that the pay-off requires great perseverance and much preparation and expense, but personally I do not approve of this method of making a living, as it calls for much deceit.

Now the Tamiami Trail is a road that runs from Miami toward Tampa and vice versa through the Everglades, and the Everglades is a big stretch of flat country that makes you feel very lonesome indeed after the sun goes down. And soon after dusk it comes on to blow and after a while it is quite a high breeze and, in fact, the wind is picking up our old can in one place and setting it down in another yards away and this makes riding in it a trifle bumpy.

Furthermore, it begins raining more than somewhat and it is darker than a yard down a bear's throat except when it lightnings and I tell Homer it may be a good idea to pull up and wait until the storm blows over. Homer says he quite agrees with me and that in fact he is looking for a gaff he knows of which ought to be somewhere along about where we are at the moment, and I tell him he better find it very shortly as it does not look as if the old rattle-and-jar can hold the road much longer.

FINALLY we notice some streaks of light through the dark and the rain off to one side of the road and Homer says this must be the spot and he turns the car in that direction and we come on a long, low frame building which I can see seems to be some kind of a jook, which is a sort of a roadhouse where refreshments are sold and dancing goes on and I do not know what all else.

Homer runs his old pail as close as possible to the side of the building where the other cars are parked and we get out and he locates a door that figures to open outward and we pull on it together with the wind pushing against us for several minutes before we can pull it wide enough to ease inside. And there we are in a long, narrow room with a number of tables scattered around in it and a small bar and an old piano on one side and with big gas lamps swinging back and forth from the ceiling as the wind shakes the building.

There are maybe half a dozen guys in the joint sitting at the tables and behind the bar is a short, stocky-built female party of maybe half past thirty-eight, to give her a few hours the best of it. She is by no means fashionably dressed and, in fact, she has on a short-sleeved ragged sweater and her brown hair with streaks of gray in it is flying every which way about her head and she is far from beautiful. In fact, she is strictly a blouwzola, but when Homer sees her he seems greatly pleased and he walks

(Continued on page 34)

The roof caves in over the spot where the piano is, and Homer pulls Barbecue off the stool and out of the way just in time

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Dr. Charles H. Best is head of the Department of Medical Research of the University of Toronto. In the same laboratory where, with the immortal Banting, he discovered insulin in 1921, he continues his studies of diabetes

Dr. Reginald Haist, right, who with Dr. Best is engaged in promising research experiments with the hope of learning how to prevent diabetes. He is shown here removing the pancreas of an experimental mouse with the aid of a laboratory assistant

Let Them Eat Cream

By J. D. Ratcliff

That's part of a prescription that may result in the prevention of diabetes. It's the contribution of the man who with Dr. Banting discovered insulin twenty years ago—thereby saving some hundreds of thousands of lives

THE laboratory has no Hollywood touches, no glistening gadgets, no mystifying machines. Quite the reverse. Everything is on the grubby side. The worktables are scarred with age and eaten with acids. There is an ancient fume cupboard to carry away lung-biting gases; and the usual disorderly mass of technical glassware. Nothing, you agree, to suggest that you are standing on some of the holiest ground in the world of medical research. A modest bronze plaque, hung high enough on the wall to escape notice, explains:

". . . In May 1921 Frederick Grant Banting and Charles Herbert Best, both graduates of the University of Toronto, conducted in this room the experiments which culminated with the discovery of insulin."

That was epoch-making work. The lives of nearly half a million United States diabetics rest on it. Two million more people now living may develop diabetes before they die—and will need this colorless fluid magic. It has bestowed on human beings the richest of all gifts—life itself. Diabetic children have won an additional thirty years; and life expectancy of middle-aged groups has been extended.

Reflect on these things and wonder why, in heaven's name, this lab hasn't been placed in honorary retirement, protected perhaps by a velvet rope. Yet it is just as well that it didn't win these dubious honors. Work just completed in this shabby, cluttered little hole in the wall holds enormous promise for millions not yet born. The original discovery of insulin gave life and hope to people facing certain doom. This new work presents experimental evidence that diabetes can be prevented.

Presently, we'll see the exciting details of the work that led to this conclusion. Meanwhile, let's understand the mechanics of diabetes. Man's pancreas, shaped like a polliwog, lies just back of the stomach. It serves a dual function. It secretes a daily pint and a half of digestive fluid which it pours into the small intestine. More vital, the gland secretes minute quantities of another substance which it empties directly into the blood stream. This is the hormone insulin.

Insulin is manufactured by tiny "island" cells, each independent of the other. The average pancreas, small organ though it is, contains from 750,000 to a million and a quarter of these islet cells. The insulin they secrete governs the body's utilization of sugar. When adequate insulin is present, sugar is burned rapidly into energy. When it isn't, the body wastes away and the sufferer lives constantly with an unquenchable thirst, an unappeasable hunger. Poisonous matter resulting from the incomplete utilization of fats accumulates in the blood. So does unburned sugar. If the condition goes unattended —if insulin isn't given by hypodermic— coma and death follow.

The Miracle of Insulin

Insulin, the hormone which allows diabetics to live more or less comfortably, was discovered by a two-man team: Charles H. Best, a medical student whose education was interrupted by war service in the British tank corps; Frederick G. Banting, a surgeon who dropped a rural practice to follow a brilliant research hunch. Banting died tragically a few months ago in the crash of a Britain-bound bomber.

Banting and Best found how to extract insulin from beef pancreas (sweetbread); and discovered that this animal organ supplied enough insulin to keep the average diabetic going for twenty days. Scheduled shots—as many as four a day—gave years of useful life to such people as the late King George V of England, George Eastman, H. G. Wells, Hugh Walpole and hundreds of thousands of other less-famed diabetics. It was discovered barely in time to give Dr. George R. Minot the new lease on life he needed to go on and discover the liver treatment for an equally fatal disease—pernicious anemia.

But the finding of insulin wasn't the end. From the research man's point of view it was the bare beginning. No one knew why the island cells, discovered by and named for the German pathologist Paul Langerhans, ceased to function normally. In other words, no one knew what *caused* diabetes. Insulin, of course, wouldn't cure the disease. And there was no means of prevention. So there were quantities of work to be done with this sickness which converted active, robust people into wretched bags of bones.

Unnoticed and unpublicized, work continued throughout the world. Enormous strides were taken during depression years. Like clues in a mystery, fragments began to fit together to make a significant picture.

Herbert McLean Evans, great University of California biologist, stumbled on a startling fact. He was studying the growth-promoting factors in the pituitary, the body's master gland. Repeatedly he shot dogs with extracts taken from the anterior portion of this gland. By chance, he happened to note that the animals became diabetic! Why this senseless fact? No one knew.

(Continued on page 44)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RONNY JAQUES

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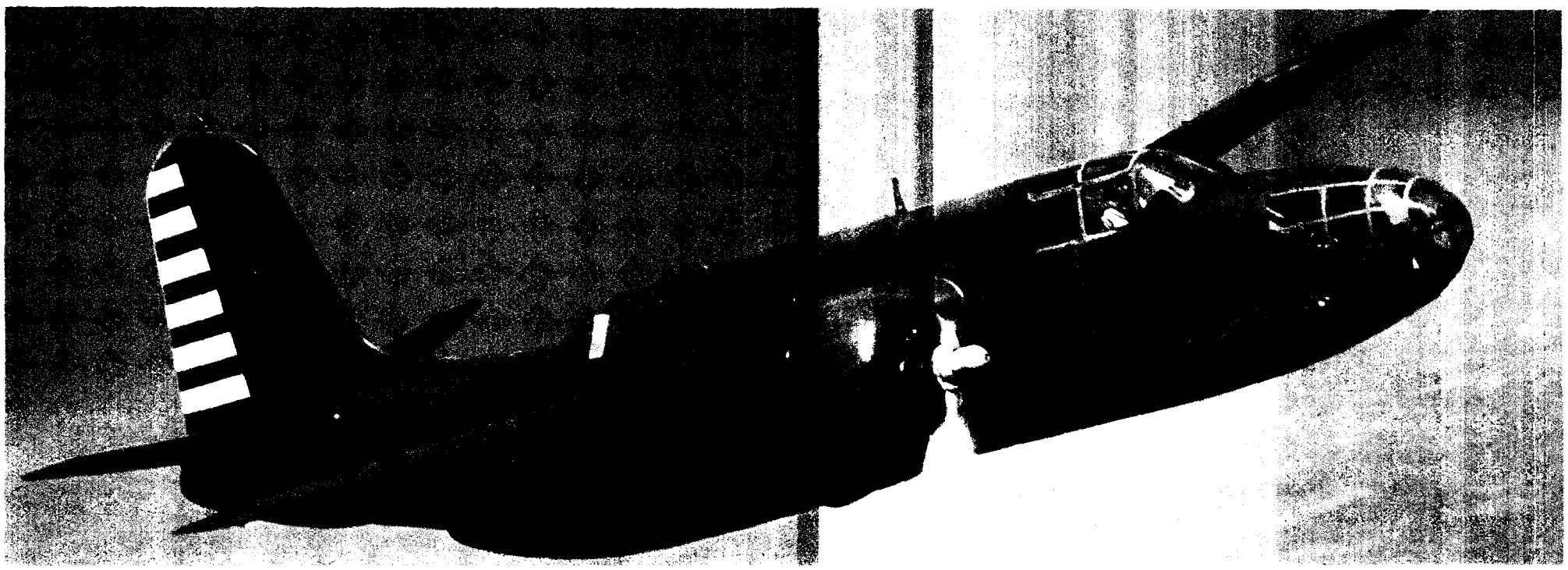
TEST PILOT. Dean of Army test pilots is Major Stanley M. Umstead, who has spent 2,197 test hours in more than 100 types of planes since 1936. Pictures on this page, taken at Wright Field, Ohio, show phases of a recent test. In January, 1918, Major Umstead was a private first class in the Signal Corps Aviation Section. Graduating in 1935 from the Air Corps Tactical School at Maxwell Field, he went to Wright Field, soon became Chief of the Flying Branch. He has had only two accidents, the most serious of which occurred in 1928 when he was forced to bail out of a burning pursuit plane. Because of his flawless judgment and flying technique, Major Umstead was nominated pilot of the giant B-19 (Collier's cover, July 12)

At Wright Field, Ohio, Major Umstead looks over the flight test projects for the day, decides to take up a new Douglas A-20A bomber (listed halfway down board)

With Flight Test Engineer Louis H. Sibilsky he discusses test. During flight, special equipment automatically photographs test instruments



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY RUDY ARNOLD

In the air. The A-20A is one of the newer light bombers combining the best features of an attack plane and fast, short-range bomber. The R.A.F. calls it The Havoc

OUR NEW ARMY

TEXAS

8TH ARMY CORPS

WHEN 70,000 men from the 36th, 45th and 2d divisions, together with assorted smaller units, moved into a half-million-acre mid-Texas arena for June war games, the younger residents of towns in the maneuver area had a profitable field day. Almost every youngster old enough to make change rigged up his bicycle as a mobile store loaded with ice cream, pop, candy bars and miscellaneous luxuries and trailed the soldiers to the battlefield. The kids ferreted out the men like bloodhounds and unloaded their nickel merchandise at a dime a throw, with the result that the shoestring proposition became Big Business. Within two days most of the juvenile tycoons and pooled their resources and were being hauled to the maneuver area in trucks.

MILITARY attendance of San Antonio church services was slack despite the special invitations tendered by their pastors. Some of them looked into the situation and found out why. Most Army outfits were calling Sunday mess at noon or shortly thereafter, and nearly all church services lasted until noon. Which gave the soldier two alternatives: (1) He could either go hungry, or (2) get up the dough for dinner. Ladies of several churches settled the problem by dividing up the soldier churchgoers and inviting them home for Sunday meals. Last we heard there were quite a few extra buttons in the collection plates.

CALIFORNIA

40TH DIV.

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. Like many another ham radio operator reported here in previous dispatches, Sgt. William H. Lingle, Jr., took his short-wave gadgets to camp with him, convinced the division signal officer that his equipment could be made useful to other 185th Infantry members and now is swamped with messages to and from the home folks. Guaranteeing that he can contact any California soldier's friends or relatives within half an hour, through the co-operation of other hams, Sgt. Lingle hardly ever gets his ears out of the headphones. His messages from home are on the up and up except when some gal sends word back to one of his 185th customers that gee whiz, she just can't possibly arrange a date with him for Saturday or Sunday. Sgt. Lingle turns to the palpitating swain sitting at his side, shakes his head and says: "I dunno what's wrong, soldier, but I don't seem to be able to pick up a thing on your call."

DOES the name Allan Hoskins mean anything to you? He's a private in Co. D, 47th Quartermaster Regiment now, but not many years ago he was called Farina and ran around wearing a little white skirt in Our Gang comedies. Another erstwhile kid star who boils when his childhood screen antics are mentioned is Pvt. Jackie Coogan, newly assigned to the 31st F.A.

WASHINGTON

3D DIV.

FORT LEWIS. Some of the three-year-enlistment boys in the 98th F.A. think they were kind of shanghaied into the outfit, or at least that some recruiting officer

(Continued on page 42)

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Advance Agent

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

CONVERTED to the Nazi cause in this country by a woman known as Mathilde Winkler, Lynn Scovil, a wealthy radical, uses his beautiful Berkshire estate, Pinnacle Manor, as a meeting place for his pro-German friends. He is engaged to Gail Armstrong, a young widow who lives in Windham, Massachusetts. Gail knows nothing of his nefarious activities.

A German aviator—Lieutenant Friedrich Römer, who has been captured by the British—escapes from a train in Canada. He crosses the international boundary line, works his way into Vermont. . . . In Manchester, Vermont, Gail Armstrong is preparing to marry Lynn Scovil when, suddenly realizing that she *may* not really love him, she jumps in her car and runs away from him. On the road to Windham, she gives a lift to a man (obviously a gentleman) who introduces himself as John Page. She drops him at Camp Ryegate, a resort run by one Carl Booker and infested with Nazi agents.

That man—"John Page"—*is Friedrich Römer*. Shortly after his arrival at the camp, he meets Scovil, who makes him his house guest at Pinnacle Manor and greets him as Erich Köchlin. . . . Meanwhile, Bill Jay, a newspaper reporter, has been quietly investigating certain persons who patronize Camp Ryegate. Wherever he goes, he is accompanied by Scovil's attractive daughter, Connie (who, disapproving of her father's radical ideas, lives with Gail Armstrong).

Scovil gives a dance at Pinnacle Manor. He and Mathilde Winkler and "Erich Köchlin" (who switches nimbly from name to name—John Page, Philip Garfield, Köchlin, Römer, but whose real name appears to be Garrett) discuss certain plans that revolve around an agent in Detroit named von Weitbrecht.

Later, "Köchlin" and Gail Armstrong hop in a car and drive to Gail's home. Gail—certain that the man who had told her he was John Page is an adventurer of some sort—nevertheless likes him. And when, yielding to a sudden impulse, he kisses her, her protests are very feeble. . . .

In Washington, a major in the United States Army receives a telegram. He relays its contents, by telephone, to a brigadier general. He says: "I've heard from Garrett. He got through. He says he's got in touch with something and will go to Detroit tomorrow. He is now in Massachusetts."

"*Massachusetts!*" the general exclaims. Then he rips out a string of expletives. The major, at the phone, listens with heartfelt admiration.

V

IT WAS Köchlin's disappearance from the party that impelled Lynn Scovil to lead from strength. When Scovil protested such recklessness, Köchlin had said blandly, "I rather expected you to come for me—Mrs. Armstrong asked me to take her home." Scovil curbed his anger but early on Saturday morning he went to Mathilde's room and got her to agree that they must tell Köchlin the truth—the truth so far as Mathilde knew it. So at breakfast they listened noncommittally to his directions about getting him to a plane for Detroit. A few minutes later, on the sunny terrace, Scovil began the contest of wills which would make Köchlin a good deal more amenable.

"I'm afraid you'll have to change your plans," he said. "Last night a truck brought word that von Weitbrecht disappeared from Detroit on Monday. He has not yet let anyone know where he is. You could not possibly get in touch with him. There is nothing for you to do but stay here till he is located."

Köchlin's cold rage terrified Mathilde, but Scovil was easy in the knowledge that he held higher cards. Köchlin accepted von Weitbrecht's disappearance trustingly enough but began to issue peremptory orders. He made Mathilde get the Forwarding Company on the telephone—which was reckless, since Scovil was to communicate with it only by way of Springfield. But headquarters could tell him nothing about von Weitbrecht, was in fact ready to believe he had been captured. Then, in a controlled but venomous passion, Köchlin set about arranging duties for Scovil and Mathilde. They would set in motion every means for getting information. They would bring him at once everything they had that bore on von Weitbrecht.

"It's unfortunate that you disrupted everything by arriving too late," Scovil said presently, with a pointed courtesy intended to show Köchlin that he was not afraid and would not be subordinate. "And you can hardly blame us because von Weitbrecht has had the wisdom to go underground. You see, your only chance to make contact with him is through us."

"I merely tell you to find him for me," Köchlin said coldly. "If you don't, it will not be I who makes the threats."

Scovil nodded. "I know what is to be done. And take care not to repeat your mistake of last night. Be so good as to stay on the estate."

Köchlin's eyes glinted. "Be so good as to understand that my actions don't come within your authority."

Scovil negligently exposed his ace for a moment: "You are certainly free to start for Detroit at any time. How will you find von Weitbrecht?"

HE DROVE Mathilde away in an automobile, first telephoning to Booker. Before they were off the grounds she was reprimanding him: "Are you mad, Lynn? You must not risk antagonizing him. We must keep his support at any cost. He can destroy us." She shuddered. "I hate all Prussians! He is as cold as ice. He has no humanity. He is—oh, he has no blood in him, he is as deadly as a snake."

"I've never seen you terrified before. And it's absurd."

"But—" Her white hands were flung out. "We are half crippled, Lynn. We are on the verge of complete failure. We must not fight one another."

"He is certainly right in one way," Scovil said contemptuously. "There are a lot of fools in the organization. There have been bad mistakes. There will certainly be worse ones if fools are continued in power." Then, peremptorily: "The time has come when I must know why Köchlin was sent over. What does he want of von Weitbrecht? What is this matter of September first?"

He did not have to argue; she accepted that necessity as part of the emergency. "I'm not allowed to know everything. He was sent in to inspect and ratify von Weitbrecht's plans. For all I know, to take his place, too."

"Surely I've been told everything that bears on the peace offensive."

"It isn't that . . . Our efforts to make labor trouble were a grotesque failure.

(Continued on page 28)

Von Weitbrecht grew more hysterical. "There is only to hold Köchlin off a day or two," he screamed. "When I am healthy—"

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THE SERVANTS OF THE LORD

By Harry Sylvester

It is not by words but by action that the true measure of a man can be taken. So it was with Rincon of the border patrol

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

"Vamos!" Alvarez said to the girl. His grip on her arm was heavy enough to make her wince. "Sit at the other end of the bar until we are through"

DUST moved in slow puffs from the horses' hoofs as the two men rode slowly toward the little city. The hard white sunlight made the dust wink and the puffs seem to explode, so that the uniformed men, tired as they looked, seemed to be riding in some kind of glory. If they had turned their heads a little to the right, they could have seen the big gap in the ground where the Rio Grande ran; but they had seen it too often and they just looked straight ahead as they rode, tired as their horses.

Manners turned to the left and north just before they came to the city, to go to a kind of suburb of adobe houses. "See you tomorrow," he said, and Rincon, darker and on the bigger horse, moved a hand. It was too hot to speak, and riding the border patrol at night in these times was bad on the nerves as well as on a lot of other things.

Riding alone now toward the little city and his room in the cheap hotel, Rincon felt again envious of Manners. Manners was going home to a wife and children, a cool adobe house. He, Rincon, would go to the cheap hotel, bathe, rest a while, then wander aimlessly around town.

It was not a pleasant existence when off duty. And yet some loneliness in himself, deep and obscure, had kept Rincon away from other people. One of the few men on the border patrol with Latin blood in him, Rincon, even when later the others liked him, still retained the diffidence which had been part of his defense in the early days when the others had been sullen or suspicious.

He stabled the horse and walked to the hotel. Although he rarely got mail he always found himself expecting letters whenever he came in off a long patrol. It was cooler in the lobby.

The little Mexican clerk said, "Hello, kid," in Spanish, and Rincon said, "Hello," and raised his hand in a gesture that was almost distracted. His eyes hadn't adjusted themselves quickly to the dimness of the lobby and he strained them to see what was in his box. Before he could see, the clerk reached behind him and handed Rincon his room key and one letter. The letter had a Mexican stamp on it, postmarked from the town just across the bridge. It said just J. Rincon and the address, nothing about his being Patrolman Joseph Rincon.

He was morbid by nature and when he opened the letter and saw who had sent it, he told himself that he felt it was bad when he first saw it. It said only, "If you could meet me tonight at the usual place, it might be interested. A."

Walking upstairs to his room, Rincon wondered what that louse, Alvarez, wanted. It was a couple of years since he had seen him last. Rincon wasn't afraid of many things, but Alvarez was one of them. Rincon hardly realized his fear; it was, to him, merely as though he disliked Alvarez for the unpleasant things the man seemed always connected with.

HE STOOD a long time under the tepid cold water of the shower and then lay on the narrow iron bed but couldn't sleep. The louse, he thought again, he couldn't even write good English. "Interested" when he meant "interesting." He wondered what Alvarez was doing this far north. He'd half expected Alvarez to be dead or in jail after the revolt had failed in '38. He'd at least lost his powerful protector. Rincon thought: The wolf loses his teeth but not his inclination. Rincon found it easier to think in proverbs from his schooldays. Anyway, whatever Alvarez was here for, Rincon knew, it was not good.

He fell into a light sleep, waking as the sun lowered and the air grew cooler. He dressed in a civilian suit of cheap seersucker and went out into the street. He liked to walk around the town in cool clothes after a patrol. It was also a good thing for a border patrolman to do so. Information could be picked up at times.

Down near the International Bridge with the money-changers booths on either side of the street leading to it, he paused and looked at the women in the American cars from the Middle West, from New York, as they went slowly by, to pass the customs and spend the night in Monterrey. He liked the blond ones best. No one noticed him. He resented this slightly. After all, he was, in a way, a person of importance, he told himself. He did not *have* to meet Alvarez. But he would, he knew, with some chagrin. The best cast at dice is not to play. He had, though. And Alvarez knew of it. It would be best to go meet Alvarez.

A man came slowly along the street toward the bridge. He had an almost bland face in which the vague intensity of the eyes made them appear to be darker than they were in the light skin, under the blond hair. He wore, somewhat self-consciously, a gray suit a little too big for him, a new straw hat with a colored band and a yellow-and-blue-striped tie.

Recognizing the man as he came closer, Rincon exclaimed almost audibly. You'd think the guy would know better, Rincon thought. By now, anyway.

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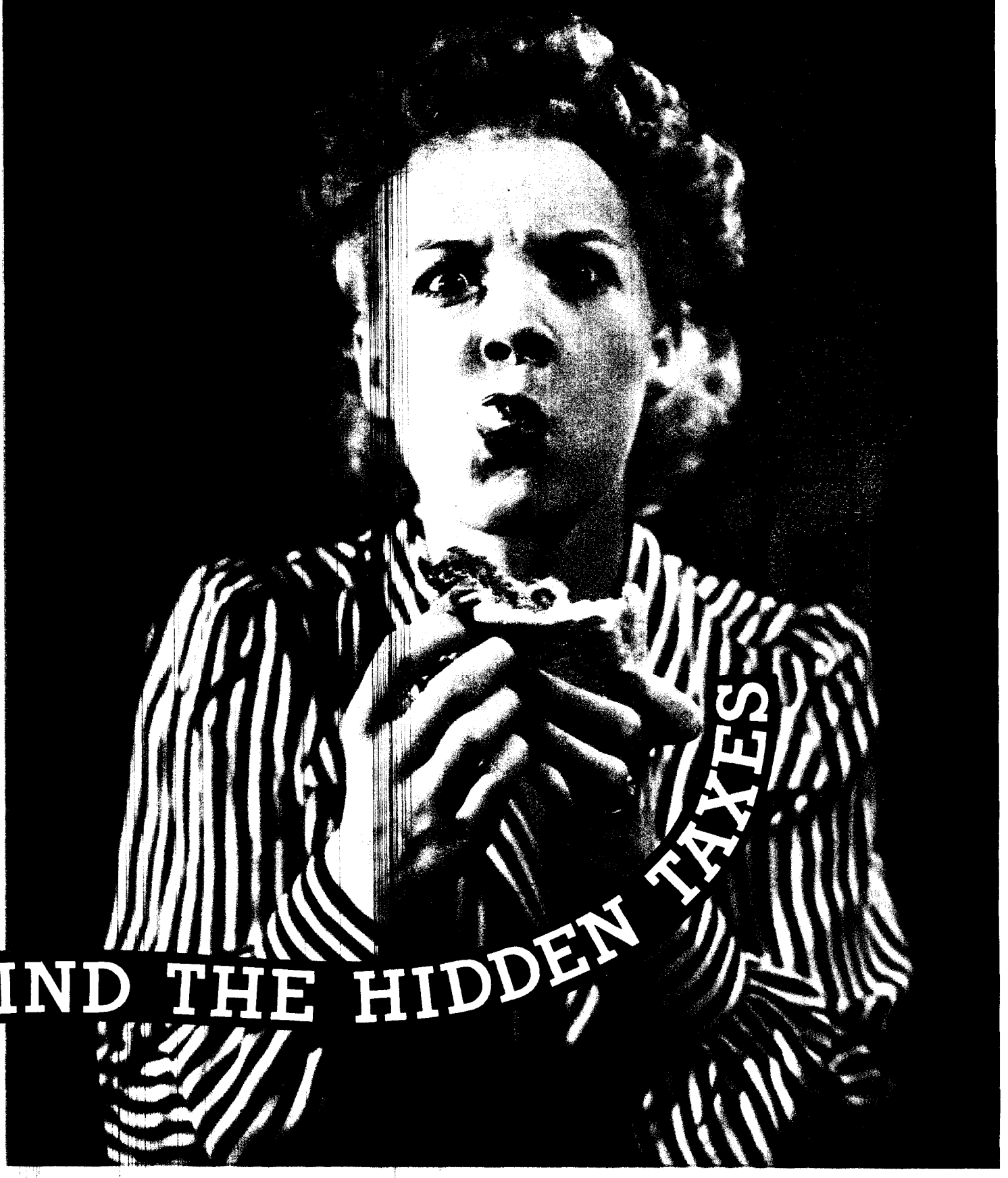
Taxes in Hiding

By Robert Thompson

Last year nineteen cents of every retail dollar you spent was gobbled up by taxes you didn't know you were paying. And if you are worrying about next year's income tax, wait till you see what these pickpocket taxes do to you. Wayne C. Kilbourne, who has been trailing these perry bandits for five years, tells how they operate



There's a lot more than meat in your nickel hamburger—67 separate hidden taxes are ground up in it, and the bun conceals 53 more

WOULD it interest you very much to know that every time you pop into a lunch wagon and slap down a nickel for a hamburger and bun, you're paying a penny of that for indirect taxes?

That little dab of meat bears distinct traces of sixty-seven separate taxes. That droopy bun has at least fifty-three traceable tax payments milled and baked into it. They start with the farmer or rancher and chase that hamburger right on down to the counter. The packing house, the retail butcher, two sets of supply houses, the railroads and the truckers all pay taxes that eventually get mixed up in that ground meat.

People are always yelling about taxes. Last year during the presidential campaign the air was full of tax yowls but nobody had much accurate information on indirect taxes, those petty purse snatchers that pick your pocket without letting you know about it. We have that information now from Wayne C. Kilbourne, who has been playing hide-and-seek with those skulkers for the past five years. Mr. Kilbourne is head of the Family Economics Bureau of the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company of Minneapolis, and he can show you right on the books that 19.3 cents from every dollar spent at retail for goods and services in 1940 went into taxes you didn't know you were paying.

Don't duck out now, with the idea that figures are a bore and this has nothing to do with you. Mr. Kilbourne has studied the people who buy the hamburgers. Their stories are pretty much like the stories of all of us.

There is Hilary Burke, who was out of regular work and on WPA for a long time. He finally got a job at $80 a month. It's not much, but it's better than living on a dole, and Hilary is a man of pride. He fits right into the Kilbourne picture of the $80-a-month-income family.

His monthly budget allocates $27 for food. Out of this item, Mr. Kilbourne traced down $2.11 in hidden taxes. Rent costs Hilary $18 a month, but $4.70 of this is paid by Hilary's landlord to the tax collector. Clothing at $9 a month means 86 cents in traceable hidden taxes. Fuel and light take $6, out of which 58 cents go to taxes. Hilary pays $4 a month for streetcar transportation and the company doles out 45 cents of that for taxes.

For miscellaneous expense, haircuts to doctor bills, the budget allows $12 a month. Taxes nip off $1.31, Mr. Kilbourne discovered. The best buy is insurance at $2 a month. The indirect tax here is only seven cents. When all that is added up, you'll find that Hilary isn't going to have a wild night life. All he can spend for recreation is $2. The collector's hand reaches in there and grabs at least 21 cents.

This means that Mr. Burke is clipped for $10.29 in taxes that can be traced. However, the real figure has to be reckoned at the rate of 19.3 cents per dollar spent. Mr. Kilbourne reached that figure by taking the official United States totals of expenditure. In 1940 we spent at retail about $38,800,000,000 for goods, and $11,700,000,000 for services. We paid out $15,150,000,000 for all taxes. Out of this amount, we walked up to the windows and laid down $5,382,000,000 directly, leaving $9,768,000,000 as our indirect, or hidden, tax bill. Take the fifty and a half billion in sales and divide it into the hidden tax. That's where you get that 19.3 stuff that Mr. Kilbourne talks about. On that basis Hilary Burke is clipped $15.44 from his $80 salary, which is some amputation.

Harry Welby is a shipping clerk at $150 a month. He drives a secondhand car which sets him back $14.75 a month for purchase and operation costs. Hidden taxes take a real swipe at this. The levies brought to light by Mr. Kilbourne are shown as a siphon for 20.3 per cent, or $3 a month.

The Welby family, according to the Kilbourne researches, feeds $20.22 a

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The ships sat on the shoals, all six of them. They were burning like haystacks, with men dying inside

The Empress' Yankee

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

Ivak, the Cossack, helps a great American to write a gallant chapter in the history of Imperial Russia

I WAS asleep when the order came to me to go to the war. But before the cocks started crowing I was in the saddle of my Kabarda horse. A Cossack of the Terek does not stop when he hears of fighting.

Instead of joining the squadron I went around to my girl's cottage. Leaving the horse, I scratched on the shutter farthest from where the old people slept. When Babitka looked out, rubbing her hair back, I whispered to her what had happened.

"What war?" she asked.

"How do I know? When an order comes, a Cossack rides, he does not ask questions. It is for the empress!"

Babitka would not let me kiss her. "It is always for that woman, the empress," she whispered. Then she hugged me. "Wait."

So I tied up my horse and went to wait at the haystack. I thought Babitka was a fine girl, and so quick. Strong, too —only stubborn at times. And, of course, I would be away at the war a long time.

She kept me waiting until the trees showed against the sky, and she came pulling a pony behind her. Instead of sitting down on the hay, she cracked the whip in her hand, and I saw she had put on men's broad trousers and boots.

"Ivak," she said, "listen. This time I am going with you."

I laughed, thinking of Babitka, who milked the cows and brought in the cherries and baked barley cake, riding off with Ivak, who had smelled the smoke of powder often, who was a *sotnik* of the squadron.

"Why do you fight this time?" She came close to see my eyes.

How could I say? "For honor, little pigeon, for glory." And when this did not satisfy her: "Nay, I will bring you a shawl and pearls for your necklace from Tsargrad—for that is how we call Constantinople. The brothers say we will take Tsargrad this time for our empress."

She pushed me away, so I almost fell down. "*Tfu*—I could spit when you speak of her. I am coming with you to the war."

Now if the devil himself, who knows how to talk to girls, said no to Babitka, she would say yes to him. She is strong as two devils, when she feels stubborn. And in her long coat, with her hair tucked up into her woolly cap, she looked almost like a boy. The thought came to me, why not? My blood felt warm because she was so near me.

"You need someone, Ivak, to be wise for you."

I heard the horses snort together. "A good omen," I told her.

THAT is how I suffered Babitka to ride with me to the Charnomar, that you call the Black Sea. And when we saw the dark sea, the omens were not so good. For pale white lights gleamed along the edge of the stagnant water. I have heard officers say that this light is the phosphorescent salt in the water, but we Cossacks know it is the souls of the dead running along the edge of the sea seeking a resting place. Babitka looked long at the sea that was not a sea but a huge

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I was Beaned

By Luke Sewell as told to John R. Tunis

There's no reason for a baseball player getting beaned, and don't blame the pitcher, either. That's the verdict of Luke Sewell, who was beaned himself and gives ballplayers some advice on avoiding the tragic bean ball

BUMP HADLEY in the box wound up. Until the ball left his hand I stood carelessly at the plate. Then, with a long stride, I lunged. It was fast inside. "I'll turn my body and take it on the ribs," I thought. I flinched back as far as I could but my feet were anchored. The ball was coming higher now . . . higher . . . about the point of my left shoulder . . . six feet in front . . .

BONG! A bell rang in my head. It rang night and day for six weeks.

That's what it's like to be beaned.

I looked up. Mike Martin, our trainer, was kneeling beside me, hand under my head, repeating: "Take it easy, Luke! Take it easy, old boy, just take it easy!"

Then I remembered. I'd been beaned. Wonder if the wife is in the stands. Well, anyhow, the insurance is all paid up. My thought went back to Ray Chapman, our shortstop, who had been beaned and killed by Carl Mays years before. I tried to touch my right temple. Mike's quiet laugh came down to me: "You weren't hit on that side, you were struck on the left side, Luke."

I know. But just let me feel that right temple. Even in my agony I recalled that Chappie's temple had been fractured on the *other side* from the one that was hit. Mine felt all right. I didn't. Soon, however, I was stretched out in the clubhouse waiting for an ambulance.

That happened more than seven years ago. Yet I still have a queer lump above my left temple, and every time there's a thunderstorm in real humid weather, sharp pains shoot through my head and dart downward into my left shoulder. Just bruised nerves, the specialists in white coats tell me.

Have you ever noticed that beanings come mostly when the pennant race is tight and nerves are edgy? A year ago, when the Dodgers and Reds were fighting for the lead, with New York threatening from the rear, three beanings happened in three weeks. On June 1st, Peewee Reese, the sensational freshman shortstop of the Dodgers, was hit by Jake Mooty of the Cubs. He was three weeks out of the line-up.

On June 18th, one of Bob Bowman's fast balls hit Ducky Medwick in Brooklyn and knocked him unconscious. Several days later, Bill Jurges, shortstop and pivot man on the Giants, was hit over the left ear by Bucky Walters of the Reds. Jurges was out the rest of the year, and the Giants finished in the second division. Jurges has lost 60% of the hearing in his left ear, and has spells of dizziness every time he tilts his head going back for fly balls.

There's no good reason for a player's being beaned. Maybe as a catcher I'm prejudiced, but I've never seen a first-class hurler try to bean hitters, and my experience is that ninety per cent of all beanings are due to carelessness and lack of co-ordination on the part of the batter. I myself had tried to give Bump the old gag. As I stepped to the plate I waggled my bat carelessly and didn't assume my usual stance. My hope was he'd lay one down the middle. Then I was going to tee off. I was relaxed and unable to dodge the ball at my head. It was entirely my own fault.

Players don't get beaned when they're on their toes. Haven't you ever seen a man take a strike right down the middle when you expected him to hit? That batter comes back to the bench and sits down, shaking his head. "I was frozen up there." He can't explain it. His bat didn't come off his shoulders, not a muscle moved. When that happens and the ball comes at his head, he's beaned.

Actually my beaning kept me from the line-up only for several weeks. Sometimes beanings are more serious. In 1937 the Tigers came into the Yankee Stadium only a couple of games behind New York, fighting them tooth and nail for the lead. Gordon Cochrane, the manager, went to bat and was beaned by that same Bump Hadley. The Tigers not only lost a catcher, a consistent hitter and their manager, but also the

(Continued on page 51)

INTERNATIONAL

Protective headgear didn't help Mickey Owen, Dodgers' catcher, hit over the eye by Podgajny (standing, rear) of the Phils on June 30th

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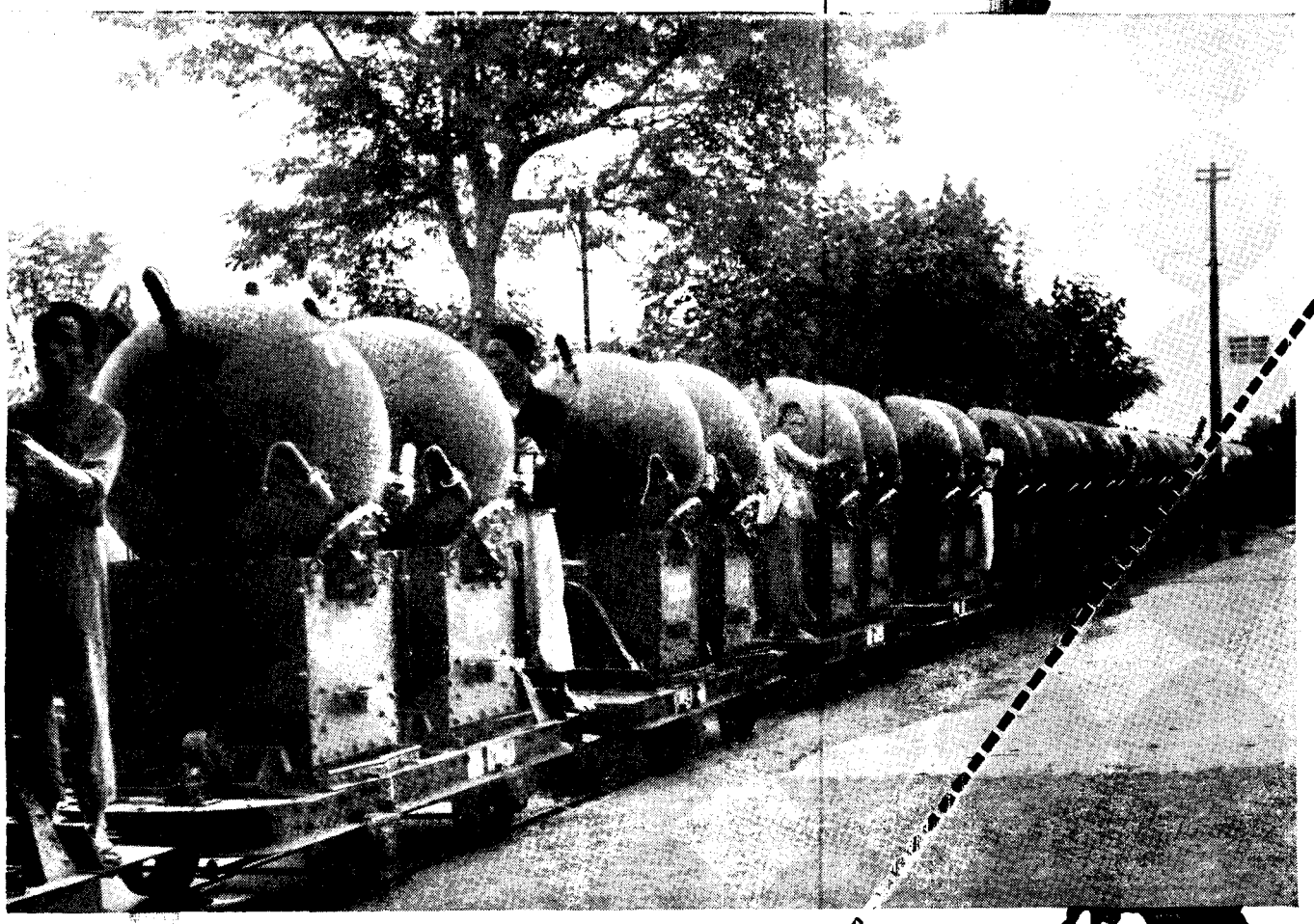
Fire Guards the Indies

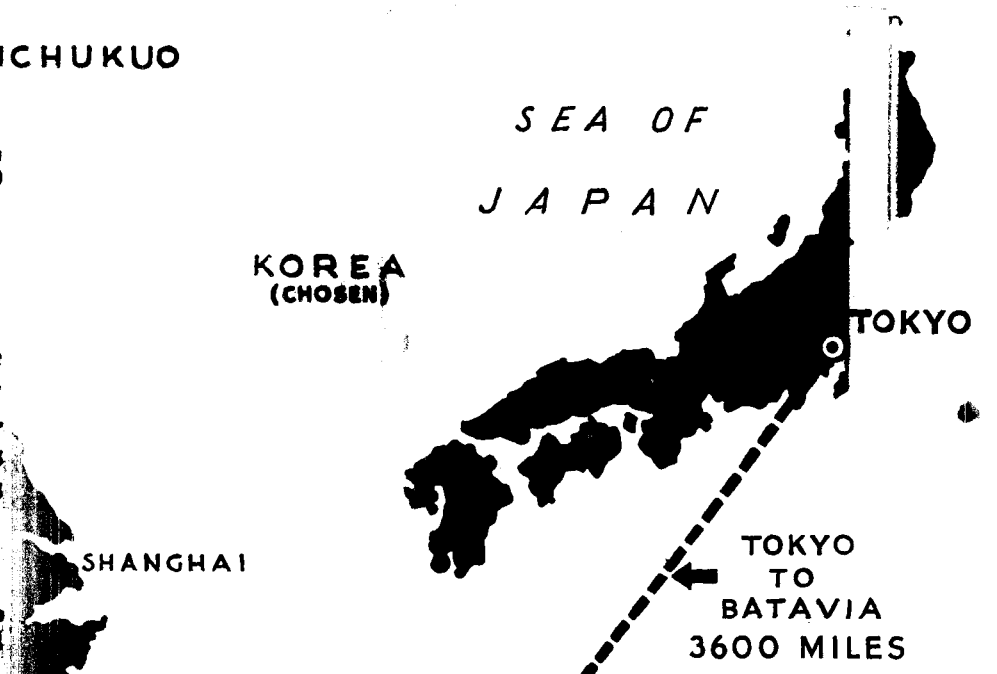
By Martha Gellhorn

MAP BY ROLF KLEP

The wealth of the Indies still belongs to the Dutch—and the Dutch are at bay. Menaced by Japan, they sit tight, ready at an instant's notice to turn their island paradise into an inferno of blazing oil and rubber. Martha Gellhorn brings you the tense, unhappy story of the Netherlands Indies



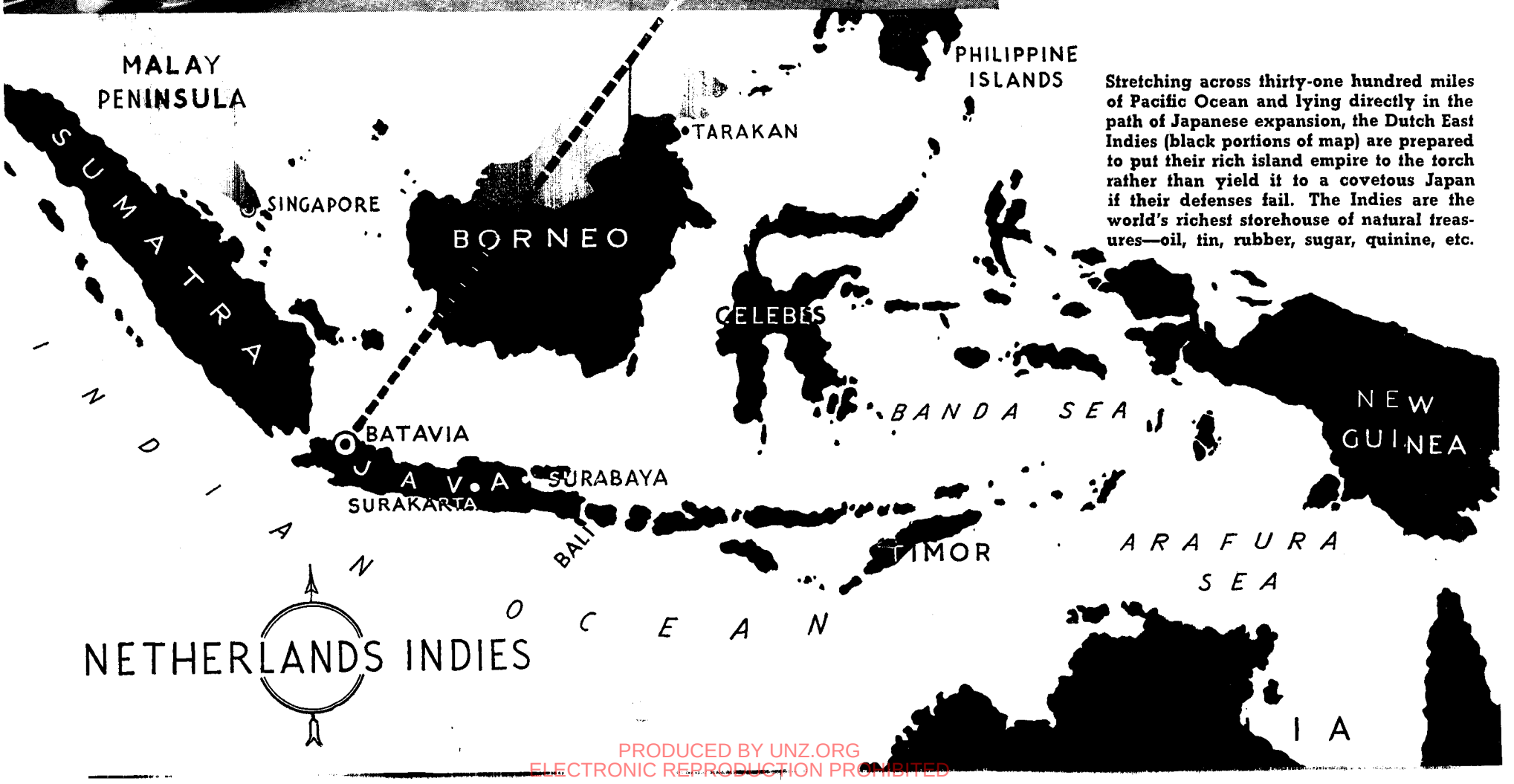
A trainload of mines to protect Java's harbors against surprise invasion. The islands have few really good landing places, all of them are well defended



BANDOENG, in the mountains of Java, is the headquarters of the Netherlands Indies army. Bandoeng is a cool, pretty resort town. There are old houses with wide verandas and thick trees, tennis courts, golf links, swimming pools and a good club. At one end of the town is a munitions factory. At the other end is the military air base. In the suburbs are the barracks and on all the near-by roads the mechanized infantry, the tanks, the antiaircraft units are out on maneuvers.

The munitions factory is behind a high green wall spiked with broken glass. Once through the gate, you walk on gravel paths past yellow flower beds. It is sunny and quiet. Inside, the factory is dark and deep as a cave. The air clangs and hisses and is suddenly bright when the furnace doors open, or when sparks shower from molten metal. The Javanese workers, small and brown, with delicate wrists and gentle, childish faces, move like dancers through this nightmare of machinery. At the present moment, they are swinging a block of red-hot metal from a furnace, via a crane, to a machine that looks like a guillotine. Instead of a knife, a metal plunger falls into the cake of metal. This is the first step in hollowing out a 600-pound bomb. The finished casings, silvery and smooth, stand along the far wall like a row of huge ninepins.

Not one of these Javanese workers can drive an automobile; they would all be baffled by the mysteries of a radio. They live in thatched houses and dress in handmade batik sarongs and cook as their earliest forefathers did and have never slept on a mattress. But they know how to make the bombs and shells needed for the Netherlands Indies army.



Stretching across thirty-one hundred miles of Pacific Ocean and lying directly in the path of Japanese expansion, the Dutch East Indies (black portions of map) are prepared to put their rich island empire to the torch rather than yield it to a covetous Japan if their defenses fail. The Indies are the world's richest storehouse of natural treasures—oil, tin, rubber, sugar, quinine, etc.

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To go to the barracks you must pass the ultra-modern air base, where Curtiss pursuits and Lockheed Hudson bombers are stationed. (Everybody always tells you how good these planes are, as if, being American, you were personally responsible. The next thing they will tell you is that they need some more of them.) The road is lined with shade trees and you are passed by convoys of army trucks, a truck mounting an enormous searchlight and some little clanking Bren gun carriers. The gate to the barracks is yellow stucco and somehow the place looks more cheerful and human than barracks usually do.

Native troops are quartered here. They are all volunteers, and when they volunteer they bring their wives and children with them. The Dutch realize that natives, being reasonable as children are, would not understand how a man could honorably serve the queen if he abandoned his own family.

Now, at noon, the soldiers' wives and children are in the communal outdoor kitchen, preparing food over charcoal fires. The women carry the children on their backs or park them in pens made of old crates. They gossip and watch the rice boil. At noon they will go back into the long light, concrete barracks and serve lunch to their men. The outdoor kitchen sounds like a schoolyard during recess.

The barracks look like a hospital ward (only no one is sick). Down each side of the room stretch the beds—wide, high, white-covered beds made of planks set on sawhorses. Khaki curtains pull around the beds to make a private cubicle like a Pullman berth. At the foot of each bed is an iron-bound chest holding the family's possessions. There are pictures on the wall; every family has its art collection. Usually you see a photo of Queen Wilhelmina, a photo of Prince Bernhard and Princess Juliana and their two blond, chubby children; a photo of the Javanese soldier and his bride on the day of their wedding; and often a drawing of a sacred elephant, or a sacred dragon, sometimes the Sacred Heart.

Soldiers, bare to the waist, squat under the high beds and eat rice with their families. After lunch, they will all sleep through the sweltering afternoon. One young soldier lay on his bed, looking at the pictures in an illustrated London weekly (which he could not, of course read). His infant son, aged eight months, contentedly cut his teeth on his thumb alongside Papa. These same soldiers have learned how to handle Colt Browning antiaircraft machine guns, Czech antitank guns and the various automatic weapons produced by Vickers and Bofors and Skoda. But during the long afternoons, when no one moves in this heat, they rest in the barracks which are home and discuss family affairs with their women and play with their brown offspring.

You can fly from Bandoeng to the naval base at Surabaya in a few hours. The principal towns of these islands are linked by an excellent airplane passenger service (using Douglas DC2's). Americans, who notoriously suffer from delay, begin to feel happy as soon as they hit the Netherlands Indies, because everything moves so fast and so well. The Dutch can almost make you forget that you are in the tropics. That is, until the plane lands at Surabaya, and heat closes down on you like an iron lid. It is hard to breathe, and you find that your mind moves as slowly as your body. The Dutch, accustomed to this still, moist, heavy air, pay no attention to it, dress in neat clothes or starched uniforms and move about as briskly as if they were in Holland. To the newcomer, stunned and sun-blinded, the intense activity of the Surabaya naval base looks like a speeded-up movie.

Emphasis on Preparation

Three black submarines, a cruiser and a squadron of destroyers are in for repair. New, shinily painted mines, looking like round porcupines, trundle by on toy railroad cars, to be loaded on the mine layers. From the near-by naval air base, silver Fokkers take off, circle overhead and fly above the coastal-defense guns and hidden munitions plants of Madoera, out to maneuvers at sea. Native laborers are building reinforced concrete air-raid shelters that look like the nose caps of shells. There can be no underground air-raid shelters out here because the sea is just beneath the soil. Two Javanese, squatting under a bamboo shelter, hammer on the hull of a torpedo boat. They work carefully and well, as if they were making a native wood fishing boat with a curved prow, decorated by hand carving and hand painting. Now they are working with stainless steel. In two months they can complete a mean, fast little boat that operates usefully in these treacherous waters. They build here torpedo and patrol boats, mine layers and mine sweepers, all types of craft up to 2,000 tons.

Dripping sweat, you are whisked from the noise of the repair shops to the quiet of an air-conditioned underground control room, from which all the ships and seaplanes can be directed during air raids. You come out again into the heat and visit another munitions factory, sailors' barracks, the naval air base, munitions dumps, antiaircraft gun positions, more and bigger air-raid shelters and, finally, as a special treat, you are taken to the gas school.

Now everything slows down. You are in an academic world. You go, unsuspectingly, into a classroom. On closer inspection, it is a chamber of horrors. In a glass case behind the professor's desk are life-sized, life-real, model heads. Each head, perfectly colored, is a sample of what one kind of gas can do. It is probably the most appalling collection of faces on record. The professor explained that these heads were not only useful because they taught the students how to identify types of gas by their effect, but also because these maimed faces scared everybody so that no one would ever be neglectful of his gas mask or ever shirk gas decontamination work. I could believe him. One look at those blinded eyes and those running sores was convincing.

"Now," said the professor, "would you like to smell some gas?"

It did not seem the most pleasant way to spend one's time, but he was full of friendly eagerness to show off his wares.

"Phosgene," he said proudly, and passed an open bottle under my nose.

Having never smelled gas before, I did not know what was the polite thing to say about it. It smelled very bad.

"Mustard," he said, and I breathed carefully.

"Here's a wonder," he said happily. "The very best one there is. It's an American gas." It was evident that I should be full of *(Continued on page 50)*

Preparations for defense against Japan have proceeded at feverish pace since the invasion of Holland in May, 1940. Above, native troops on field maneuvers ford stream with field gun. Below, Javanese workers in Surabaya turn out guns and munitions

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BOWERY CAFÉ

By Kyle Crichton

Mr. Frank Barbaro is a riot and so is his barn in Detroit. With the high light on entertainment, it's one of the most fabulous spots in the country

ALONG about eleven o'clock any night in the week the Bowery Café in the Hamtramck section of Detroit assumes the aspect of a riot taking place in a dump. Benny Resh's orchestra is blasting away in accompaniment to somebody like Sophie Tucker or Harry Richman; the audience is pounding lustily with little wooden hammers in time with the melody; the waitresses are almost literally walking on the heads of the patrons in a desperate endeavor to get from table to table.

In a doorway near the band will be found Mr. Frank Barbaro, beaming with pleasure and looking more than ever like a Sicilian bandit. Mr. Frank Barbaro owns, manages and dominates the Bowery, a gigantic beer hall that seats 1,200 at tables and was obviously decorated by a drunken calciminer. It started as a barn, it remains a barn and Mr. Frank Barbaro doesn't try to fool you. What he does instead is give a show that starts at 9:30 and keeps going at a mad pace till closing time at two o'clock. The only break is a five-minute intermission for dancing.

"Yop," admits Mr. Frank Barbaro flatly. "On'y one set. Five min-uts. You want to mak embarrass them guys!"

Mr. Frank Barbaro is protecting the guys who bring their gals. He has it figured out that they want to see a show instead of being one. He may be wrong but the receipts don't show it.

What they show is that Mr. Frank Barbaro has one of the most fabulous and prosperous spots in the country. If you meet a big-name night-club entertainer anywhere in the world and mention the Bowery, he will leap nine feet in the air, yell "WOWZIE!" and begin an excited recital of what happened to him in the joint. Jimmie Durante and Joe E. Lewis didn't go too well with the Hamtramck (pronounced Ham-trammick) clientele: too sophisticated. Lou Holtz broke all records: Sally Rand and her troupe came next. Mr. Frank Barbaro shelled out $5,500 a week for Sally Rand and Benny Fields; Durante took $3,500 a week.

This is why Mr. Barbaro has twelve bartenders slaving away at a bar 120 feet long; why he needs a list of 115 employees; why he can afford to charge fifty cents admission on week-nights and seventy-five on week-end nights.

When Barbaro bought the Bowery in 1934 it was selling beer and soda pop. He had reached America from Italy in 1923 after spending four years in the king's army. He went straight from the boat to Herrin, Illinois, and dug coal for five years, liking it immensely. Those were the stirring days at Herrin when an average of one homicide a night was considered right in line with normalcy. With an interest in business which has never deserted him, Frank had a share in the grocery and meat store run by his brother and lived with his brother's family over the store. His friends were Italian, his associates were Italian, he never heard anything but Italian.

"Never learned a word Ang-lish, five year," says Frank, holding this against Herrin.

Among his other activities was a turn at putting on Saturday night dances. The mines were closed from lack of

(*Continued on page 49*)

Italian-born Frank Barbaro, ex-coal miner (above) is owner, manager and guiding spirit of the brawling Bowery. Center is the permanent master of ceremonies, Charley Carlisle, who has been on the job four years and still solicits—and gets—free cigars. The negligee number of an act called "History is Made at Night" is a sample of the entertainment with which Mr. Barbaro packs his big barn nightly

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB TOWER

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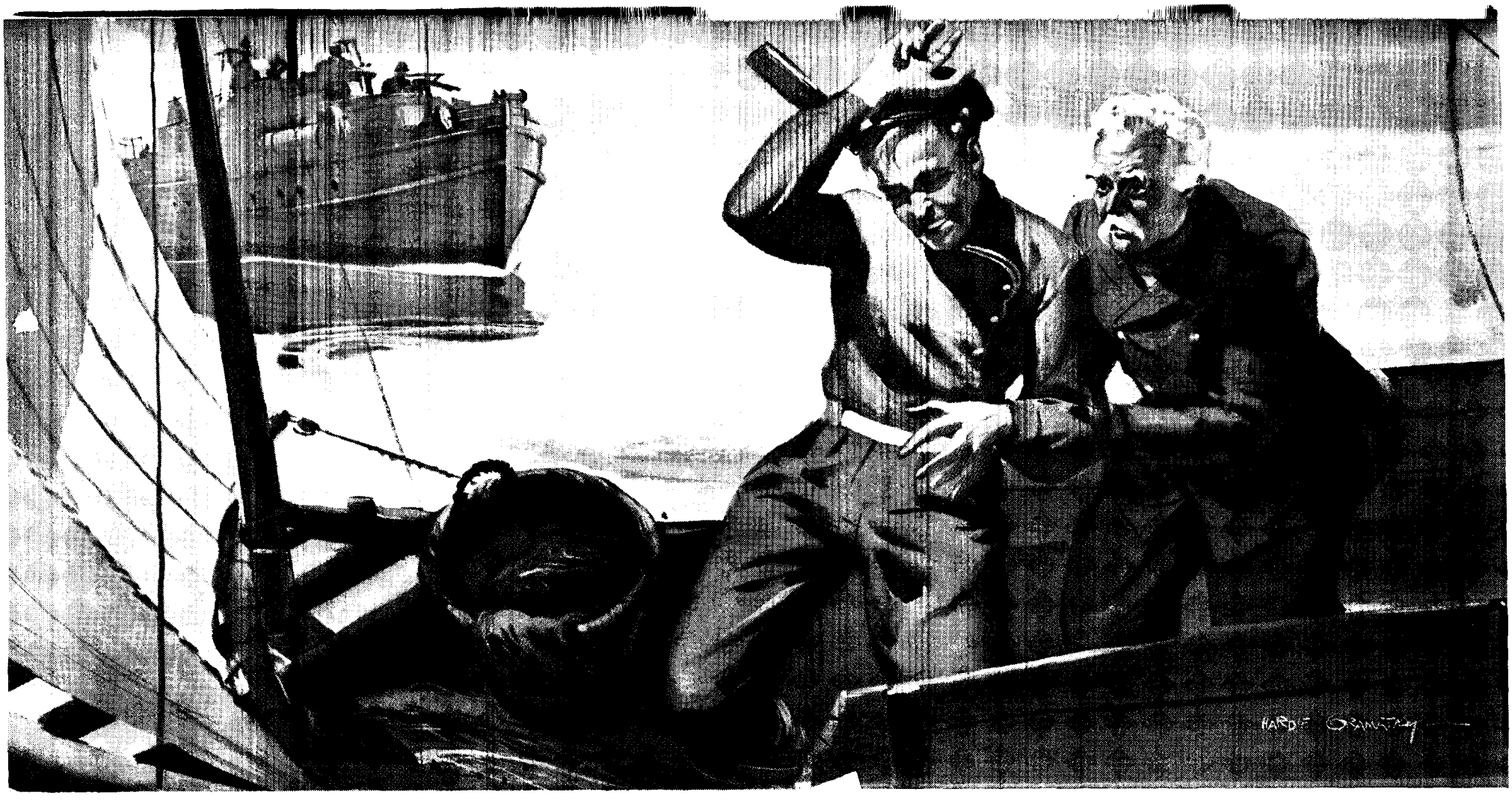

Driftwood

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Without warning, in full view of the patrol boat, the old man brought the tiller bar down on the young man's head. Willem fell, stunned

THE fishing boat from Nieudenkerke swung her stumpy mast through the pea-soup North Sea fog as the long swells rolled under her. The two men in the small boat—old Hendrik humped in the stern sheets, the young man crouched on the nets amidships—peered through the fog saying nothing. . . .

"They are gone now!" young Willem breathed hoarsely. "I hear nothing."

The old man, hand on the tiller bar, made no reply. Willem clenched his fists.

"We need a man to be trusted, one who understands the North Sea currents and the drift of the Dover tide," he spat out, still in that harsh whisper of strain, "and it had to be you!" His gray eyes blazed. "You! A lump of spiritless earth with the soul bombed out! Oh, but they are savage and cunning enough! Fish is food, and food they must have. So we fish for them under the eyes of their coast patrols. Two in a boat—but only one a sailor. Ten liters of petrol and a rag of sail. Nothing more. And each one leaves a wife, a child upon the land to keep him safely chained against escape. All except old Hendrik. Hendrik has no one. But Hendrik is their grimmest joke. Everyone knows that Hendrik is a man no longer, but just a lump of Holland earth without . . ."

His bitter outpouring ceased. Slowly his fists unclenched. The old man made fast the sheet of the little leg-of-mutton sail, tending the tiller. And the boat ghosted through the fog on an angular course across the mouth of Dover Strait, lifting and falling. Young Willem's head kept moving in quick arcs, trying to spy an enemy out through the blind white wall.

"Van Klaaser's radio transmitter was discovered yesterday," he murmured. "His execution was today. Johan paid for his pigeons against the wall of the church last night. This is the only chance now. The attack is for next week, old man. I have the objectives, the strength of each bomber squadron, their scheduled times and their flight altitudes. Even where the bomb dumps are and the take-off fields. All! All on the plans in this tube."

He held it up, a thin, watertight tube made fast to a weighted strap. He even thrust it forward, wanting kinship, compassion, a word of comfort in a time of dreadful stress. But the old man did no more than stir the helm. So fierce anger blazed in Willem. But only for an instant. Slowly he let his arm come down again, thinking of other things.

"I WILL not see Brunelda any more," he said in a dull monotone. "Do you know what they will do to her when I do not answer to my name in Nieudenkerke? Do you?" The thought forced his head up for an anguished moment. "Brunelda knows! And still she said to me . . ." He broke off. Violence rushed on him. "Why do I speak my torture to a lump of stupid earth?" he cried at old Hendrik. "Only bring me close enough to England so these plans may—"

His voice stopped abruptly and his head shot around. A slap of water sounded on a drifting invisible hull. Willem's fist closed on the precious tube. And he waited, taut and breathless, his eyes burning against the wall of vapor. There it was! The guttural growl reached his ears plainly. German! One of the speedboat patrol, swift, ruthless, deadly.

He wheeled, grating hoarsely, "We will be discovered! *I will swim from here!*"

The old man shook his head. "It is yet too far," he said.

Willem's eyes darted from side to side like a splendid young animal trapped in a misty cage. "The current drift from here—you are sure it will carry to the Dover coast?"

The old man's head moved affirmatively up and down. Instantly Willem seized a steering oar from along the thwarts and started strapping to it the precious tube. Hendrik watched him, his wrinkled face an expressionless mask.

"Who," he said in his lifeless voice, "who will pay attention nowadays to a piece of driftwood that has washed ashore? . . . Give me the tube."

"Fool! Do you think a spiritless old clod like you could swim—"

"*Halt!*" the summons flashed like a pistol shot across the widening pool of misty sea. "*Anhalten!*"

Willem struggled desperately with the strap. He knew there was only an instant left to slide the oar into the sea. Then a shadow fell across his hands, making him raise his head. The old man's look was the same. He stood in the rocking boat with his shoulders stooped, his eyes dead and the unshipped tiller bar in his knobby fist. And just before Willem heard the deafening roar of the patrol boat's engines, old Hendrik spoke loudly and for the last time:

"I mean to escape to England! You cannot prevent it, even if you have your bride in Nieudenkerke as hostage to your safety!" His voice dropped suddenly to a dull whisper: "Do you understand? Go back to your Brunelda. There will be work for your sons to do one day."

Without warning, in full view of the onrushing patrol boat, the old man brought the tiller bar down on the young man's head. Willem fell backward, stunned. He remembered nothing until a burst of machine-gun fire roused him out of senselessness. He came to his knees then, dizzy and with a bloody head, hearing an officer growl, "*Noch ein mal, Hans!* Fun is all right in its place. Not now."

Willem looked across. The gunner grinned at such brave sport as this before the gun chattered once more. Willem watched the jets it pitted in the sea. He followed them. He saw the old man swimming far away, not looking back at all. Old Hendrik swam without hurry, his arms lifting and lowering leisurely. Then the walking spray jets reached him. His shoulders convulsed, and the water showed red stains. But his arms still kept up their swimmer's movements for a moment more. First one. Then the other. . . . And then no more.

WILLEM could see him for yet a little while, a lifeless shadow drifting on an oily sea. Till the fog came down to swallow him. And Willem heard the German sublieutenant's guttural laugh.

"Escape? *Ja!* He will wash up somewhere near the Dover coast. They have too much wreckage on the English shore from sunken ships to pay attention any more to floating spars or a broken oar." The officer chortled: "*Verfluchtes England!* But *there* is a souvenir they will understand. They will examine a piece of driftwood such as that!"

Young Willem bowed his head. For some reason he thought of Brunelda when he saw the steering oar still on the bottom boards at his feet. But even before he looked, he knew the strap and tube would not be there. It was lashed elsewhere. He knew it was lashed to a bit of driftwood, slowly washing toward the English shore.

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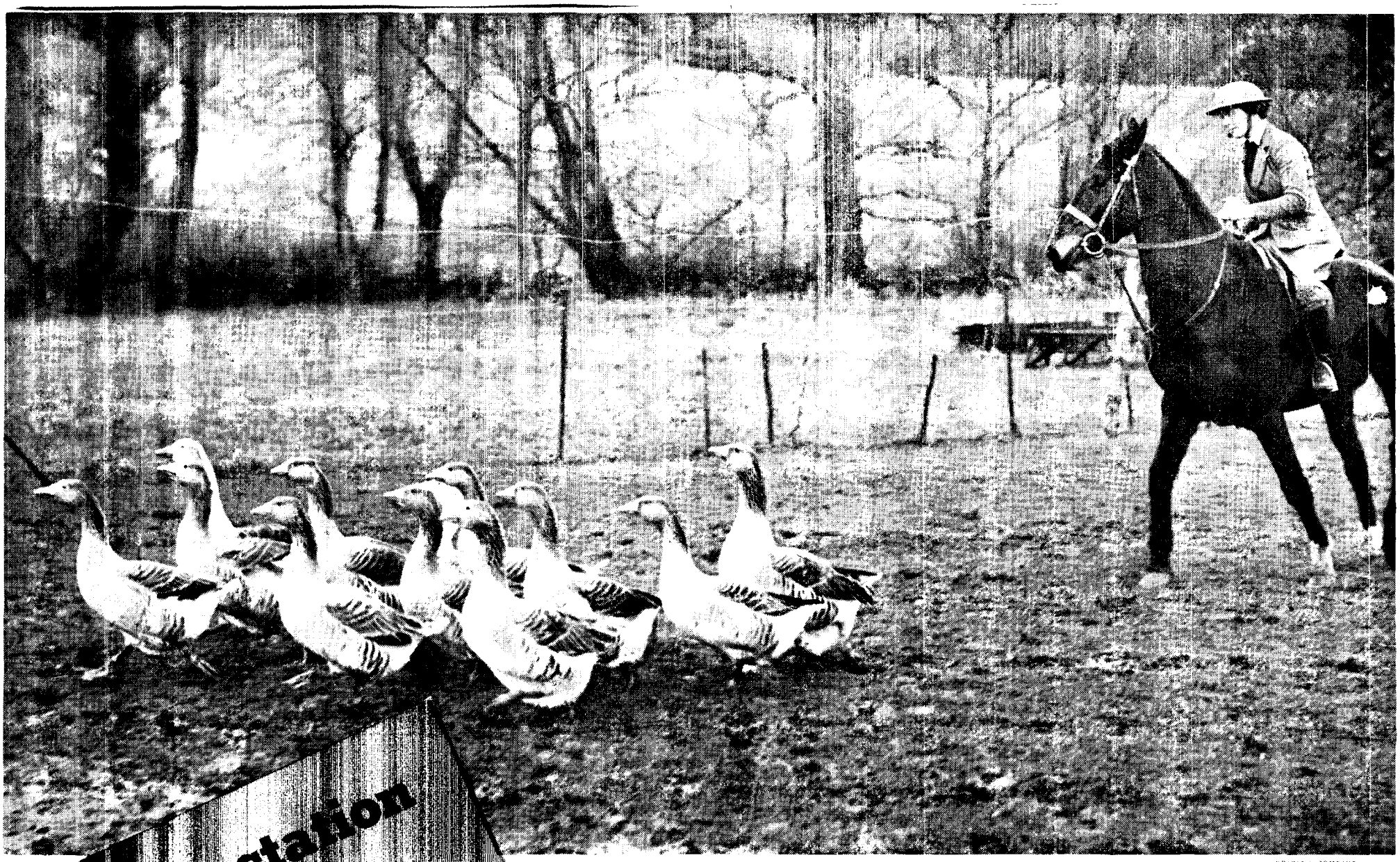

BRITISH COMBINE

A steel-helmeted A.R.P. volunteer rounds up her geese before going on duty

Expectation

By Clare Sheridan

The feeling of what nearly everywhere in England, here and the invasion comes? companied by gas? ever-present dread problem of farmer becomes a and fowl precious as

DURING the winter London, the industrial towns and the ports had their blitzing, but the country knew comparative quiet. The winged terror returned to us with the daffodils. "The better the day the better the deed" and so, when the sun shines and all the world is smiling, skirmishes are resumed in the sky.

But we—and by *we* I refer to my neighbors in this part of "Sussex by the sea"—have undergone a change since last year. We are definitely hardened. We tell one another that we "don't mind it so much in the daytime," it's the nights that get one down.

It is curious how every man and woman going about his work in the early morning knows just where that bomb fell that made us all (for miles around) jump at ten o'clock last night, and the one at two o'clock in the morning and so on—

How do they know? Is it the milkman? Is it the postman? And how should they know? But they do know and they are always right. One night it is to the east of us, the next night to the west. The only explanation of these droppings is that they unload around these parts on their way home if they haven't been able to get to London. We know that any one of us may be "for it" tonight.

But it takes a lot to kill the age-old habit of looking forward, and although we tell ourselves it is useless to make plans we make them all the same. I, for instance, have reluctantly assented to a publisher's demand for a new book.

I take my manuscript in to Hastings, eight miles away, to be typed. In the office five typewriters on five small tables stand inactive. The head of the office, an undefeated young woman, explains: "Top of the building—so they wouldn't stay." Too dangerous when the blitz comes, and it comes suddenly to these coastal towns, almost simultaneously with the warning. But "I'd rather be at the top of the building than at the bottom," says the young typist. Well, there it is, you may have your preference: Be blitzed on the top floor or buried on the ground floor.

The interesting aspect of all this is the discovery that we can get used to almost anything. I say guardedly *almost* for our propaganda has suddenly started an intensive publicity campaign in expectation of gas.

I have prepared for the food shortage and for the incendiary-bomb menace, but I confess that the possibility of gas overwhelms me.

I have from the very beginning put gas out of my thoughts and refused to carry a gas mask. But in a mad world growing daily madder who knows what the madmen may not resort to! I have attended the local gas lectures, watched the giggling boys and girls, the old women whose only social intercourse has been mothers' meetings, the old men retired from hard work, each and all sniffing uncorked bottles of specimen gas. Some of them like myself must have been sick for twenty-four hours as a result of overeagerness in the sniffing line. And have we learned anything? Are we prepared? I certainly am not.

If Gas Comes

We know that mustard gas burned the soles of the barefooted Abyssinians when the Italians resorted to this method of conquest. My handbook tells me that it will permeate "all substances except metals, glass, glazed-bricks and tiles. It will penetrate thick clothing in ten minutes. The respirator (i.e., gas mask) gives protection *only* to eyes, lungs and face."

According to the gas booklet the stuff will come through the window cracks, under the door and down the chimney. If gas comes, sprayed from low-flying planes, then I and my hens and geese and ducks and rabbits and pigeons will, I fear, be found with our toes turned up.

The military seem to think that mustard gas is less likely than choking gas, preceded by nose gas which makes you sick so that you spew into your mask, with the result that you throw it aside. You are then a ready victim.

The soldiers do gas drill and walk about the park in their hideous masks, getting acclimatized.

The gas propaganda has already affected some of us. I continually have the impression that I can smell it. Like a hind I sniff the breeze, sensing danger. Villagers repeatedly tell me how sleepy they have been feeling all day. "If there'd been a blitz I couldn't have moved, my head was so heavy," and gas was the explanation. "Perhaps a way off they were letting it go, and we got the back kick of it."

Of course nothing of the sort had happened; it is pure self-hypnotism.

Preparing for gas training is a quiescent process; preparing for starvation requires untiring activity. Townsfolks have recourse to shops and can lay in stores, but some things will not keep and many things can no longer be bought. Then, too, there's always the danger that the storeroom may be blitzed.

So during this whole year we have become more and more intensively merged in the peasant life of the community, sharing problems and difficulties. The sporting instinct saves us from utter discouragement. We are, as our prime minister says, in a beleaguered fortress. Americans can never experience anything like this because they are a continental people. Our island begins to feel very small and there is no escape. We must take whatever comes. Have we not taken blitzing in stride?

But a more formidable invader threatens, against whom guns and planes are impotent. I mean the death's-head specter, famine. Against this threat we

(Continued on page 43)

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Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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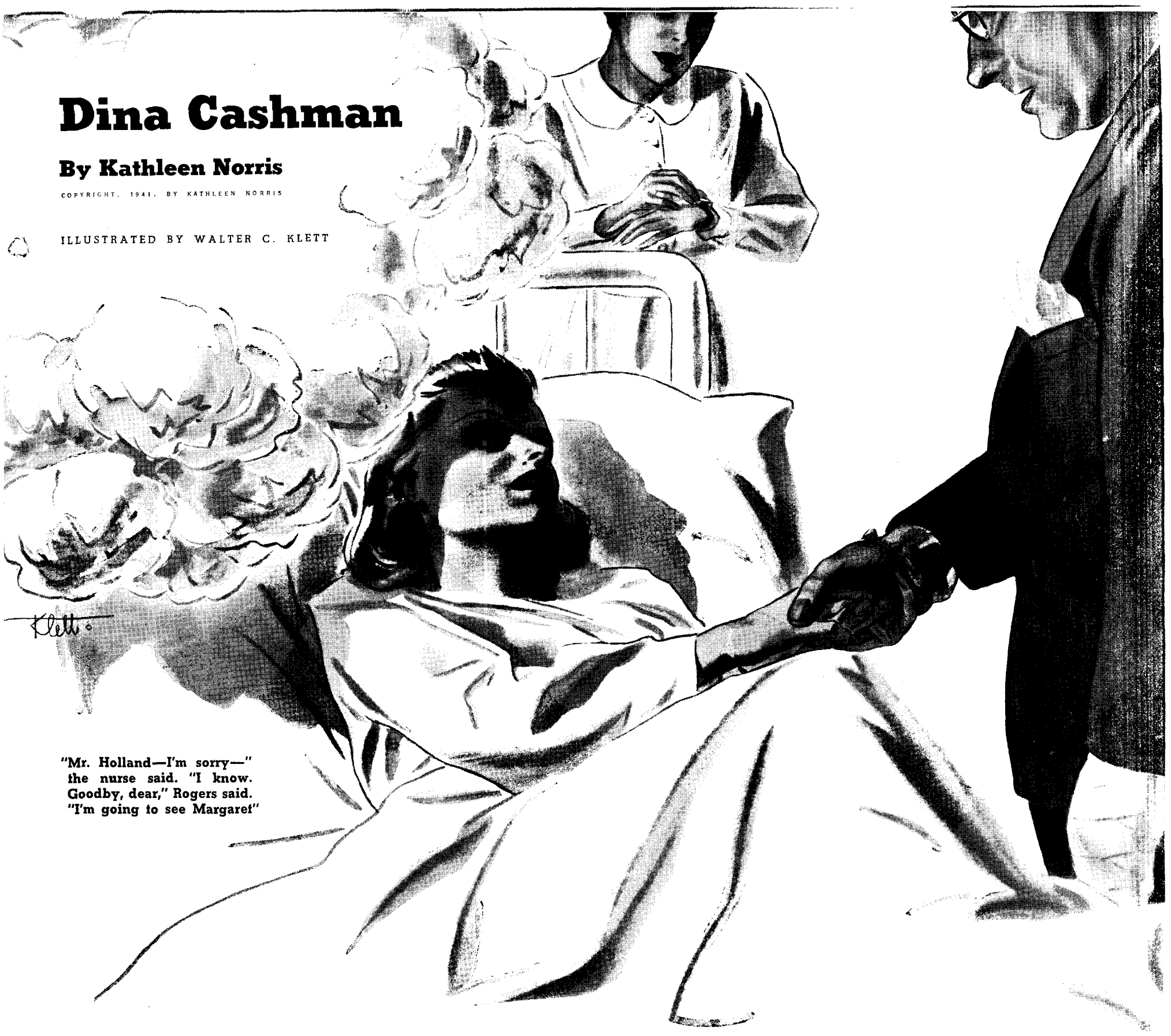

"Mr. Holland—I'm sorry—" the nurse said. "I know. Goodby, dear," Rogers said. "I'm going to see Margaret"

The Story Thus Far:

HER father unable to earn a living for his large family, Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman works in a grocery store. Her home, at Railway Flats not far from San Francisco, is a shanty. Her life is a hard one.

In love with Vere Holland, a Yale law-school student whom she has met by chance, she takes a brief outing with him in the Sierras. Then, after Vere has returned to New Haven, she makes a dreadful discovery: she is going to become a mother!

Terrified, she writes to Vere; his replies are evasive. Whereupon, she calls on Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland, at his fine old Burlingame estate, tells him the whole story, asks for advice. Mr. Holland promises to write to the boy's mother. Then he makes Dina a strange proposition: Recently jilted by the woman he loves, and will always love—who has unexpectedly married Andrew Havens, an artist—he is giving a dinner party. The Havenses will be among his guests. Will Dina (an unusually attractive girl) attend the party and so conduct herself as to arouse "Aline's" jealousy? Of course, he says, he will remunerate her handsomely.

In need of money, Dina co-operates with him. And when the party ends, Aline Havens is consumed with jealousy. . . . Vere's mother comes to Burlingame. A spoiled, worldly woman (like Aline), she informs Dina and Holland that she will never permit her son to "marry beneath him."

A short time later, Holland takes Dina's breath away. He asks her to become his wife (*in name only*), so that the baby, when it comes, will have a father. Desperate, realizing that Holland means exactly what he says, Dina accepts the offer. And she marries Rogers Holland.

Needless to say, the Cashmans are surprised. And the Havenses? They, too, cannot understand the marriage. Aline—disliking Dina, because Andy regards the girl as extraordinarily beautiful and wants to paint her portrait—makes no attempt to hide her animosity toward Rogers Holland's young wife. . . .

While motoring toward Stockton—where Holland has a business appointment—with her husband, Dina talks at length of the problems of the very poor. Holland—who knows nothing of poverty—asks many questions. After a time, appalled by what he hears, he falls silent; and they drive along without speaking.

VII

DINA was sorry when they reached Stockton and were in the pleasant streets of its outlying districts, between gardens and cottages and pepper and blooming hawthorn trees.

"My Aunt Sarah Forrester lived up here," Rogers presently told her, "and since she died a year ago her place has stood empty. I've put some cleaners in there and had a little painting done, and I thought I'd see what it looks like."

The section in which they stopped had obviously once been the fashionable end of town, for neglected, forlorn, pretentious mansions still stood in bare garden spaces, their windows adorned with every sign that shabby gentility knows: "Modes," "Violin Studio," "Table Board," "Rooms," "Rooms," "Rooms."

Between these old dwellings, factories, shops and gas stations had established themselves and cheap apartment houses had risen; the house Rogers identified as the one they were seeking stood, however, well raised above a brick bulkhead on a corner, and so had lost none of its air or light.

It was a yellow double bay-windowed cottage with overgrown lilac and syringa bushes along the side street and two great, shaggy palms flanking the front path. Rogers and Dina could walk in at the front door, for activities of all sorts were going on inside and all the doors and windows were open to the spring air and sunshine. A Japanese in his shirt sleeves was washing windows; a small Japanese woman was wiping down woodwork; paperers had their barrels and planks set up in the double parlors. Clean smells of ammonia, paint and wet plaster were combated by other older smells of old wood, plumbing and the still lingering taint of air that has been shut for months within walls.

"Aunt Sarah left a lot of furniture here," Rogers said, indicating with a jerk of his head the canvas-covered mound in the back parlor. "Beds and chairs and bureaus. Caroline came up after she died and took some of the rugs and all the silver and china. Pretty nearly finished?" he asked a paperer, with a glance about.

"Finish tonight, sir," the man said.

"Man come put down carpet tomorrow," contributed the small Japanese woman with an insucking of breath and a smiling bow.

"Carpets all cleaned, were they? Look here, Geraldine, this is the kitchen. Little room off it—they've got blankets stored in there. Now here are the bedrooms, three of them, and then back to the front room again. Built about eighteen eighty, I should say. My uncle

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built it, and my aunt lived here for fifty years. How about it?"

They were in the dining room again, and he leaned against a round oak table that had been pushed against a wall, took out his pipe and stuffed it without removing his eyes from Dina.

Dina sat upon one of a row of aligned chairs and stared at him.

"For what? Us?" she asked.

Uh-huh," Rogers answered briefly.

"But—but why are we moving, Rogers?"

"Oh," the man said, with an enlightened look, "when you said 'us' you meant you and me?"

"Of course," she agreed simply.

"I meant your family. The family of Cashman."

Her face showed an electrical change. "You didn't!" she gasped. And then in a low, convinced tone, "You *couldn't!*"

"Would they move?"

"My family," Dina said, "would move anywhere. But you don't mean—you can't mean—that you're going to let them live here?"

"Why not? It's been standing empty since my aunt died. I've a man who comes once a week to keep the grass cut; that's all it costs me. Why shouldn't it be occupied? It's a nice house." He indicated with a wave of his pipe the darkened room, whose window shades were drawn against the afternoon sun.

"Oh, but—but—" Her eyes were pulsating wells of light. "But they'll go perfectly crazy—Myrna will go *crazy!*" she said. "A bathroom! And closets. Big closets! Oh, but I don't believe it!"

"I'll send a truck to move their things, and your father can drive the family up," Rogers planned. "It'll be a nicer place for them, and when it rains they won't be under water, at least. You might suggest they come up and look at it next Sunday, if you like."

"ROGERS," said Dina, glowing, "this is awfully kind of you! This is *terribly* kind of you! I can't tell you—they've never lived in anything like this—I can't tell you what it'll mean to my mother! And all of them—Myrna and Dooley, growing up, and wanting to have boys come to the house. Oh, the bureaus," Dina exulted, walking about now from room to room, "and all that furniture under that canvas—I *wish* we could see it!"

"Well, here, we can!" He nodded to the Japanese, and they flung back a part of the covering.

"Oh, Rogers, not a piano!" Dina gasped, actually turning pale.

"Uh-huh, her old upright. They're getting to be curios, but I suppose it could be tuned."

"Tables," Dina said, in a trance, "and books—and those are curtains! And a standing lamp! My mother has talked about a standing lamp she had, for years! And so many chairs! My sister Myrna took music lessons when she was only ten," Dina went on, striking a rusty chord from the keys; "we all did because a lady boarded with us who owned a piano, and Myrna was talented—she said so—and she said Myrna ought to go on. They're paying twelve dollars rent," she finished anxiously; "you'll let them go on paying that, won't you?"

"I don't know as I will," Rogers said, touched by her enthusiasm. "Why, good heavens, Geraldine," he added, "towns are full of empty old cottages like this that somebody might as well be using! I don't know that I could rent it if I wanted to! If you think they'll like it—"

"*Like* it!" she echoed reproachfully, as he paused.

"Then you go down and see your mother tomorrow and ask her about it. By the way, what does your father do?" Rogers asked. "Beside mattresses, I mean."

"What Pop likes to do is to be a night watchman," Dina said. "Mamma says that when he's a night watchman he never touches a drop. He used to read."

"That factory across there is a mattress factory; he might get something to do there. And that other—that big shed higher than the rest is the plant my uncle owned—a bottle factory," Rogers said as they came out into the afternoon light again. "See there, 'Forrester Glass and Bottle Works.' I could always get *him a berth in there, I should think*; I know young Sam pretty well. They probably keep a night watchman or two."

"You see, if he's working at night my father's asleep when the other men go to places like Murphy's and Mulligan's," Dina explained simply, getting into the car. "Oh, look at it!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it darling! Isn't it a *home!* You're *awfully* kind—"

HER voice died away and she sat silent, staring ahead with unseeing eyes. What she was seeing in a blinding wave of homesickness was the Cashman family, wild with excitement, moving into the new home. Herself alone in the gloomy Holland mansion when Dooley and Lou went to the nearest grocery for that first moving-day order that Dina knew so well: bread, butter and eggs, of course, and coffee, oatmeal, lard, flour and sugar, and canned milk and bacon and potatoes—and then, slackening off as the staples began to be exhausted, oranges and ten cents' worth of onions—and, yes, the chocolate cake that El'ner had brought to the counter, and the cookies to which Donny had passionately attached himself and everything else to which the money in the Cashmans' hands would stretch in one glorious orgy of marketing, because it was moving day!

Then the unpacking into real bureaus and real closets; the laughter, running from room to room. "Is this our room, Mamma? Mamma, is this our table? Dooley, come look and see out of our window!" And the wild interest in the first baths—*hot water running* plentiful and clean into a clean tub, soap and towels. There had been piles of towels, not the finest, not the newest, but clean towels stacked with housewifely precision in the linen closet. What fun for Mamma and for them all: Pop backing the rickety car into the yellow garage; Myrna trying the Venetian blinds at the parlor windows; El'ner and Donny racing the folding doors to and fro! To find the nearest schools, to explore the neighborhood for movies, candy store, library! She would have been guide and leader in all this once; she would have shared her family's bettered fortunes as she had shared their darkest ones! The agony of homesickness, its keen pang of feeling joy unnecessarily sacrificed, overwhelmed her.

"Myrna'll take that little room off the kitchen to have for her own," she said; "it has a little washroom off it and she'll rather be there. She's always talking of a room all her own."

"I wondered what was keeping you quiet so long," Rogers said. "You were moving them in, eh? They'll be farther away from you, Geraldine; you've thought of that? But we'll put a telephone in, and you can call them every night, if you want."

"A telephone! Why, Myrna would drop dead," Dina commented simply.

"They have no telephone now." Rogers made it a statement rather than a question, and for a time there was silence again. Presently the man broke it.

"There's something I've rather been wanting to say to you, Geraldine," he began, "and I haven't exactly known how to put it. Or perhaps I didn't realize it myself. But lately, lately—and this was what I wanted you to know—I've been feeling happier than I've felt in a good many years."

IT WAS impossible to mistake his meaning that she had something to do with it; Dina's face as she turned to him was bright with pleasure.

"Falling in love is a sickness, I suppose," Rogers went on. "And sometimes one gets well. I'm not cured," he added, as Dina did not speak, "but I'm convalescent. It's been for years—*years* that every time I thought of Aline Pierpont, I've been almost suffocated. Whether she was near me or far away, or married to someone or divorcing someone, or whether I just heard her name mentioned, it was the same. For years I thought it was love; then I knew it was hate; and sometimes it was both at once."

"I can understand that," Dina said.

"I hope you can't! When she divorced Rosenstirn," Rogers said, driving steadily ahead, "she came to me in some financial trouble. I straightened it out, or rather Callaghan did. Callaghan's a simple fellow and he always spoke of her as 'the she-cobra.' He didn't like her. But she had the same effect on me she'd always had. She was—under my skin."

A silence. Dina did not speak, but when he glanced at her he saw her bright eyes fixed on his in complete attention.

"Well, what I wanted you to know," said Rogers, "is that the spell is breaking. It's partly her marriage to that nice big boob who is going to have a terrible waking up one of these days, and it's partly because she sees herself that she ought to have married me. She said as much yesterday. She'll divorce him, and this time she'll come to me, not I to her. Yes; *after twenty years of it, she'll* come to me.

"By that time," he went on, "you'll want to be free. You'll still be a kid in years, with a little child to bring up, and you'll want to make other plans. I'll have served my turn.

"BUT what I'm trying to say," he added, after a side glance that showed him only Dina's half profile and one curved ear tip, "is that you've done something for me. More than I ever could do for you or your family. Just having you in the house, young and pretty and interested in what I am saying and doing; just our music and our games, and listening to me talk about my stamps and hearing you downstairs in the garden chatting with McPherson while I'm shaving—it's done something for me that all the years I was married to Anna didn't do.

"You see, when I married Anna I was in love with Aline. I was sick with love, as only a boy of twenty-one can be. She'd just married Pollock, she'd been presented at St. James's, she was everything, and I was—well, you can imagine me twenty years ago. Fat, weak eyes, blubbering because she didn't love me. My mother and Anna's arranged our marriage; Mother talked to me about it one day, Anna's mother kissed me, and it was in the papers. That was all I knew about it."

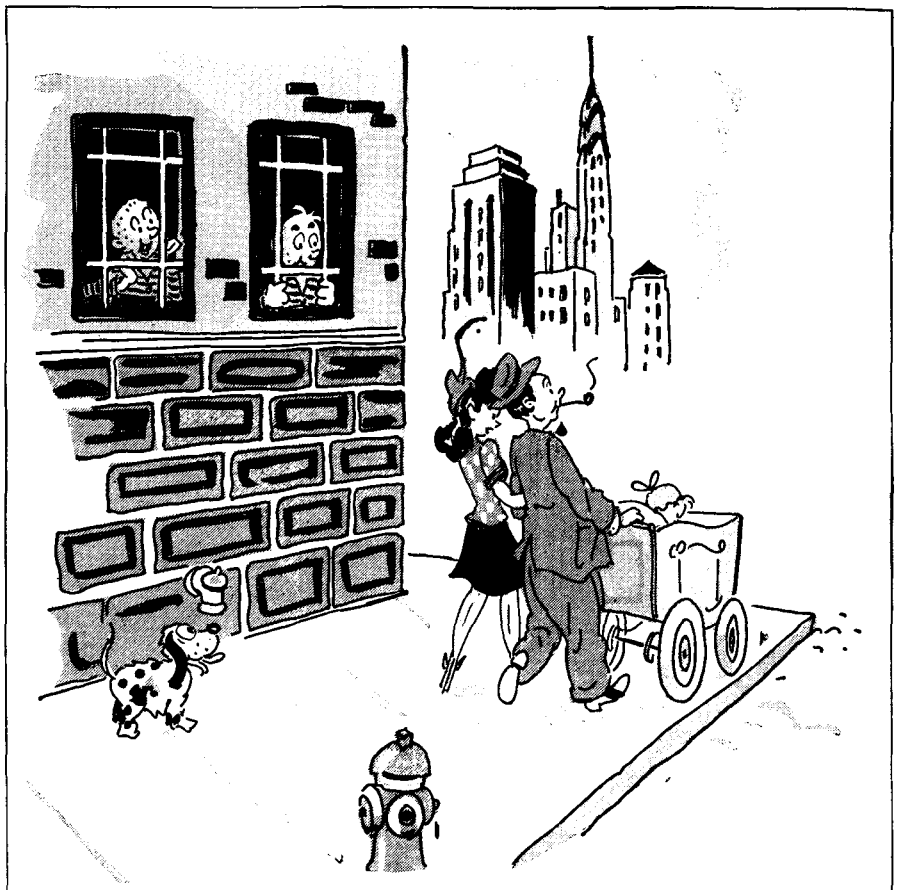
"You never asked her!"

"I never thought of asking her. She was a quiet, pale girl, nicely raised. She loved a chance to show off her French and German; quietly, you know, as if everyone who counted at all must, of course, have been educated in Europe. I think we both were dazed when we found ourselves on the train going to Banff for our honeymoon.

"She almost never spoke—Anna. We were married and living in the same house and that was that. I'd ask her at the table, 'How'd it go today?' 'Why, just as I expected it to,' she'd say, looking up surprised. Quietly surprised, of course. 'Did you go to the hospital and see Jean?' 'Certainly.' That would be all.

"She was great on making calls and seeing old people and going to hospital board meetings. But she never had anything to say about them. Anna hated the old place and we moved into town. She felt she had to have a child or two for the Holland and Farjeon families. I wanted kids, too, but she never had a healthy child. After about four years she became a constant invalid. We went down to the old place for the summers, moved back to the city. She had nurses around her, and finally she fell in love with one of her nurses, Helen Johnson. Nobody could do anything for her but

(Continued on page 45)



"They met at my trial—they were on the jury" REAMER KELLER

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"Peggy's a wonder, isn't she? Her whole dinner was a dream but her salad was divine!"
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a superb blend of...
..fine eggs and oil, fragrant vinegar and spices, and as the final crowning touch . . .
fresh lemon juice!
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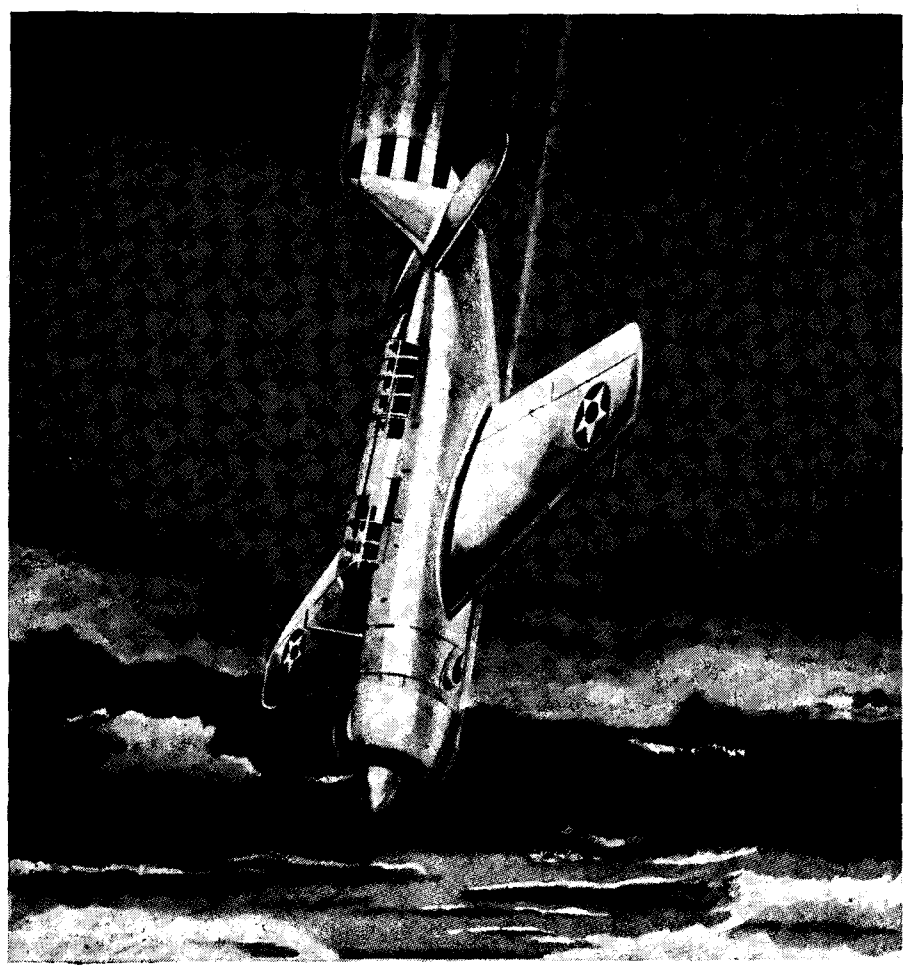

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Advance Agent

Continued from page 15

You've heard Köchlin—that's what they think of them overseas. Von Weitbrecht has worked out plans that cannot be allowed to fail. On September first the labor offensive will begin. It's Labor Day all over the country. Everything that can be done."

Thus simply he became an insider—from now on there would be no shaking him off. But he must learn the whole plan. Strikes in the most valuable places; doubtless riots, probably formidable sabotage—and all keyed in with his own job, the drive for peace. They meant business at last.

"That is why Tuesday was so terrible," Mathilde added. "Only von Weitbrecht can do the job. He is responsible for everything. Success or failure."

"Then," Scovil said calmly, "you will have to make him tell us." Mathilde stared at him in bewilderment, and he said, "But, of course! He has been here since Tuesday night—he came on a truck. Booker has been hiding him." Mathilde turned white and instantly said, "You must take him to Köchlin at once! You have been insane to keep them apart so long. You may have ruined everything."

"What if von Weitbrecht will not see him?" he asked quietly. He would show her his ace but determined not to let her know its full strength. "Von Weitbrecht may not be one of the fools but he is a dangerous coward. The Detroit raid has reduced him to panic. He is in a state of collapse—pure jelly. He refuses to see Köchlin—he is even more terrified of him than you are. And I must say it would be fatal to bring them together while von Weitbrecht is still—unstrung." Deliberately he played on her fear: "If Köchlin found the kingpin so helpless, he would make mincemeat of us all . . . And that's the dilemma I have been in ever since Köchlin arrived."

MATHILDE'S previous alarm had been insignificant compared to this. She was frozen with terror and despair, her face was pinched and white, she said nothing at all while he drove by back roads to the clearing at the bottom of Booker's ski-tow. Booker had brought von Weitbrecht to the log cabin there. Properly disciplined, Booker withdrew and they were alone with a key man in conspiracy who might have been formidable once but was only a wreck now.

Von Weitbrecht's hands still trembled uncontrollably, his voice was still a croak, his cheeks were sunken and the dueling scar stood out black. At sight of Mathilde he broke into rapid German, hysterically defending himself and describing the dangers he had barely escaped . . . Scovil had heard it all before, but permitted it to go on till Mathilde could see in full the disgusting spectacle of a man whose nerve had been broken. Mathilde repeatedly insisted that he must see Köchlin—she commanded, she pleaded, she advised. But she only made von Weitbrecht more agitated—he was practically sobbing—and Scovil broke in.

"You certainly need more time to recover from the shocks you have had," he said. Von Weitbrecht nodded gratefully. "But unfortunately we have a Prussian to deal with. And your personal—illness—cannot be permitted to interfere with things. Pieces must be picked up, the organization must be patched, there are orders to be given, the arrangements must go forward. You will have to act through me."

There was a scared protest in Mathilde's face and von Weitbrecht exploded, "But you are totally ignorant—you know nothing."

"Exactly—you will simply have to use me as an instrument, we will have to be a team. You will teach me while I act for you."

Mathilde said "No!" in pure horror, and von Weitbrecht was so shocked that he recovered some authority: "It is preposterous! I can talk only to Köchlin."

"So you refuse to talk to him—and time is running out. Think, man! Who can save you? You are counted on to succeed this time, a vast plan pivots on you—and you are resting on a mountaintop while the efforts of everyone come to nothing. You must act—and you can't. You can act only through me."

HE HAD to shout them down repeatedly. He would emerge from this as the man who had mastered an emergency, and from now on the very highest would have to reckon with him. But he could make no headway against von Weitbrecht's terror. Mathilde said, "Don't be a reckless fool, Lynn." Von Weitbrecht kept saying, "Only a day or two more—I will be all right." Scovil steadily pointed out the fatal passage of time and Köchlin's cyclonic impatience. Von Weitbrecht only grew more hysterical, till at last he was actually screaming:

"There is only to hold Köchlin off a day or two! When I am healthy—when I can think clearly enough to meet him!" Actually tears slid out on his cheeks. His voice got cold: "Don't press me too hard. If I cannot obey my orders—anyway I can avoid betraying them." Suddenly an automatic pistol appeared in his hands. Mathilde gasped and there was no other sound. But von Weitbrecht intended far otherwise than they thought. "You can go on pressing me to violate my orders. Or you can bring Köchlin here. I will not be alive—I will kill myself—"

"Stop crying," Scovil said, disgusted. "Go back to your mountain view and get hold of yourself. We'll see you again—and try to look more like a man."

He was furious not to have achieved his purpose and determined to keep forcing the pressure till he could. Mathilde followed him outside. "You see the nerves of our superiors," he said. "And you see why we can't let Köchlin see him."

"It would be fatal." Her voice was husky with despair. "Lynn, this is beyond belief—terrible. I see no way out. We are lost—we are destroyed."

"Not if a man takes charge."

She was fighting a dozen different fears, and quite clearly he had not convinced her. But if her persuasion and authority were added to his, von Weitbrecht would accept him. He thought comfortably that there was a way of convincing Mathilde.

Booker came up—he had been with some workmen across the clearing. "Take him back to the cabin," Scovil said, "and do your best to pump some nerve into him." Booker nodded but his face showed the mark of labored thinking.

"This Erich Köchlin," Booker said, "You still believe his story?"

Scovil said sharply, "Don't begin that again, Carl."

But Booker was dogged: "I tell you, I have seen him somewhere before. I do not believe him. He is an American."

Scovil swore. "Is nobody going to

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keep his head? Must everybody go stark crazy because a few fools have been arrested? You have been scared into seeing ghosts."

Booker was always sullen under reproof and his face grew brutal. "Who will be the fool if he turns out to be an American? You have swallowed the bait whole. Is it by chance he comes straight to my camp? Is it by chance he comes two days after von Weitbrecht gets here? I tell you, he is from the F.B.I.

"He would give his soul to know where von Weitbrecht is. It was not even chance that brought him to the camp—it was a suggestion by Mrs. Armstrong. As a matter of fact, it was luck—our luck—our very good luck."

"There is nothing suspicious about him, Carl," Mathilde said. "We had received the most detailed instructions long before he came. When he got here, he knew every detail. Headquarters tested him and he detected the test at once."

"Maybe." The cruelty in his eyes got plainer. "And still, if he is all right, still he comes to do—what? To spy on us. Who spies on us? For what reason? Are we not trusted to do our business as we are ordered to? Who would be sent to report on us? Suppose he belongs to the *Gestapo?*"

THERE was a release of tension—Mathilde laughed spontaneously, even with enjoyment. But her laughter made Booker fierce: "If there is a chance I am right, can we take the chance? All right, he is an American—so we will be in jail tomorrow, next day, next week. All right, he is of the *Gestapo*—so he will report we have bungled and they will cast us off—maybe abandon us to the Americans . . . Let me get rid of him! He can go for a ride with me tonight. Or I will take him for a friendly stroll in the woods. There is no other way to be safe."

You had to handle inferior men the way Köchlin did—brutally. "We will do the thinking and you will do as we tell you," Scovil said. He went on abusing him while Booker's face got more violent and rebellious—but in the end Booker submitted . . . Scovil drove away with Mathilde, his mind racing. Cowards and fools on the one hand, the implacable obstacle of Köchlin on the other—he would have to force the issue. But unquestionably the situation was shaping to his advantage.

"It is permitted to approach the embassy only through New York," Mathilde said. "Of course, I must let New York know at once about von Weitbrecht."

"No," he said. "You must let no one know. You must leave him to me."

He stopped the car and slid an arm around her shoulders. She responded to the caress instantly and warmly. That was the way to convince Mathilde. And the expression of doubt, even of inattention, in her eyes would not last long.

"WE CALL them broomstick skirts," Connie stubbornly repeated. "They are the exact opposite of pants—yards and yards billowing like the Floradora girls." She held out yards and yards in each hand. "I put it on so that you can just know I wear it."

"Coming back to the handsome stranger," Bill Jay insisted.

"If you hadn't forced your unwelcome attentions on me all evening, I might have got to dance with him. Under the spell of my loveliness he would have confessed everything." She didn't like the new phase of Bill Jay—the tireless newspaperman going into everything, thinking fast and furiously, and inventing crazy ideas. The whole evening had been a bad taste in the mind, and she didn't want to remember any part of it. Till at last she said, "If you want to know, you don't cross-examine me or the postmistress—you ask Gail."

That was supposed to stop him but apparently the tireless newspaperman was pure gall and presently they were in the bookshop, where Gail was doing accounts—or pretending to in a pinkly abstracted daze—and Bill was forthrightly asking her what she knew about Mr. John Page. Connie noted with concentration that Gail was on her guard at once. With a haughty lack of interest, Gail didn't know much about him: he was a friend of Lynn's; she had danced with him and he had brought her home. (Oh? Oh! Interesting, my dear Watson!) Bill went on asking questions—who was he? where was he from? what was his business?—and paid no attention to the signs of Gail's rising indignation. In fact he presently had her showing signs of apprehension instead, and he hit the jack pot when he remarked that he'd seen Mr. Page at Camp Ryegate, which he was coming to think of as a hangout of rather low characters.

"So you think I buy dames malteds for nothing!" WILLIAM STEIG

If Bill didn't notice, Connie certainly knew that Gail's prompt blush and confused eyes meant something very personal indeed. But she wasn't prepared for any such revelation as followed, when, after being haughty and then defiant, Gail said, "Well, I took him to Camp Ryegate." Bill said, "Oh?" with extreme politeness, though Connie thought of a number of other things to say. Finally Gail said, looking as if she had been caught in public sin, "I picked him up."

That certainly had impact, and Gail was an exceedingly embarrassed young woman, and her laughter was far from convincing. "He went west this morning," she said. "So you might as well know. Wednesday night at Manchester there was another one of those quarrels that Lynn and I substitute for a love affair. I left the dance and came home. On the way, I picked up John Page." Slowly and stubbornly, "Yes, I picked him up. I didn't know he knew Lynn. But if he was at Camp Ryegate, it was because I took him there. It sounds crazy? All right, it was crazy."

Bill had no sympathy to spare for embarrassment: "I don't want to run your morals. But if this goes on, some day you'll make a pickup in the criminal classes."

Connie said hotly, "Anybody Gail picks up is practically in holy orders. She doesn't spend her time necking the way we do, I wish to God."

But she knew by the speed with which Bill got out of there that he had suddenly hit an idea, probably crackbrained but certainly hot. Five minutes later he telephoned her: "Get a hot dog or a piece of steak to fry and we'll go picnicking tonight. I'm off to Springfield for the afternoon." So she had the extraordinary behavior of Gail to deal with, who was vexed and alarmed and extremely inquisitive. She wasn't going to say anything—"You ask Bill. It's his guessing game. I don't try to understand the newspaper business, I'm fully occupied trying to marry into it." And it stood out that Bill's reference to the criminal classes kept bothering Gail, and she only made Gail mad when she said, "This is Bill's story—I don't even take notes." But if she ever made it her story, she could tell right now that, Wednesday night or last night—gosh, maybe both!—there had been more between Gail and the handsome stranger than Gail was telling anyone.

SHE tried to turn the questions away by talking about her father but didn't have enough courage to mention Mathilde Winkler. She only made Gail angrier, and finally Gail put an end to the bickering by going away. Connie watched her drive off in the coupé, and she hoped she was going to Pinnacle Manor, and she hoped she would come back with a blond scalp sewed to her leggings, but she knew she wouldn't . . . Oh, a happy afternoon for everyone. And it turned muggy and breathless before Bill got back, and Connie had worked up a sizable grouch about everything, including Bill.

They picked up buns, hamburger, a ghastly cake, and some cans of beer and sure enough, they were going to have a picnic—off in the hills. About all that she could say in favor of it was that the hills were cooler than town. Bill had a Boy Scout's regard for the rules and poured dirt over the fire as soon as they had finished eating, so that twilight and the mosquitoes arrived together. She curled her bare legs under the skirt. Slacks would have been a lot better and as feminine allure, the skirt was wasted. The big oaf sat twenty-five feet away from her and made a remark once in fifteen minutes, usually in monosyllables and always with no reference whatever to her. Well, dear, some people like to look at the stars. She looked at the stars. She also looked at the romantic darkness of the hills. Who said romantic? Hour by hour a picnic with the tireless newspaperman got duller.

She was filling a paper cup with beer when a sudden revulsion hit her and she poured the whole can out on the ground. "The beer period of this romance is over," she announced. "From now on you undermine my virtue with raspberry pop or not at all." She threw the can into the underbrush and wanted to throw Bill after it. "It would be Gail's reputation you get concerned about! Never a thought about my good name blasted by late hours in the woods with only mosquitoes looking on."

"Speaking of your father," he said, suddenly, "is it your idea he would have any dealings with public enemy, well say number ten or say number five?"

SURPRISED, Connie rolled over on her stomach in the dark, propping her chin in her hands. "Your story is he'd do anything for a headline but nobody should take him seriously. My story—" she thought for a moment. "My story is he ought to be taken with the greatest seriousness. He wants to be God—really he does Bill. But he'd compromise on being commissar or Gauleiter or anything that sounded big."

When he lit a cigarette she saw that his face was curiously intent. "This John Page," he said irrelevantly. "I said movie actor, but does it strike you that German war poster would come even closer? Nordic and military. Remember the headlines about the brave Nazi flyer escaping from Canada? Meet Mr. John Page."

At last the evening was getting to be fun! She sat up shrieking with laughter. "Boy! When you go back to work for the *Globe,* you take your plot book with you. Alexander Dumas Jay, pinch-hitting for the guy who draws Superman. Now I won't worry about your keeping me in the style I'm accustomed to. When the phone rings, that's Hollywood calling. And can Hollywood pick them!"

"All right," he said wearily. "I went to Springfield. I read all the papers. I found out some things. So I got the Globe on the phone and learned some more. Then I phoned some up-country correspondents. Hollywood wrote the script, all right, but there it is."

"No. Hollywood would have married him to Gail on the way south."

"Oberleutnant Friedrich Römer. He unloaded off a train at Glen Nevis, Ontario, Monday night. Among places he could have got to on Tuesday is Cornwall, Ontario, and by the quaintest coincidence there is a local rumor that the border patrol failed to hit someone they shot at Tuesday night. So maybe it was the guy they missed who burglarized a place north of Malone, New York, that same night. Also our correspondent says the New York state cops were looking for a stolen car all day

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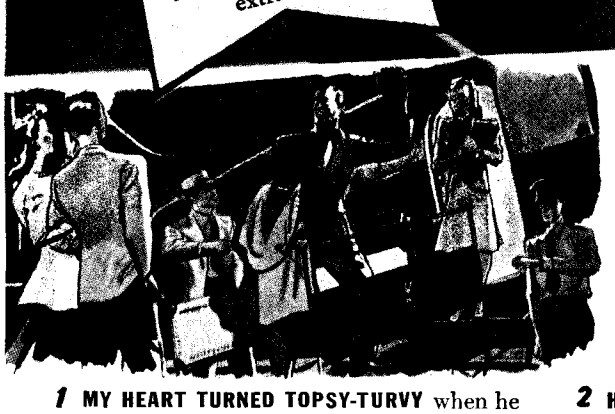
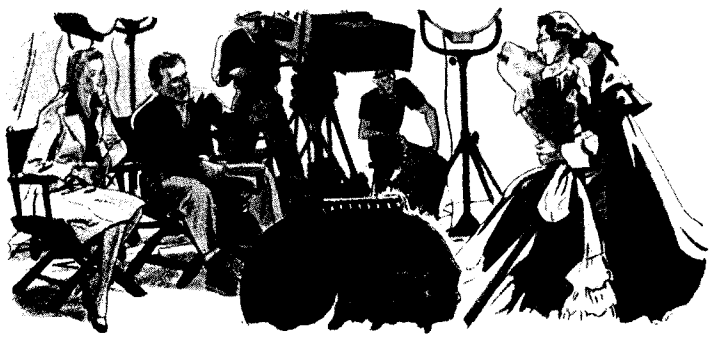


1 MY HEART TURNED TOPSY-TURVY when he got into the plane. He was the famous Hollywood movie director, Austin Thomas. *Jeepers*, but I was excited! The next morning I was serving breakfast to all of the passengers, and when I asked Mr. Thomas what cereal he preferred, he almost exploded. "Cereals," he shouted, "are all alike! Bring me a big cup of black coffee . . ."

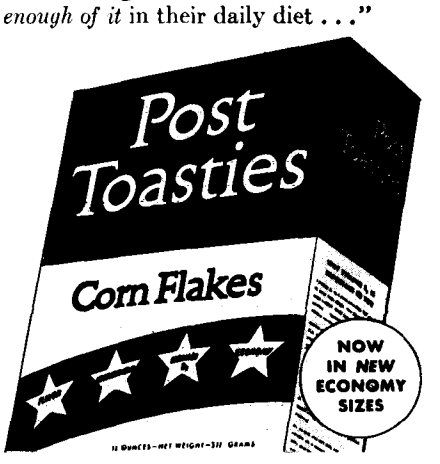
2 HMM, I THOUGHT, he's one of those "breakfast rebels." I'll give him the 4-star treatment. I poured out a bowl of Post Toasties, topped 'em with raspberries, and served them to Mr. Thomas. Then I turned on my sweetest smile and said, "Try 'em, sir, and if you don't think they're *terrific* . . . I owe you an apology." Well, he couldn't resist the sight of those crisp, golden corn flakes. After one spoonful, he was beaming. "They're colossal," he raved . . . "gigantic . . . a 4-star hit!"

3 "YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN," I chimed in. "They're not only delicious, but *easy* to digest, and *packed* with food values that make you feel you're bursting with energy." . . . "Wonderful," exclaimed Mr. Thomas. "That's not all," I interrupted. "Post Toasties are generously enriched with Vitamin B_1, the vitamin so necessary for abundant energy, sound nerves, normal growth and appetite. It's known as the 'missing vitamin' because 3 out of 4 people *don't get enough of it* in their daily diet . . ."



4 WELL . . . CINDERELLA'S GOT NOTHING ON ME. 'Cause by the time the plane landed at the Los Angeles airport, Austin Thomas had asked me to visit him and his wife in Hollywood. What a time they showed me! I met oodles of famous stars. I sat right on the set and watched Mr. Thomas direct his next picture. *Oh*, it was thrilling. And Mrs. Thomas told me, "My dear, I've been trying to get Austin to eat a *real* breakfast for years. And now, thanks to you and your 4-star Post Toasties, he actually asks for seconds!"

A Post Cereal made by General Foods



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Wednesday and it crossed the Champlain Bridge that evening. Telephone call to Rutland by our man Jay establishes the fact that the aforesaid car was found abandoned two miles north of Manchester, Vermont. That night Mrs. Armstrong made her Camp Ryegate pickup at Manchester."

She hugged her knees in ecstasy. "So Gail's hero was the dastard who stole the car, who was the thug, who did a burglary at—honestly, is there a town called Malone?—so the script says he must be the man who didn't get hit, so clearly he's the one who crossed from Cornwall, and therefore he surely is the one who got off the train, and it works out that Gail gets pink when you talk about aviation! This year's Oscar is yours and no competition. But, talented as you may be, and our hats are off to you, you're nothing at all compared to Mr. Page. What a man all this makes him!"

"Who is it that isn't taking what seriously enough?" he said.

He certainly was. He kept asking questions. If Page was a Nazi, who knew he was? Why had he headed toward Windham? Why had he wanted to go to Camp Ryegate? And the more Bill built up his fairy story, the more earnestly he believed it.

"You certainly grow a big crop from one lone fact. Gail made a pickup—that's our fact. But it's a fact in morals, not war. Look, stupid, if the lamb is a Nazi, he's wanted. Just stroll up to Frank Murray and tell him."

FRANK MURRAY was chief of Windham's four policemen. Bill said, "When I think hard, I decide that anybody interested in a Nazi would buy Frank Murray."

"Close-up: the corrupt constabulary. Well, telephone the F.B.I."

"I think I'll do just that, Toots—I mean Miss Scovil."

"Just call me darling. And tramp, tramp! here come the marines," Connie laughed.

"Who do the marines find involved?" he said, with intense exasperation. "Mrs. Abigail Heath Armstrong for one. And you, darling Constance darling."

Connie got up, standing on one foot to scratch a shin. "I wonder why De Mille insisted on mosquitoes. I see, Bill, I get it now. The Camp Ryegate Mystery hinges on honest jealousy. Well, I was boasting, Carl Booker has never made a single pass at me. You've got the field all to yourself—no competition, no hurry and all summer long to win my heart. Take it up with Edgar Hoover by letter."

There was a very promising moment, for Bill had been laughed at too much, and he suddenly grabbed her shoulders, "Get it into that yellow head," he said harshly, "there are unpleasant persons and they don't send cards before daring to come into the life of a millionaire's little girl. I showed you a thug getting into a truck—have I got to throw you under the wheels? Did I sneak upstate and leave a stolen car at Manchester to hand you a laugh at my droll notions? Did Hollywood plant this guy at a ski-tow? Did I convey him to Pinnacle Manor for fun?"

He still had her shoulders and her face was close to his, attractively close, she would have said. But Bill just dropped her. "Damn!" she said, "you write swell scenes but you certainly don't act them out." She picked up the haversack. "Let's go home and fool the mosquitoes. After all this creative activity, you must be pretty tired."

He was looking off across the hills. In the faint light of a late moon you could see Taylor Mountain. "I could have been wrong," he said regretfully. "Last night, driving back, I thought I saw a light in that cabin on top of the mountain. I've been watching all this evening and there hasn't been one."

"You don't leave your women a single illusion, do you? I thought maybe you thought it was nice to be with me. What would the light in the cabin be for? If De Mille wants this guy picked up by airplane, there's a beacon on Graylock."

FAR off in time and space there had once been the orderly, habitual existence of a man named James Garrett, a metallurgist, a technician in the production of alloys. James Garrett had an office in Toledo, a shack and a gas boat on Georgian Bay; he saw his friends at clubs, played games keenly, went dancing with pretty girls. In August, 1941, in the Berkshire Hills, the life of James Garrett was inconceivable.

More than a year ago James Garrett had gone to Washington, put his training at the service of the government, and had been commissioned a captain in the Ordnance Corps. But he had worked for Ordnance only a few months. His two degrees from German technical institutes and his six years in Germany had found a wider usefulness. G2 had begun to consult him about German metallurgical processes and had gone on to find other uses for him, and for six months he had worked for G2 exclusively.

When the British took Erich Köchlin from the Bermuda Clipper, they had notified G2, and G2 had seen a faint but stimulating chance to fill some vital gaps in its knowledge—and Garrett had been projected into service for which he had no training and was not ready to believe he had a gift. It had taken him four frantic days in Washington to master the information assembled for him; it was to have taken him only two days in Halifax to collate with it what the Canadians had learned from their captured spy. But it had taken five days. So the delicately poised timetable was three days out of kilter when dressed in a flyer's uniform, he had been put on the train, with arrangements made for the newspapers to play up his escape, the moment it should be sure he had been able to escape plausibly.

But, he thought, alone in his bedroom, he had not won through gunfire and pursuit in order to go wrong because his schedule and G2's had gone wrong. His job had been desperate and all but hopeless to begin with—it was only a little more so now that something, which he would find out about sometime if he lived, had precipitated that Detroit raid earlier than had been planned. It was still up to him to get to von Weitbrecht. If the disappearance of the kingpin was awkward for James Garrett, remember it was awkward also for G2 and for others who had done their best to incriminate him, the Secret Service, the F.B.I. And the chapter of accidents that had brought Captain Garrett of Ordnance out hundreds of miles from his assignment, late, baffled, impotent and more than a little absurd—that chapter of accidents had also put him in the best position of all to close in on the lost kingpin. He could get to von Weitbrecht. If he could ride the whirlwind, walk his tightrope above the gorge and stay alive. The job was more important now than ever before.

Meanwhile, he had learned much that would astonish and delight G2 about the importing company, Mathilde, the truck line and the peace offensive. He had a phenomenal memory but needed to see things in order to memorize them. So he had spent the afternoon writing notes and photographing them on his mind. Now he tore them up, burned them in the fireplace and ground the charred bits to powder with his heel. He could reproduce them entire when he got through—if he got through! He grinned at the telephone. Ten minutes of his conversation would make glad many hearts in Washington. Too bad that it was altogether impossible.

BUT all this, however valuable, was a side issue. He would pick up what he could but it had nothing to do with his job. He had to make contact with von Weitbrecht.

He resumed the reflexes of a German officer and went downstairs. Directing the house man to bring him a highball on the terrace, he was willing to admire the impersonation. The cold, ruthless, inhumanly competent Erich Köchlin was excellent theater. He was wondering what business in the town of Windham he could invent when Scovil, who had been away all afternoon, joined him. Scovil made the most distinguished appearance and, if Garrett could trust his knowledge of conspirators, Scovil was getting to be more of a menace to Köchlin than to Garrett.

"You tried to telephone to Mrs. Armstrong this afternoon?" Scovil said.

He nodded. "Unfortunately, she wasn't home."

"It's best for you to be absolutely inconspicuous. For our sake as well as yours. Naturally, I don't undertake to tell you what you should do—"

"Naturally," Garrett said, getting to his feet. All along, his instinct had been to make a show of dominating Scovil. "I will respect your position as a fiancé. But it will be useful to remember that I give the orders."

That was the kind of arrogant slap Scovil expected, and Garrett saw his eyes harden with the affront and with a desire to retaliate. Scovil said, "Remember, I know this town and you don't. You are a stranger here—and conspicuous. You can still be identified as an escaped prisoner. Or even as a thief."

"Also," Garrett said, with the same aloof contempt, "direct your servants not to watch me or my phone calls. I might begin to wonder if you were putting obstacles in my way." Mathilde Winkler came out on the terrace. She was fresh from hot water and the cosmetic table, she was exotically adorned, and she had better control of herself, though her eyes were not altogether free of anxiety. "I was telling our host," Garrett said, "that I'm borrowing a car for an hour or so. I should enjoy your company, *Gräfin*. But perhaps the two of you had better use the time discussing whether you are employing every means of reaching von Weitbrecht."

HE LET his shoulders swagger a little, crossing the terrace. This was purely disciplinary. There was no reason why he should leave, and Scovil was quite right to point out the risk, but it was essential to assert his authority . . . Before he got to Windham, he saw a car in the rear mirror which seemed to be following him. He experimented, and yes, it was following him. So, besides having his phone calls listened to, Scovil was having him shadowed.

He enjoyed spending the importing company's money for shoes and shirts and slacks, handkerchiefs and underwear and neckties. And through a store window he got a fortunate glimpse of the flat back of a skull and close-clipped hair at a soda fountain across the street. It was Carl Booker—so Scovil had telephoned him to do the shadowing . . . Garrett whistled with quiet satisfaction. He put his packages in Scovil's car.

"You missed your plane, Mr. Page?"

It was a well-remembered voice but when he turned he could not like the expression in Gail Armstrong's face. Bareheaded, short-sleeved, in a white dress, she stood in the late-afternoon shadow that filled the sidewalk, back-lighted by the brilliant sunlight slanting across the street. Her eyes were an accusation.

"Whenever we meet there has been some change of plans I could not possibly foresee. I telephoned to tell you I couldn't keep my promise to go away, but you weren't home."

Her white dress had big palm trees printed on it in green. And repentant second thoughts had assailed her since last evening—or something unguessed had happened. "I hardly took it as a promise—but I relied on it," she said. "There's no way of leaving Windham by plane, Mr. Page. So I wish you would

BUTCH — **By Larry Reynolds**

"I was saying to my husband just this morning, 'I guess it's up to us to make the first call!'"

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take a train. Or a bus. Or . . . someone's car."

"It isn't stolen—it's borrowed from your fiancé," he said lightly. He nodded at the packages on the seat: "And these are shoes and shirts—my own at last. If I'm wearing my own clothes, perhaps you'll have dinner with me?"

That was an outrageous, very likely dangerous, neglect of duty. But, he argued swiftly, had not Scovil reminded him that he must be inconspicuous, and did that not require him to act normally, and what was more normal than asking a woman to dinner? But she said, "Thanks, no. I wouldn't enjoy it. I'd be anxious lest the police break in on us." So something had happened—and she turned away and the white dress moved down the sidewalk. He watched her easy grace, remembering the dance music, and she turned back again. A moment before, her face had been disdainful, now it was grave and honest.

"I'm lying," she said. "You've been kind to me. I'm not likely to forget how glad I was to have you make love to me last night." She evoked the memory of her lips eagerly answering his. Her dark eyes grew misty. "I've never been afraid of you till now—now I am afraid. When I remember kissing you it's impossible that there should be this mystery about you. All this—ugliness—suspicion—I don't know what. I have hard enough problems, Mr. Page—I'm confused enough. Please go away from Windham."

She turned and walked away. . . .

A car that was certainly Booker's followed him to within a mile or so of Pinnacle Manor, then turned off the road. Scovil would now learn that he had been talking to Gail Armstrong. So much the better. It was revolting to use her in the dreadful game. But she was another leverage on Scovil and every leverage was valuable.

The three of them dined tranquilly, Scovil content to let the situation rest for the time, Mathilde apparently glad of an hour free from strain.

SCOVIL drove off after dinner, probably, Garrett thought, to prod the truck line into more furious activity about von Weitbrecht.

Mathilde joined Garrett in the library for the keyed broadcast from Berlin. He had to be totally alert, for the truth was that he was clumsy and inept in the codes. The scene was suddenly vivid—the luxurious room, the fake German, the real one and the calm, unbelievable acceptance of all this while the voice went on conveying news, propaganda and the most realistic instructions to the most desperately dangerous people in America. How much more of this could they make in Washington, when they played back the record they were making of it? . . . Mathilde went away when the broadcast ended and, as a test, Garrett went out to the garage. A chauffeur told him politely that Mr. Scovil's instructions were not to let any cars be used tonight. So that was established. Certainly he must force the issue tomorrow and bring Scovil to heel.

It was very late when he found that several of the papers which Mathilde had brought to him from New York had been taken. That must have happened while he was at Windham. It made no difference, since they were all photographed on his memory and were quite useless, besides, till he should see von Weitbrecht. But they had been taken and he must know why. The time to force the issue was right now.

Scovil or Mathilde? He considered, then went to Mathilde's room, in the other wing of the big house. He opened the door, closed it noiselessly, switched on the light and stood amused, for Mathilde was not here and he had no trouble guessing where she was.

Methodically he went through the drawers of the writing table and the various chests, through the closet, through her expensive luggage. The papers were not there, only a ridiculous quantity of clothes, the trappings and accessories and unguents and perfumes of a rich woman—and in one bag, a small automatic pistol. He put it in his pocket—then restored it to the bag. Unquestionably his need of one was urgent and might become desperate at any moment. The unstable structure of deception, bluff and arrogance which rested on the small point of his ability to master circumstance as it arose—the whole impersonation might be destroyed by anyone's chance word, any small development from outside, any infinitesimal false step of his, or any sudden perception of his associates. If that happened, associates would instantly be enemies whose survival would depend on killing him. His sole duty would be to save himself with what he had learned, and he would have to shoot his way out—or as far out as he could get. But he could not take Mathilde's pistol.

He was not startled when he heard the doorknob turn. Mathilde gasped and closed the door behind her, her face turning an angry red. Garrett smiled, for in any movie the blonde who would play Mathilde's part would be wearing just this negligee, just this white sheath that clung to thighs and breast. The costuming was exact . . . She crossed to a blue-and-gilt chaise longue, sat down, stared at him with concentrated contempt and said, "Has it come to searching my room, Herr Köchlin?"

"Miss Smithers, I find myself run down, irritable and grouchy. Am I?"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

HE BECAME Herr Köchlin: "I counted on your being away longer, *Gräfin.* So you are not yet able to erase the image of the fiancé? Accept my sympathy."

She whispered, "Good Lord! Is no Prussian ever a gentleman?" So he crossed at once and stood over her. "There is no time for courtesies. Moreover, *Gräfin,* things have gone far enough. Some of the von Weitbrecht papers were taken from my room this afternoon—you will give them back to me. Servants listen to my telephone calls and deny me the use of automobiles—that will end now, at once. Booker followed me to town—if he or anyone else is permitted to spy on me again, I will break you all, all three of you, Booker and Scovil and you, like a burned match."

He let his fingers make the gesture . . . And terror had come back to her violet eyes—she was desperately afraid of Erich Köchlin. "I know nothing about the telephone or the automobiles," she said. "That must be Lynn. I did not know about Booker—I don't think Lynn told him to follow you."

"Booker is not a man who has ideas of his own. And my papers, *Fräulein?*"

She nodded. "I took them. Lynn told me to."

HE MAINTAINED the Prussian touch: "I should send you back to his room to get them. Don't bother—I will get them in the morning. And from now on, both of you will understand that I will permit no interference whatever."

"Why are you two fighting each other?" Hostility went out of her: "We must not. I am frightened, Erich." He sardonically noted the impact of another alias. "The odds have become ghastly. There is no hope we can do—anything at all of what we were to do. At best a month or so, perhaps only a week or so, perhaps at any moment. At this moment they may be closing in on us."

"You need a dime's worth of common courage, *Fräulein.*" Before the sneer was finished, he determined to take a different tack. He let the rasp go out of his voice: "You are right—it is a hard job for a woman." Warmly, "You walk in darkness, and every step is a step toward the abyss. You are young and lovely—no one can blame you for remembering that. It is sad that youth and loveliness must perish if the need come. You can only remember whose need, *Fräulein,* and what cause you serve."

She lay back in the blue cushions and put her hands over her eyes. A mule slid off one foot and her shoulders quivered. She looked desolate when she sat up.

"You are right in saying there are enough perils without adding to them," he said. He held her gaze. "Our most serious danger, right now, is not from outside. You must realize it is Lynn Scovil."

She still met his gaze. "I'm beginning to be afraid you're right. He is like a man drunk. There is some need to make himself great."

"I'm glad that your emotions haven't blunted your judgment." Or, rather, that jealousy and resentment were working for him.

"He must be controlled at once or he will sink us. What is in his mind?"

She shrugged. "Some mad idea that he must be picked to take von Weitbrecht's place."

Herr Köchlin sneered: "No wonder I am an awkwardness to him. A public orator can direct an organization? I will have to cure him." He turned peremptory: "Let me know instantly every step he takes—everything he says and does."

With the familiar anxiety in her eyes there began to mingle indecision and a kind of shrewd speculation. She was concealing a good deal from him, doubtless, but she had begun to yield. "I don't want to spy on him, Herr Köchlin," she said, and he answered, "If your life is indifferent to you, I still order you to do your job." She nodded slowly, then relaxed in the blue cushions again and another quiver passed across her body. She said, very calmly, "You are formidable enough in yourself, Herr Köchlin. You are—extremely adequate. You will handle Lynn with no difficulty, I'm quite sure."

THAT was more than an admission, it was nine tenths of a surrender. The highly competent mind of the Countess Mathilde had now decided that Erich Köchlin was master of the situation. He would have no further difficulty with her. She crossed her legs, and if not design then appropriate accident let the affectionate negligee slip away from the greater part of a white leg. He wondered if all Mathilde's loyalties were bound together.

He smiled. "I am not a rival, *Fräulein.*" Nevertheless she did not restore the negligee's decorum but smiled and said softly, "Still, if he should enter now, we would appear—ambiguous." Her eyes were calculating and shrewd again, then she stood up. Stood up so close to him that the heavy perfume he had noticed at the dance was in his nostrils again. "What is it you want?" she asked.

"What I've said—you must tell me at once everything he does, every notion he develops." He thought swiftly. "Yes, and full details of everything he has ever done for us—what part he played—whom he has worked with—what is laid out for him to do. Get everything. What you cannot get, write out for me."

Incredulously, "On paper?"

"It will not remain on paper very long."

"You want to be in a position to destroy him," she said slowly.

"I am already." He sought for her eyes again and said, "You have already decided that I am master here. No doubt Scovil can be controlled tactfully. If not . . ."

Her shoulders moved. "Yes, you wouldn't hesitate a moment. You would treat me the same way."

There was acceptance and submission in the violet eyes—and admiration. . . . But not, he decided, back in his own room, not yet frankness. Quite clearly she was concealing something. It might be something of the greatest importance. And also—such were the absurdities of the job—it might be something of no importance at all. Well, he was confident that she would not conceal it much longer . . . The day had come out far better than he had been entitled to hope. He had turned frustration into the promise of success, he had secured the most valuable pressures and weapons. He was doing fine.

(To be continued next week)

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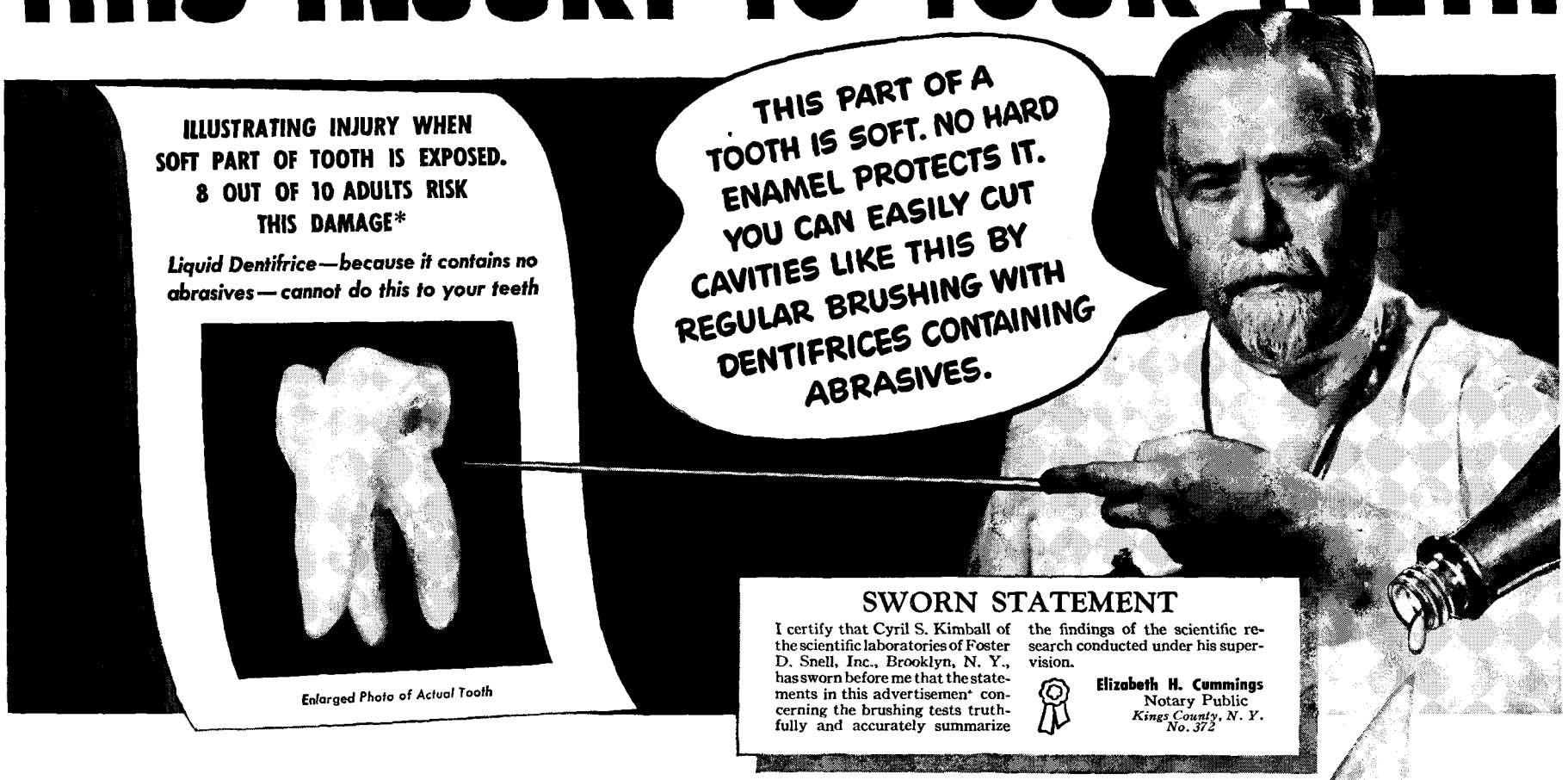
SCIENTIFIC TESTS SHOW HOW LIQUID DENTIFRICE AVOIDS THIS INJURY TO YOUR TEETH


ILLUSTRATING INJURY WHEN SOFT PART OF TOOTH IS EXPOSED. 8 OUT OF 10 ADULTS RISK THIS DAMAGE*
Liquid Dentifrice—because it contains no abrasives—cannot do this to your teeth
Enlarged Photo of Actual Tooth
THIS PART OF A TOOTH IS SOFT. NO HARD ENAMEL PROTECTS IT. YOU CAN EASILY CUT CAVITIES LIKE THIS BY REGULAR BRUSHING WITH DENTIFRICES CONTAINING ABRASIVES.
SWORN STATEMENT
I certify that Cyril S. Kimball of the scientific laboratories of Foster D. Snell, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y., has sworn before me that the statements in this advertisement concerning the brushing tests truthfully and accurately summarize the findings of the scientific research conducted under his supervision.
Elizabeth H. Cummings
Notary Public
Kings County, N. Y.
No. 372

Millions Risk Injuring Their Teeth— Be Safe! Brush Your Teeth the Liquid Way

New Liquid Dentifrice Cannot Injure Teeth —Contains Absolutely No Abrasives

Today, literally millions of people are unknowingly causing serious damage to their teeth which Nature can never repair.

This injury is caused—not by the toothbrush itself—but by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives or scouring materials.

Gradually, as the months go by, these abrasives cut cavities into the soft part of teeth along the gum line exposed by shrinking gums, where there is no hard enamel to protect them.

In fact, among people who brush their teeth regularly, a very large percentage of all cavities along the gum line that require filling are probably the result of this injury. This was shown by a clinical study published in a leading dental journal.

Disclosed By Scientific Research

These startling facts—long known to many dentists—were recently confirmed by scientific research. Eminent independent scientists made laboratory tooth-brushing tests with a number of dentifrices containing abrasives. Every one cut cavities into the soft part of the teeth.

In the same manner, these scientists tested the new liquid dentifrice—Teel. In no case did Teel injure the teeth in any way, because Teel contains no abrasives of any kind.

How Teel Reveals Beauty Of Your Smile

Teel doesn't depend on abrasives for cleansing. Instead, it uses a newly-discovered patented cleansing agent that's almost magic-like in the way it helps reveal the natural whiteness and beauty of your teeth. It isn't soap, yet multiplies into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles in the mouth.

These active bubbles amazingly help to remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles, and the dulling surface film that hides the natural brilliance of teeth. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

With your first Teel brushing, you'll know something good and different has happened by the satin-smooth "feel" of your teeth—by the glorious freshness of your mouth. Teel helps sweeten bad breath. It's easy to use and economical. Only a few drops are required for each brushing.

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Naturally, you want to save your precious teeth from the injury pictured above. If, however, you feel that your teeth need an abrasive scouring, at least occasionally, we suggest that you follow the special directions given on the Teel package.

So today adopt this safe liquid way of cleansing your teeth. Use Teel twice a day and enjoy its amazing benefits. Get Teel at any drug, department or 10¢ store. And be sure to see your dentist regularly for his professional care.

* Recent clinical studies conducted by dentists under a Research Foundation showed that 8 out of 10 adults examined had the soft part of one or more teeth exposed, with no hard enamel or gums to protect it. Procter & Gamble.

NEW LIQUID DENTIFRICE CLEANS TEETH *SAFELY*

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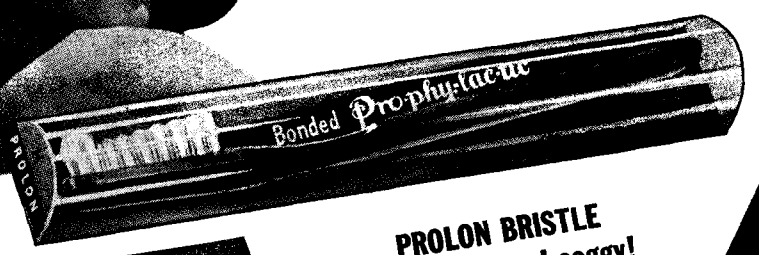
Bonded

Pro-phy-lac-tic

TOOTH BRUSH



GET THE LATEST!

PROLON BRISTLE won't get soft and soggy! ...break off!

No other nationally advertised brush has newer, costlier, or better du Pont synthetic tooth brush bristle.

GET THE SAFEST!

"ROUND-END" BRISTLES No other brush has them!

Photo-micrographs show superiority of patented "Round-End" bristles.

ORDINARY BRISTLE—note the harsh, rough, jagged points.

"ROUND-END" PROLON bristles—obviously they are gentler to the gums.

GET THE LONGEST LASTING!

The only brush in the world with a 6-MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

No other nationally advertised tooth brush can possibly have longer-lasting bristle than PROLON.

No more soft, soggy bristles... No more bristles that break off and come out.

Not in the new BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic! It's bristled with PROLON—the costliest tooth brush bristle that du Pont makes... the *only* synthetic bristle with patented "Round-Ends."

BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic is specifically guaranteed for six months of use. The brush may actually last a year, eighteen months, two years. No one knows. It has not been on the market long enough to find out. But, note carefully, that only Pro-phy-lac-tic, among all tooth brush manufacturers, gives a definite six months money-back *guarantee!*

The big *plus* in favor of Pro-phy-lac-tic is "Round-End" treatment of the bristles... a process which no other manufacturer can use because it is protected by U. S. Pat. No. 2,066,068. Together with the six months money-back guarantee, this "Round-End" gentler-to-the-gums feature makes reason enough for you to insist on BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic!

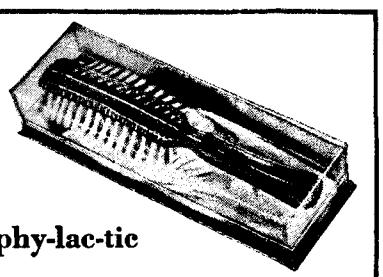
* * *

For those who prefer it, finest *natural* "Tempered" bristle is also available in the BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. PROLON bristle, or natural "Tempered" bristle, both are guaranteed for six months. Either is 50¢... leading the complete line of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes, priced from 23¢ up.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

See These Gem-Like Plastic Brushes!

A sensational new line of dresser and toilet brushes. Backs of liquid-clear Jewelite—a new plastic, in a choice of four brilliant jewel colors. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. From $1.50 to $10.00. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush* $4.00



Jewelite Brushes *by* Pro-phy-lac-tic

Barbecue

Continued from page 12

up to the bar and speaks to her as follows:

"Hello, Barbecue," he says. "Big wind outside."

"Big wind inside now," she says. "Well, Homer," she says, "what line of larceny are you engaged in this season?"

"Look, Barbecue," Homer says, "why do you always speak of larceny to me when I come to pay you a social call? It hurts my feelings, especially," he says, "when I am now as honest as the day is long."

"The days are getting shorter," this Barbecue says. "Homer," she says, "I never ask you to pay me any social calls. In fact, it seems to me that when you are here a year ago I tell you to please remain away forever. It is the time you persuade me to bet forty dollars of my hard-earned funds on some catfish in a race at Hialeah stating you know something, and it is not in yet. It is also the time I miss a tenner from my damper after you go, Homer," she says. "I am always hearing strange things about you from the cops who come around asking questions whenever you are in this part of the country, and besides," she says, "you remind me of gloomy days. But," she says, "I will not turn a dog out on such a night. Sit down, Homer, and keep quiet and do not try to talk me into anything," she says.

SO WE go to a table and sit down and Homer seems very sad and finally I say to him:

"Homer," I say, "what is the idea of this old komoppo speaking to you in such a discourteous manner? Who is she and how well do you know her?"

"I know her well," Homer says. "She is no komoppo. In fact, I think she is quite handsome if you look at her from a certain angle. She is once my wife. Her name is Sadie but everybody calls her Barbecue since she opens this drum because she specializes in barbecued spareribs, which is a very tasty morsel, indeed. She divorces me years ago because she claims my way of life is not substantial. But," Homer says, "I still love her. Every time I see her I love her more than ever. I hear she does very nicely here, too. I am always hoping to win her back again, but she seems somewhat hostile this evening. Can I always pick winners?" Homer says.

Naturally, I am somewhat surprised to learn that Homer High-C is ever married and I am more surprised that he seems to be carrying the torch for such a looking pancake as this Barbecue. Personally I will just as soon carry one for a crocodile, but, of course, I do not mention these sentiments to Homer. On the contrary I express my deepest sympathy for him and about now Homer notices two guys sitting at a table in a corner away back in the rear of the room and gives them a hello. It is not a large hello and, in fact, it is a very small hello and they hello him back just as small and maybe smaller and Homer lowers his voice to a whisper and says to me like this:

"The big guy is Dandy Jock McQueen out of St. Louis," he says. "The little guy is Johnny Aquitania. They are very rapid guys in every way, shape, manner and form."

"What is their business?" I say.

"They have a pay-off background," Homer says. "Now I can understand the touch Finnegan the fuzz speaks of because these parties are connected with a pay-off store which operates out of Tampa. Yes," Homer says, "it will be a privilege and a pleasure to me to get a glaum at the contents of the little brown suitcase under the table there. I will almost guarantee it contains the beesom they take off the marks in West Palm and they are undoubtedly on their way back to Tampa with it."

I am looking the guys over when there is a noise at the front door and in comes a guy and a pretty thing and the guy is dragging what seems to be a big bull fiddle in a zippered-up canvas case behind him, a bull fiddle being a large musical instrument about six feet long which is sometimes called a bass viol and which is played with great zest by musicians in orchestras. In fact, I recognize the guy as a party by the name of Juliano who has an orchestra of his own in a night trap in Miami where I go occasionally though I do not know him personally and I do not remember him playing a bull fiddle, either. What I remember him playing is a clarinet and very hot, too.

He is a young guy and the pretty with him is also young and she is wearing a long raincoat and has a felt hat pulled down to her eyes but I can see enough of her face to judge that she is quite a lovely object to behold, if you like blondes, and I like blondes. They sit down at a table not far from Homer and me and Juliano lays the bull-fiddle case down on the floor beside him and they both glance around in a way that causes me to figure that they are somewhat agitated.

But naturally I also figure their agitation comes of their experience in the storm outside and I am thinking that they make a fine-looking young couple together when I happen to observe the bull-fiddle case more closely and I say to Homer like this:

"Homer," I say, "I think there is something in the bull-fiddle case that is not a bull fiddle."

"Why?" Homer says.

"Because," I say, "it is something too limp for a bull fiddle and I notice it pulls heavy for a bull fiddle when the guy drags it in. Besides," I say, "you do not lay a bull fiddle flat on the floor. What you do with a bull fiddle is to stand it up against the wall."

WELL, at this, Homer takes a good glaum himself at the bull-fiddle case and finally he says:

"No," he says, "it is not a bull fiddle in the bull-fiddle case. It is a body. I see a finger sticking out of a place where the zipper comes open a little. But," he says, "I cannot tell from the finger whether it is a male or a female body."

"Homer," I say, "why do you suppose they are carrying a body around in a bull-fiddle case?"

"Oh," Homer says, "perhaps it is just a hobby. Anyway," he says, "it is a live body because the finger just wiggles."

Well, I can see the finger for myself and sure enough, it is wiggling through not very much and I have a notion to go over and ask Juliano and the pretty what is the idea of the body in the bull-fiddle case, only I am afraid they may think I am inquisitive. Then Juliano seems to notice that Homer and I are glauming the bull-fiddle case though he does not seem to observe the finger himself and in fact by this time the finger disappears from view. But presently Juliano says something to the pretty and they get up and go out the front door again, this Juliano dragging the bull-fiddle case after him.

We can hear their car starting even above the wind but they are not gone more than five minutes before they are back again but without the bull-fiddle case and Juliano stops at the bar and

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remarks to Barbecue that the breeze is too strong for them to think of continuing their journey.

They sit down at their table again and Homer whispers to me that their going out is just a stall to plant the bull-fiddle case in their car because the chances are our gazing at it makes Juliano nervous and he also tells me not to stare at them any more as it is most impolite. So I pay no more attention to them and neither does Homer and they pay no more attention to us, which makes it even, but continue talking to each other very earnestly with their heads close together and finally Homer whispers to me like this:

"I am commencing to be a little curious about the bull-fiddle case," Homer says. "Follow me," he says, "but," he says, "make it nonchalant."

Then he gets up but instead of going toward the front he saunters in the direction of the back end of the room and as I tail him I can see that Homer is somewhat familiar with these premises. He leads the way into a kitchen where an old colored guy with a bald head is cooking meat on a revolving spit over a charcoal brazier and producing very savory odors, indeed, and then on into a small room opening off the kitchen which I can see is a sort of storeroom. It is full of sacks and boxes and there are vegetables and other truck hanging from the rafters including a middling-sized dressed pig and Homer points to this pig and says:

"Barbecue personally raises them and butchers them for her business," he says. "She is really a smart broad," he says. "Do you wonder I love her?"

NOW Homer goes out a door of the storeroom into the wind and I go with him and he moves around the parked cars fumbling in each one in the dark until he finds what he is looking for, which is the bull-fiddle case. It is jammed in the back seat of a big limousine and Homer lifts it out and drags it into the storeroom where he unzippers the case from top to bottom and what falls out of it but a little tiny gray-haired guy with a little tiny gray mustache who is in dinner clothes and whose hands are tied in front of him with cords.

His feet are also tied and he has a gag in his mouth, and naturally Homer and I are greatly surprised at this spectacle and Homer says to the guy like this:

"What is the idea of putting yourself in a bull-fiddle case?" he says.

But the guy just rolls his eyes and it is plain to be seen that he cannot speak with the gag in his mouth, so Homer outs with his pocket knife and cuts all the cords and lifts the guy to his feet and says:

"Come, come," he says. "Please explain this hiding in a bull-fiddle case, will you? It is not dignified for a party of your years."

"They put me in it," the little guy finally says. "My wife Dimples and Juliano. She hits me over the head with a blunt instrument when I am not looking and when I regain consciousness I am tucked in this bull-fiddle case. I have a terrible headache. They think I am dead and are driving out into the Glades to cast my remains into a swamp. I hear them discussing the matter when I revive in the bull-fiddle case. My name is Greebins."

"Tut, tut," Homer says. "This sounds most unconstitutional. What is their idea?"

"Dimples is in love with Juliano," Greebins says. "She wishes to get rid of me so she can acquire my money and marry Juliano and live happily ever afterward. Well," he says, "I cannot blame her. I am nearly three times her age and by no means vivacious, and Dimples enjoys laughter and music and the rumba."

"Well," Homer says, "now you can step in and confront them and they will think they are seeing a ghost and after we scare them half to death we will turn them over to the law, although," he says, "personally I am opposed to doing the law any favors."

"No," Greebins says. "I will not confront them now. It will be too great a shock to Dimples. She is a nervous little thing. Let us consider this situation."

Then he sits down on a box and I suggest to Homer that while we are doing this considering, Juliano may miss us from the scene inside and become uneasy and take it into his head to see if his bull-fiddle case is still where he places it and not finding it, he and the pretty may fan off and we will have nothing to consider and Homer says this is undoubtedly true and that we must not waste too much time.

At this moment, the old colored guy comes into the storeroom and removes the dressed pig from its hook on the rafter, probably with the idea of lugging it into the kitchen and carving it up, but Homer stops him and takes the pig himself and puts it in the bull-fiddle case and zippers it up tight. Then Homer goes out into the wind again dragging the bull-fiddle case and when he returns he says:

"Now," he says, "we can consider at our leisure. I put the bull-fiddle case back in their car, pig and all, so if they investigate they will find everything in order."

"Why," Greebins says, "you are really a genius. You settle the whole problem. If I confront them now it will not only be a great shock to Dimples' nervous system but they will flee in dismay and I may never see her again. But if we let them go their way and dispose of this bull-fiddle case in a swamp thinking I am still in it, they will not know I am still alive until Dimples tries to collect my money. Then," he says, "when she finds she is unable to do this while I am alive, she will return to me because Dimples cannot do without money and Juliano does not have a quarter. Of course," Greebins says, "it is somewhat humiliating to use a pig as a stand-in. I will prefer a lamb."

"Greebins," Homer says, "do you mean to state that you will take her back after all this? Why?"

"I love her," Greebins says.

"Ah," Homer says. "I see your point. Well," he says, "you remain out of sight in the kitchen until the storm passes and they leave and we will drive you back to Miami where you can await developments. That is," Homer says, "if my car is not blown there already."

SO HOMER and I go back to the large room and nobody seems to notice our return any more than they do our departure and it may be because one and all now have something else to think about, which is the way the building is shaking in the wind. In fact, everyone is just sitting still looking somewhat perturbed and there is no conversation and finally Barbecue speaks up and says like this:

"Listen," Barbecue says, "is this a wake, or what? Homer," she says, "sing something, will you? I will play for you."

Then she goes over to the old piano and begins playing and what she plays is Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, and Homer sings as follows:

"Oh, don't you remember,
Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Dah-dah, de, dah-dah,
Dah, de dah."

"Homer," Barbecue says, "a little less of the dah-de-dah stuff and more words."

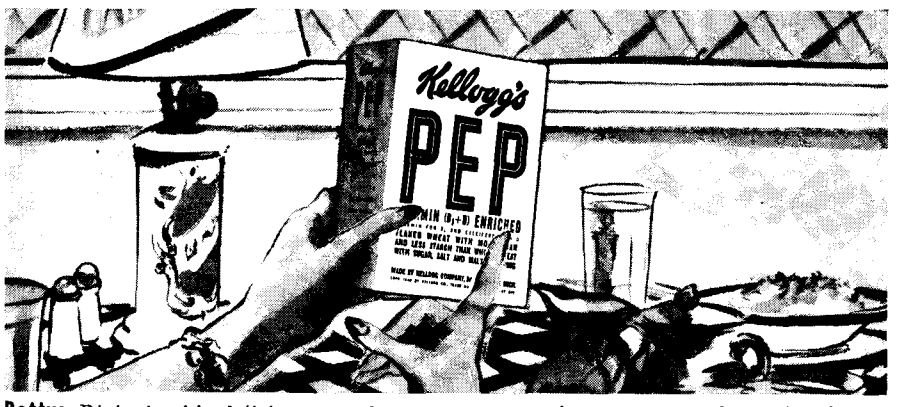
"I do not remember the words," Ho-

How's your "Pep Appeal"? — by Bundy

Betty: Hello, Buck! Can't you speak to a friend? Why the scared look? Seen any ghosts?
Buck: The professor . . . he said I am probably a victim of *"avitaminosis."* And if that means what I think it does . . .

Betty: Now! Now! Don't get excited. What the professor implies is merely a sub-normal rating in whoosh. Know what I mean? A slight but noticeable deficiency in oomph. In plain English, no *pep appeal.* And I know what to do—let's go have some lunch.

Betty: The professor's five-dollar word, my buckaroo, merely means a lack of vitamins in the diet. Lack of vitamins, lack of pep. Lack of pep, lack of oomph. And if you'll just pay attention for a moment . . .



Betty: Right in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is an extra-good supply of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D. Now, it's important to get *all* your vitamins, but these two are . . .

Buck: Hey! Stop the lecture! This PEP is some cereal! Most delicious I ever tasted. Believe me, that professor is all right—and so are you!

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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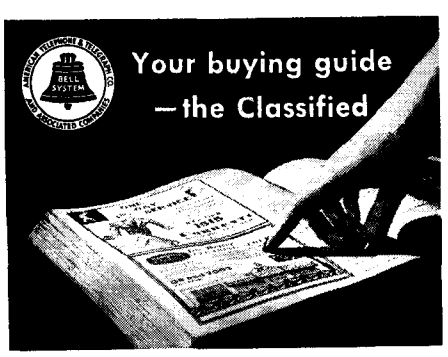
For emergencies and everyday needs, turn to the Classified Section of your Telephone Directory.

There you'll find cleaners, plumbers, beauty shops, druggists and repair services of various kinds.

A typical case: Mrs. O. had a baby carriage needing repairs. She looked in the Classified under Baby Carriages, was attracted by the ad of a nearby firm—which did the job.



mer says. "I do not sing this song in years. Not since I used to sing it to you. Barbecue," he says, "you know I still love you. What about you and me trying it again?"

"Homer," she says, "you are not really a bad guy at heart and I like you, but," she says, "you are loaded with larceny and I fear you always will be. Come back a year from today and if you can tell me you live 100 per cent on the square during this period, there is a chance for you."

Well, all of a sudden there is quite a crash and the roof over the rear of the room caves in, and it caves in over the spot where the piano is located, too, and Homer pulls Barbecue off the stool and out of the way just in time and all of us go to the front part of the joint where a piece of the roof still holds, including this Juliano and the pretty, who is sobbing and carrying on in such a manner that I can see she is indeed high-strung. Personally, I flatten out on the floor and the others soon follow my example and now there is nothing else to do but to lie there and to hope and trust that the rest of the gaff does not go.

Finally when daylight comes on, the wind dies down and the sun shines and we can look around and see what happens and it is something of a mess, to be sure, though not as bad as you will expect. The parked cars outside the building seem to be pushed around no little, but I can see that at least one of them is not damaged, as I observe Juliano and the pretty departing lickity-split with the bull-fiddle case bouncing up and down in the back of the car, they are going so rapidly. And what becomes of them I do not know and, furthermore, I do not care, as I consider them most unworthy characters, indeed, though from what I see of the pretty I judge Greebins calls the turn in figuring her to come back to him when she discovers the true situation about his money.

NOW I remember that the guys Homer High-C mentions as Dandy Jock McQueen and Johnny Aquitania never seem to be among us after the roof caves in, so I go to the spot where they are sitting the last time I see them and I behold them under a pile of rubbage, lying quite still, and I tell Homer that I fear these parties are no more.

"Yes," Homer says, "I know this several hours ago. You do not notice it, but during the confusion I crawl over there figuring to help them, only to find I am too late. It is very sad. I also secure the little brown suitcase while I am about it. Just as I suspect, it is full of the soft. It is all in neat stacks. I can tell by feeling around in it in the dark. I have a wonderful sense of feeling for banknotes. Yes," he says, "it contains plenty of moo. I am most fortunate."

"Why, Homer," I say, "you do not intend keeping it, do you? It seems to me," I say, "that there is a law requiring you to turn this property over to the heirs of the deceased."

"Can this be true?" Homer says. "Well," he says, "such a course will only lead to legal complications and take a lot of time. I am going to South America and establish a home and live there honestly on these funds for a year from date to keep my promise to Barbecue. Then I will return and we will resume our happiness where we leave off. Do I tell you she kisses me for yanking her away from the piano and saving her life? But, come," Homer says, "let us find our friend Greebins and return to Miami."

Well, as we are making ready to depart Barbecue comes up to Homer and puts her arms around him and gives him a large hug and says to him like this:

"Be strong, Homer," she says. "Think of me when you feel temptation and never do the least little thing out of line, because," she says, "it may come to my ears and cancel my promise. Return to me pure and we will finish out our lives together in great happiness. I am going to trust you once more, Homer," she says.

"Barbecue," Homer says, "wild horses will not be able to drag me from the straight and narrow path from now on, and," he says, "this even goes for race horses, too."

Then he points the car for Miami and we are off, with Barbecue and the old colored guy waving us farewell, and I observe that tears are running down Homer's cheeks and splashing on the little brown suitcase which is resting in his lap, so I can see that he is deeply touched.

So I suggest to Homer that we go to the Sharkskin Grill and have a few drinks and maybe they will cheer Greebins up too, and Homer thinks the drinks a good idea even if they do not cheer Greebins up, and presently we are lined up in front of the Sharkskin Grill bar having these drinks when who comes in but Finnegan, the fuzz, and he walks up to Homer and says:

"Hello," he says. "I am very glad to see you again, Homer, although it seems to me I tell you to take it on the lammeroo out of here just yesterday. Or am I mistaken?"

"No," Homer says, "you are not mistaken. I go, but I am driven back by the big storm."

"What big storm?" Finnegan says. "Do you mean the slight squall over the Glades? Look, Homer," he says, "you must not speak of such a minor disturbance as a big storm. The chamber of commerce will disapprove of your statement as a knock to our weather, which is wonderful at all times. Anyway," he says, "I repeat I am glad to see you because I now have a definite order for your arrest."

"Copper," Homer says, "I tell you again I am not in the pay-off department. I have nothing whatever to do with the West Palm matter. You may arrest me if you choose but I will immediately summon a lawbooks and sue you for false imprisonment."

"Well, I choose," Finnegan says. "Come with me."

Now all this time Homer is carrying the little brown suitcase and in fact he never loosens his clutch on it for a minute.

And at this point Greebins, who does not say much more than yes or no for several hours, steps up to Homer and taps him on the shoulder and speaks as follows:

"Brother," Greebins says, "I am trying to think of where I see you before ever since I stand out in the kitchen last night and hear you sing Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt. It just this very instant comes to me. It is years ago at the Colonial Theater and you appear on the stage and sing the same song. You are really terrible both times, but," he says, "this is neither here nor there. I peg a vegetable at you from the Colonial audience and score a bull's-eye under your chin. It is the only unconventional conduct of which I am ever guilty and I wish now to make you a belated apology."

"Ah," Homer says. "So you are the one? Do you realize," he says, "that you ruin my whole life? If it is not for your destroying my musical career with your vegetable I will probably still be married to Barbecue and partaking of her profits and never come in contact with such scurvy characters as this copper."

"I AM greatly surprised to note that Homer High-C appears to be laboring under strong emotion because he is usually quite calm, no matter what. In fact, he appears to be losing control of himself for the moment. Suddenly he swings this little brown suitcase around his head like Hubbell taking a windup and belts Greebins over the pimple with it, almost knocking him loose from his little gray mustache. It is a blow of such great force that it not only flattens Greebins but it breaks open the suitcase and a number of fat packages of banknotes spill out over the floor and Finnegan picks up one of these packages and observes that the band around it has the name of a Des Moines bank on it.

"Well, well," Finnegan says. "Well, well, well, well. Des Moines, eh? Iowa, eh? The West Palm swag, eh? Homer," he says, "how fortunate for me you boff this little old gee with such a weapon as your suitcase, although, Homer," he says, "it strikes me as most unsportsmanlike considering the difference in your ages. But if I do not see this money with my own eyes, I will never suspect you of being mixed up in the West Palm skulduggery, especially when I know you are right here in this city when it comes off. I will get promoted for this, I hope," he says.

"Wait a minute," Homer says. "What do you mean you will never suspect me? Do you not just put the arm on me for it? Do you not just state you have an order for my arrest?"

"Oh," Finnegan says, "the arrest order is for something entirely different, Homer. I am wondering why you keep beefing about the pay-off thing when I do not even dream of connecting you with it. The chief gets a call today from a biscuit by the name of Barbecue who runs an eating joint out on the Trail and who states that she can prove by the eye-witness testimony of a colored party who works for her that you rob her of a pig. Come on, Homer."

"We can't get any replacements, Colonel, on account of the defense program" COLIN ALLEN

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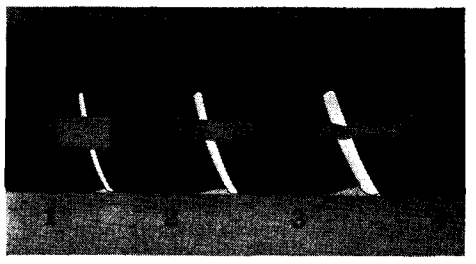
A Stopper in Stripes!

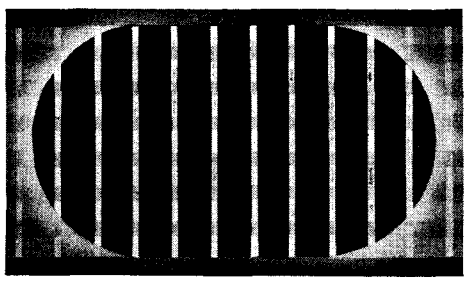
Black and White Felt Picture Hat
Inspired by Fisk
Created by John-Frederics

DIFFERENT from ordinary tires is the new Fisk Safti-Flight with its distinctive black and white Safety Stripe tread! A *different* non-skid design stops your car quicker on wet roads or dry! A *different* body construction gives you extra blowout protection! A *different* independent spring action in each tread block furnishes a silent, cushioned ride that's as smooth as flying!

HERE IS WHAT HAPPENS when hundreds of separate blocks in the Fisk Safti-Flight tread go into action as you step on the brakes: Block #1 grips pavement; block #2 piles up against block #1; block #3 jams against block #2 and so on, in a continuous wedging, squeezing, gripping action that stops you quicker! (Note how strips of soft white cushion rubber, *inlaid the full depth of non-skid tread,* link the blocks together firmly, yet permit extreme flexibility of movement!)



PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS caused by *outside* bruises is provided by Fisk's thicker tread. *Within* the tire, anti-friction cotton cords, safety-sealed in pure latex, resist the high temperatures generated by constant flexing; give greater protection against ply separation and blowouts due to heat! (The Safti-Flight Rayon, at extra cost, runs even cooler, is even less vulnerable to blowouts at high speed!)



THOUSANDS OF EXTRA MILES are yours, because the Fisk Safti-Flight tire puts more rubber on the road (see tire print above), distributes weight over a larger area. This new Fisk tread is made of a tougher, wear-resisting compound, too, that means *longer* mileage to you. Fisk's thicker *under-tread* provides for effective re-grooving that makes possible extra thousands of non-skid miles after *original* tread has been worn down!

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The New FISK SAFTI-FLIGHT

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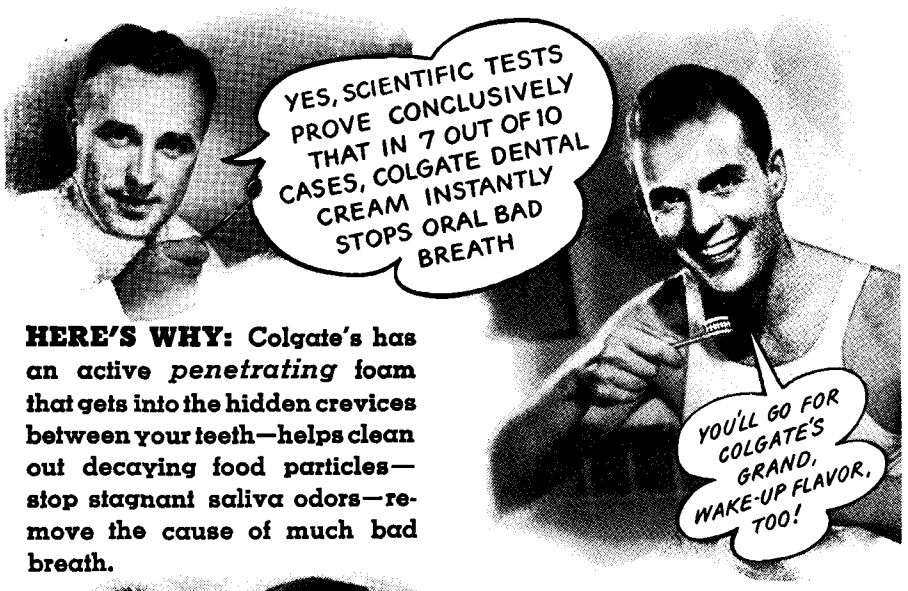
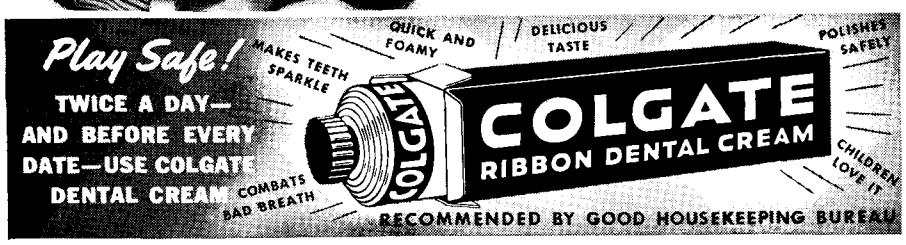
IF IT'S KISSING YOU'RE MISSING

Chances are, you're missing out because of Bad Breath —which YOU never even suspect you have! So switch to Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!


YES, SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH
YOU'LL GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND, WAKE-UP FLAVOR, TOO!

HERE'S WHY: Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath.

BESIDES, Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently . . . makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting powders, liquids and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!



The Empress' Yankee

Continued from page 18

estuary into which the great rivers ran, making sand bars and currents.

"Those lights," she said, "are not good. Perhaps they are a sign to us."

"Look farther, girl," I told her.

Other lights shone in the channel where Father Dnieper pours himself into the salt estuary. They were on the masts of ships, large and small, all waiting together like a herd of cattle.

When I tried to find my squadron at the encampment, I learned the meaning of the ships. My brothers had been sent on them, and before long these ships were to make a march out into the sea. The war, it seemed, would be on the water, not on the land. What matter? A Cossack is at home anywhere under the sky. But Babitka could not go on a ship of war, stuffed with men. Impossible.

When I told her, she still wanted to go. "Take me on the ship, please, Ivak," she begged. "And as God lives I will ask for nothing more."

BECAUSE she was weeping and men began to stare and edge over to us, I took her behind the woodpile and whacked her shoulders with my whip. At once she stopped crying and took the reins of the two horses and marched off, holding her chin down on her chest. And I felt empty inside. Better if she had thrown her knife at me.

I went down quickly to the water, before she could be stubborn again. I went to a man under a lanthorn who shouted in bad Russian. Under his cocked hat his scalp lock was tied behind with a ribbon, and it was stiff with white flour paste. When I poked my finger into it, he swung up his cane as if to strike me. But he thought better of that. And it was well for him he did so. He looked like a weasel, and the weasel is no fool.

"Get your carcass into that boat, brainless," he yelped.

Then I knew he was not a Russian. The German Prussians call us dumb because we do not speak German. I wondered why he gave commands on the fleet of the empress.

"Tie up your riband, darling," I told him, and walked away feeling his eyes on my shoulders.

And on the boat I found much more to wonder at. It was the biggest of the ships, with the masts stretching up like trees. And it smelled of sheep and hot tar and dirt, what with the rivermen on her deck—and snuff-stinking Tatars, and pale gaolbirds trying to sleep around the guns. Already this Vladimir, as they called the big ship, felt the pull of the current and the floors moved under our feet. *Ekh-ma,* I went up on the roof to breathe freely, and there I found some of my brothers from the squadron, and other Cossacks, all knowing little of why we had been set on this castle of the sea. They said the officers walking about wore the caftans of hussars.

Now it was bad to be quartered among the scourings of the river. It was more than bad to be commanded by hussars. Every Cossack who has served his time knows that a hussar is good only to parade and kill flies.

I felt truly empty, and I thought of Babitka, the sweet one, sleeping in the hay with the horses on good dry earth. I sat on the poles where the motion of the sea was not so great, and borrowed a light for my pipe from a man of Irivan who wore sheepskins.

"Eh, kunak," I said, "what passes?"

"Much."

Now being an Armenian, Kushel by name, he knew everything that went on. He had been selling rugs before they put him on the Vladimir.

"Will we march forward into the sea tonight?"

Kushel spat. "No."

"Tomorrow then?"

"Not tomorrow, or next month. Impossible."

"How impossible?"

Kushel pointed down the bay, to where a point of light showed, far, far. Down there were the enemy ships, where the water of the bay ran out into the true sea. They were waiting in the mouth of the bay.

"Those dogs will bite," he said. "Those Turks and Corsairs and such."

Now it seemed to me if the sultan's ships waited there, our ships would go and drive them away. But Kushel thought otherwise. "Then there would be calamity."

"How calamity?"

The man from Irivan touched the pole we sat on. "Green wood." He pointed his pipe at the men snoring among their bundles. "Green sap."

He explained how the ships had been made in haste, out of wood that was still green, so it rotted in the water, and when all these guns went off together—*bourra-oum*—they might break through the rotting wood and let in the water. Besides, he said the ships were too big to run down among the sand bars. They would sit in the sand. And the crews were not accustomed.

"So will be calamity."

Shaking his fists, Kushel swore. All these frigates, as he called them, and gunboats had been made for a whim. They had been made in such haste to please the empress when she visited the Black Sea, a year or so before, so she could see a fleet sailing and go on it herself. "Think of that!" He tore at his beard. "For a parade!"

Truly Kushel was a wise man, to know all that.

"And now," he groaned, "comes Pavel."

"What is he?" I asked, wondering at this fleet made for a parade.

"A pirate. Worse, an American."

No American, Kushel explained, had ventured into our Russian land before. They grew tobacco, far over the sea, to chew. And they built ships to fight on the sea. Pavel's name was really Paul. John Paul Jones.

HE CAME during a feast that our commanders made for ladies. These ladies smelled of honey, for they were visitors from the court of the Empress Catherine at Petersburg. One of them had her hair piled up, as if bees had hived in it. Eh, she was a beauty, the Lady Anna. She drank wine out of little glasses and she brought her maid to carry her fan.

That maid was Babitka. The little devilkin tripped about the ship where I had told her not to set foot. Ay, she had tied a Persian shawl around her head and put red on her cheeks, and she rolled her eyes at the younger officers when they winked at her. But not a glance for me.

"Babitka!" I called from behind the fence across the deck.

She smoothed down her new shawl. "Eh, animal," she said, "do not bother a maid in waiting. Be off to your stables."

She waited, smiling at me. But some of the officers laughed, trying to get their arms around her, and I said nothing. It is not good to be laughed at.

So I hardly saw Pavel, the American, when he came over the side of the ship with an escort, and walked up the rump. A small, straight figure of a man, without flour in his hair, or ornaments on

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his sword. He was gay in his blue coat, as if glad to be among us.

Champing over the notions of that fool girl, Babitka, I paid no heed to him then. Only Kushel saw what happened in the after cabin—although how Kushel came to be in the admiral's cabin then, I do not know.

All our high commanders bowed to Pavel—to Jones—and praised him, because he brought a letter from the empress herself. There was the Brigadier Alexiano, who commanded the Vladimir, and also the prince of Nassau Siegen, from Prussia, who wore splendid gray and gold, and commanded all the fleet. And between them was the Lady Anna who was Nassau Siegen's *dushenka*, his girl. She sparkled upon Jones, giving him wine in a little glass.

NOW to have this Jones come to share the command with Nassau Siegen was not a good thing. One man can drive two horses, but two men cannot drive one horse without calamity. No, never.

Besides, this Jones could speak only one word of Russian, as I came to know. Being dumb like that, he had to have a man to speak for him. Then, too, he had little money, having spent all his life on ships instead of at court, like Nassau Siegen. Ay, Jones had come with all these other foreign officers as bees swarm around the queen bee, to serve our little mother the empress for gold, titles, honor and glory and the like.

"We must give you a voice, my chevalier," Nassau Siegen told him. "Rely upon me to explain your directions to these ignorant Russians."

Jones laughed and said he wished he had Lady Anna's voice always at his side, to make music for him. And she gave him her hand to kiss. Nassau Siegen did not seem angry. He already wore decorations, and he spoke as a man sure of himself—a handsome man who made many friends, and used them. Lady Anna looked inside of Jones, and it was clear she thought much of him.

When the women left us, Jones turned to the brigadier. "Captain," he said, "will you call the men to stations?"

Rousing ourselves, we went to stand by the cannon and the ropes as we had been told. Jones walked among us, looking at everything—at our faces and boots, and the wheels of the big cannon, and up at the masts where the sails were tied as they had been all summer. With his hands he turned over ropes and gear. By his manner we knew that he was accustomed. He even went down into the cellar where we kept our wine and goats for fresh meat. He was gone so long that we could smell the kasha pots cooking. When he came up he no longer looked like a man of honey—eh, he had become a man of stone.

Then he stared into the blaze of sunset, at the Turkish ships, tiny in their place at the mouth of the sea. I saw then that he had gray in his hair, and when he did not smile he looked tired.

"Where are the charts?" he asked Nassau Siegen, still making a picture with the eyes of his mind.

Neither Nassau Siegen nor Alexiano knew anything about charts. Then Jones asked for something unwonted—for the bags to put powder in, to carry to the guns.

"The devil, my dear chevalier," said Nassau Siegen. "Perhaps they will be in the warehouse of the encampment. I will have inquiry made tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! Tonight—now!"

Jones seemed to be gnawed by a fear, while Nassau Siegen felt no fear. A spark was struck between them, because of this.

And the spark grew hotter with every question Jones asked, in his strange fashion. If the bags for the powder were not brought before dark, he said, he would order us of the crew ashore.

"But what if the Turks come?" the prince asked. "We would lose the ships."

Jones was still looking at something with the eye of his mind. "They are top-heavy enough, with their build. We have no right to risk the men—" he stopped, thinking.

"Impossible to run away." Nassau Siegen held his head high. "I, for one, have the courage to take a risk."

We who heard this only understood that the spark between them was growing to a fire.

"Only a fool," said Jones, "would run such a risk as this."

Nassau Siegen put his hand on his silvered sword hilt; then he shrugged his shoulders and turned away. "I think," he said loudly to Alexiano, "that our new admiral is afraid. He shows his breeding."

But he said this in Russian, and Jones did not understand.

After that the American wandered about as if seeking something he could not find. We Cossacks were then gathered at the rail, singing because the brandy had been poured out. When Jones wandered up with the interpreter, we felt sorry for him because like us he was far from his home, and afraid—which we were not. For a while he listened to the singing, looking over the rail at a skiff tied there.

A thought came to him, and the interpreter explained the thought.

"The admiral," he said, "has a whim. He wants rags tied around the middle of the oars, and a rudder rigged up with a stick in that skiff."

PERHAPS because I was the biggest of the brothers, or the best singer, the interpreter picked on me to do the work, although he took care himself to disappear after that.

I was working in the skiff—it being then nearly dark—when someone came down the ladder. By his frog's voice I recognized the Prussian sergeant who had sent me on the ship.

"Eh, Cossack," he said, "you like rix-dollar for tobacco?"

In his hand silver coins chinked softly. I waited, fastening a pike staff to a board, to serve for the rudder.

"Good soldier," he said, as if to a horse. "Like me, the drill sergeant, you serve the empress?"

"At command," I muttered.

"Then, here!" He put five coins into my fist, and they felt like good silver.

Coughing, he told me that I should watch out what Jones did. Because some of the senior officers did not trust Jones. If the admiral tried to send a message to the enemy, I should report him. That was all.

"Fine soldier," he said again. "You."

The silver being good silver, I kept it. I began to smell smoke in this, but I could not see any fire. Why should a Prussian sergeant want to turn in the new admiral?

Then I heard Jones coming down the ladder. Eh, he might have heard our words, if he understood. Even in the dark, the Prussian saluted as if made of iron, stepping aside for Jones.

"*Stuppai!*" said Jones. "Forward!"

That word of ours at least he knew. But what did he mean? I could only think of the oars, and I took them up, while he sat in the stern, putting his hand on the new tiller.

The Prussian on the ladder watched us row out into the mist, the two of us alone in the skiff. By the lights of our fleet, I saw that we were heading out toward the Turkish ships. Then the mist hung around us like a veil.

Seaweed pulled at my oars, like the fingers of dead men reaching up, and my heart began to feel cold.

For Jones sat in his shirt sleeves, without his hat but with a pistol and sword in his belt. And he kept throwing into the water a strong cord, knotted along its length, and weighted with a stone. That cord was strong enough to tie a

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man's arms. The stone did not go down far on account of the shoals. When he pulled it out, Jones counted the knots.

Because of the rags, the oars did not grate against the thole sticks, and we made no noise. After a time we slipped past an anchored ship, and I heard voices. The skin felt cold inside my belt then—the voices were Turkish. Jones was steering me through the Turkish fleet, tossing out his line as if fishing!

A guard boat rowed past us in the mist. That night, by ill luck, seemed to be full of boats. We were passing a great ship with three rows of cannon when a barge almost bumped into us. Jones put his hand on my knee.

"*Ya muslimin,*" a Turk in the barge called. "O men, do you carry arak to drink? Our throats are dry."

Jones never moved or spoke. Glory to the Lord, I could understand and answer: "We have salt. We come from the island."

Without more words they cursed us and went on. Why should they think that two Christians were rowing a skiff among their ships of war? The sweat was cold on me, but Jones laughed. "*Stuppai,* Ivak," he said.

Forward again! We passed the feluccas lined up under the guns of their fort at the bay's mouth. I rowed until my hands bled, while Jones kept measuring the water of the sea. Truly, his whim was a queer whim. For sometimes he felt of the stone at the end of the line. And sometimes he licked the finger that felt of the stone.

THE next morning the Prussian sergeant drew me aside. "Well, Ivak, *what?*" he asked. "Did this pirate Pavel speak with the Turks?"

"How could he?" I said. "He cannot speak to me. How could he talk to a Turk?"

He looked at me, and slapped his coat pocket. Silver coins clinked loud in it. He slapped my shoulder. "Ten rix-dollar for you, Ivak," he said, "if Pavel sends *any* message to the Turks." Winking, he put his finger against his nose. "Understand—*hein?*"

With so much smoke, I began to understand where the fire might be: Nassau Siegen. That prince did not want Jones here to command the fleet.

Every night Jones would call for me and go out in the skiff to measure the water, first turning to this side, then to that. And at times he made marks on a sheet of paper.

In the day he drove all the souls on the Vladimir, as if taking a whip to them. He ordered half of the guns on the upper decks to be hauled ashore in barges. The remaining guns he had us run in and out on their wheels, and load with the heavy balls until we were wet down with our sweat.

Nassau Siegen protested when the cannon were lowered away—saying we would be weak without all the guns. But Jones said the empress had made him admiral of the fleet, and he would pistol any man who refused to carry out an order. After that Nassau Siegen went away, to the gunboats along the shore, where the men drilled little if at all.

Probably he was glad to go, because just then His High Wellbornness arrived at the encampment on the land—the Prince-Marshal Potemkin, the favorite of the empress. Eh, he arrived with coaches and pavilions, and green and red officers of the guard, and two nieces—all to see the new fleet being made ready. And Nassau Siegen was the first to greet him.

I thought of Babitka, with that Persian shawl tied on her, in all this splendor, and my tobacco tasted like dried oak leaves in the pipe. Kushel also felt afraid—more afraid than before.

"Look, Ivak," he whispered to me, "you can take out the skiff at night. The guards will let us over the side, and tonight you and I can be safe on the shore."

But I could not take the skiff and leave Jones, who might want to measure the water some more. Kushel went away without arguing. And that night he found some way to escape from the Vladimir. He was wiser than we.

He was not on the ship when the calamity came. Mist hid the lower bay in the morning, and we were sitting at the kasha pot when the lookouts began to shout, and feet pounded on deck. When I poked my snout up into the air, I saw Alexiano running, pulling his caftan over his nightshirt and yelling, "They come—they come."

Through a break in the mist I could see sails of ships moving toward us. Sails upon sails, coming slowly in the light breeze.

On the rump of our ship Alexiano's officers argued, while we waited for orders. Some of us went to stations, not knowing what else to do. Then I heard a voice of command calling: "*Stuppai!*"

It was Jones' voice, and he called to us, as he cut the lashings from the wheel. He knew only that one word, forward. Alexiano ran up to him to argue, but Jones motioned us to our stations. Then they dragged out his interpreter, and he could tell us what was in his mind. *Tfu*—orders for everyone. Up with the anchor, down with the sails. Powder bags from the magazine! He acted like a man who was no longer afraid.

"Quick, lads, or you will be late for the dancing."

EH, HE made a jest, while we were stumbling around, pulling at ropes. *Bourra-oum* sounded over the water, and something splashed close to us. I climbed up the ladder of ropes to the platform on the mast.

And I saw twenty-one Turkish and Levantine ships sailing toward us, their guns flashing and smoking.

We were all afraid—who was not afraid?—when we marched thus out toward the sea.

I watched Jones when the powder smoke cleared away. He stood without moving by the wheel, sometimes putting his hand on the wheel. He turned the ship first this way and then that, passing through the shoals. And I thought of the nights when we had measured the water, so Jones could see the shoals in the eye of his mind.

Behind us the other five frigates followed, struggling with their sails. I saw a bomb fall—*kerrumph*—into the nearest one, and it turned on its side. It staggered and lay down on the water, like a wounded horse. But the Vladimir did not lie down. She felt her way forward toward the biggest of the Turkish ships, the one with three rows of cannon.

I HEARD Alexiano shout that we would go aground. He ordered the brothers up in the bow to drop the anchor—Jones understanding nothing of the command. When the anchor pulled at the ship, the mast shook, and the sails cracked. But Jones would not turn the wheel, and the Vladimir forged on, until the anchor chain ripped away. Jones said something to Alexiano, and after that the brigadier gave no more commands.

So we marched into the mass of the enemy ships, our guns making explosions on each side. *Tfu*—how things smoked up!

A Cossack came up the ladder of ropes, wiping the blood from his mouth.

"He used to belong to the left-wing revolutionary anarchist party, but lately I hear he's turned radical"

F. HUMFREVILLE

"Liven up, lads," he told us. "Little Father Jones says the dancing is just beginning."

So we on the platform laughed and began firing off our muskets, as if shooting tigers. Little Father Jones, that's what he was!

And the guns barked. We, who were not accustomed, did not even aim. For with the Turks all around us, every ball hit something. Yet they, when they fired at us and missed, hit one another.

I watched the flashes, through the smoke. And I saw a strange thing happen. The Vladimir marched on, toward the sea; but the Turks began to move this way and that. They began to circle away from our guns. When they circled some of them stumbled on the shoals and sat. The biggest of their ships sat thus, leaning over, so its guns pointed up uselessly at the sky.

Then the others tried to go one way and another, heading toward the sea. Something splintered above me, and the smoke grew black. . . .

When I could see again, I felt dried blood on my head. A splinter had slapped me on the scalp lock, and I sat there on the platform looking into the sun. And that sun was setting over the water. The smoke had gone, and we were far from the river, out beyond the bay.

Rubbing some gunpowder and brandy into the split on my scalp, I felt alive again. "Fire away, lads," I yelled.

The others on the platform looked at me queerly. For hours, they said, I had been blind and snoring, and now the battle was over. Ay, they showed me the sails of the remnant of the Turkish fleet escaping to sea.

"May the dogs bite them," I said. "But what guns are shooting?"

Because I could hear guns, far off. Nay, it was not well for us that we followed the battle so far to sea. When we turned home, we saw what guns were shooting. Nassau Siegen's. That officer had not followed Little Father Jones at all into the battle. But he had come up afterward with the flotilla of gunboats and bomb boats, and now he was shooting fire bombs into the Turkish ships sitting on the shoals.

Ay, he was firing into the ships that had surrendered to us, and could not shoot back at him because they sat on the shoals, all six of them. They were burning like haystacks, with men dying inside. Jones, angered by this, hailed Nassau Siegen to stop the destruction, but he would not. What could we do?

When we came back to our anchorage, we found the encampment lighted up as if for a feast, with Prince Potemkin and his ladies and officers watching the fireworks down the bay.

Alexiano, who had all his uniform on now, put his arm around Jones. As for us Cossack brothers, we were glad to be alive—those of us who lived—and to have won the victory. For the Vladimir looked like a floating wreck.

I thought that even Babitka, the devilkin, would admire me now, after the battle. And that night she came again to the Vladimir.

IT WAS after Jones had inspected the wounded. In his shirt sleeves he was sitting in the big after cabin, writing out his report of the action. One wall of the cabin had been shattered into beams. He smiled at me, as I smoked my pipe. "Eh, Ivak," he said, "we did well."

He was writing thus, carefully, his report to the empress, when we heard shouting, and in came Alexiano, bowing before the Prince Marshal Potemkin, who wore a cloth of gold cloak, and kissed Jones on both cheeks. The Lady Anna and Nassau Siegen followed after, both sweet as honey to the American. Then my blood felt warm, because of Babitka, the darling, running up to me and catching me in her arms, so I could feel the beating of her heart.

"Ivak—you are on your feet!" She stared up at me. "For the love of good Saint Nikolka, wash your face!"

Such a notion she had—to wash my face! She went away from me, as if I was useless, just because I wasn't dead. But then I heard the interpreter talking. Potemkin was chewing his beard, thinking. They were telling him, because he asked, what Jones wrote to the empress. Eh, he wrote of the battle, as I had seen it—of the Vladimir and his officers and much of us of the brotherhood.

Still I could see well enough that Nassau Siegen was not pleased. "Chevalier Jones," he said, "I also saw the action."

He had been in the camp, miles away. But no one mentioned this—not before the prince marshal. Potemkin seemed to be thinking. He no longer smiled. "It is true, Chevalier Jones," he said then, "that you handled your ship well."

At this Jones, who had been puzzled by the talk, flashed out angrily. Eh, he was tired, not having slept much in that week, as I knew.

"If the Prince Marshal please," he said, "I did not come here to be an apprentice."

The interpreter wriggled when he said this, and Potemkin looked long into the snuff box he was holding. Truly he was used to softer answers.

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"Your report, Chevalier Jones, might prove misleading." He tapped the snuff box. "The heroism of the prince of Nassau Siegen was responsible for our great victory, with your assistance."

As I live, he said that. Who had done the fighting, if not we of the Vladimir?

I chewed on my pipe and waited, while Jones stared at the papers he had been writing.

"My prince," he said at last to Potemkin, "I am thinking of the officers and men who served under me today."

"Of course, my dear admiral!" Potemkin was pleasant as a tavernkeeper. "Of course, you must think of such things. Do not write tonight, but come and breakfast with me in the morning."

And he went out with all the rest following like a bevy of birds. Only the beautiful Lady Anna left her fan on the table by Jones, and smiled at him over her shoulder. And his brown eyes brightened at that.

YET when the Lady Anna swished out, Babitka ran over to me, and took the pipe from my mouth, putting her hand on my lips. "Listen, Ivak," she whispered swiftly, "don't try to think or to speak—only listen. This admiral of yours does not understand the Russians. Nay, he is blind. He must do as the prince marshal says, because Potemkin is like a god to your little mother, the Empress Catherine the Great. And *my* lady can twist Potemkin around her finger. Don't you understand how she loves Nassau Siegen?"

What words! Babitka swore they were true. She had heard the reports of the spies who told Potemkin and Lady Anna what passed on the fleet. Ay, Kushel was such a spy. Already they had tried to make Jones appear to be a pirate, by paying gold.

"Only give Nassau Siegen the praise for the victory, and Jones can have honor and glory—my lady spoke of lands in Russia and serfs and a thing like a decoration. You must tell your Jones, so his eyes will be opened. He must talk in another tone to Potemkin tomorrow."

She ran away quickly. What notions she had, since she had risen to be maid in waiting as she called it. We of the Vladimir had done the fighting, and whoever said otherwise was a brother of a dog. Being angered, I told the interpreter to say to Jones what that Babitka had told me.

Jones sat long in silence, his brown eyes troubled. Truly he was like a man alone, except for Ivak the Cossack. Taking up the fan of the Lady Anna, he opened it, to stare at the flowers and gold painted on it. "The empress," he said then, "is a great lady."

Then he began to write again, slowly, as if tired. When he finished the last page he signed his name, and sprinkled sand on the paper. Folding it all, he sealed it and made the mark of his ring on the seal.

Nor did he go to take breakfast with Potemkin the next morning. Nay, he gave his sealed report to two of his officers to take to the empress. He said nothing of what was written.

But I had a thought as to that. I thought that Jones had told the truth about us of the Vladimir. And after many days had passed, another thought came to me. Potemkin also might have written a report.

At last the couriers came from the empress. Eh, she was happy because of the victory. And she sent rewards—a diamond-set sword of honor for Potemkin, and a sword with sapphires for Nassau Siegen, with promotion to rank of admiral, and a deed to lands in Russia, and the splendid Cross of St. George. To Alexiano, also promotion and reward. And twenty-four gold swords of honor—to Nassau Siegen's officers.

To Jones she sent only a letter. And I heard the words of the letter because it was an order. The order demanded that the Chevalier Paul Jones depart at once and without ceremony from the fleet to the court—his sphere of activity was no longer with us on the fleet.

That is how Jones went away from us, in his blue coat, with his plain sword at his side. I wondered if he could find a ship to take him back to his own land, now that his career with us was ended.

For the Russians gave him no honors when he went over the side of the Vladimir. Only we Cossacks rowed him ashore. He waved back to me. "Eh, Ivak," he called the only word he knew, "*stuppai!*"

Now that he had gone, I could see everything clearly. Jones had been afraid for us, all the time, and the prince of Nassau Siegen had been afraid for his own reputation. That's how it was.

When I understood that, I felt empty inside. The earth felt good under my feet. I did not want to go back to the Vladimir, where Nassau Siegen was now our admiral. To the devil with Babitka and careers at court! I wanted to ride back into the steppe, to my hut on the banks of the Terek.

But I had to see Babitka for one thing. Finding my way through the pavilions of the Russians, I arrived in the entrance of the pavilion of that Lady Anna. Some of the lackeys were holding to my arms and bleeding through their noses where I had cuffed them when they tried not to let me arrive. When they yelled, as if I were a wild boar, Babitka came running out.

"Ivak!" she cried, as if seeing a ghost.

As sweet as honey, gripping those lackeys, I bowed to the girdle. "May it please Your High Wellbornness," I said politely, "to know that I have found out it smells bad to me around here. Will your painted maidship tell me where you left my Kabarda horse?"

She caught her breath, her eyes big. "What do you want of the horse?"

"To ride back to the Terek."

"It's in the stables of the Hussars' tavern, Ivak."

To the devil with all those brothers of dogs! I found the stables, and I found my black horse standing there fat, and with a smooth coat. There beside him Babitka's nag was tethered, and I wondered what a maid in waiting wanted of a pony. I was swinging the saddle up on the Kabarda when I heard feet running.

BABITKA rushed in. And I felt empty in my body. For the red was washed from her cheeks, the Persian shawl was gone—her dark hair tangled over her shoulders, and she wore men's trousers. just as if she were out singing in the high grass of our steppes.

"I knew you wouldn't go without the horse!" she cried.

Think what that darling wanted! Not to be lady's maid in waiting, but to ride back with me, Ivak, to my hut! We were far from the edge of the salt sea, riding together, before I felt sure that Babitka was again herself as she used to be, without thought of a career of glory. Then I began to see everything clearly, because it is easier for a Cossack to think in the saddle.

"*Tfu*—what brought Potemkin to our ship, after the battle?"

"I did," Babitka told me. "I begged Lady Anna, and she persuaded Potemkin to go."

"But why?"

She hung her head, so I could not see her face behind the dark hair. "I had to see if you were hurt, buffalo!" She looked at me, and her eyes were wet and shining. "When you beat me back of the lumber pile, my dear, I knew that you loved me. I was so happy I cried."

That's how it is with a girl. Drive them one way and they go another.

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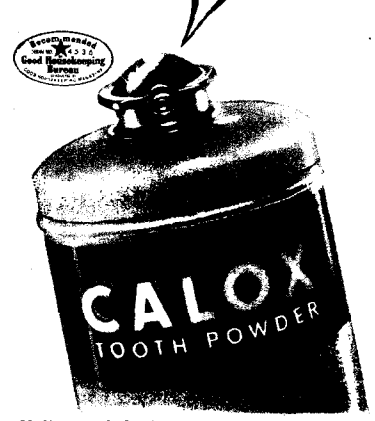

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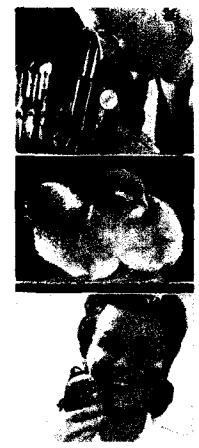

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Our New Army

Continued from page 14

overpainted the glories of the 98th, which is a mule unit. Enlisted men have some choice as to where they'll serve and many of them claim they thought they were getting into the motorized field artillery, but the 253 trainees in the outfit didn't mind being thrown in with the mules, their attitude being that they've got to do a year, so what difference does it make where and with what?

Let's, however, give the mule his due. There are 690 of them in the 98th and they're worth from $10 to $30 more each than the 101 horses in the outfit. The mules, mostly from Missouri, were as green as their keepers when they arrived. Executive Officer Major M. Barton thinks it was a tossup as to who was more frightened at the first meeting: mule or soldier. To break them in, soldiers first had to learn to ride the mules, then teach them how to carry packs. It's all done gingerly, and kindness is essential. Commanding the outfit is Col. David L. Ruffner, who says that a scared mule is a bad mule, and usually a bad mule is a scared one. After six months of training, some of them still have to wear blinders while being loaded; but even so, the major thinks mules are smarter than horses, although he believes, too, that the intelligence of both is greatly overrated.

Idea of the mule outfit is that it can go where nobody else can go. There are four such organizations in the continental U. S., the 98th being the only one west of the Atlantic Coast area. A professional spirit, like that of a cavalry outfit, is developing in the 98th, and even the men who didn't know what they were getting into are proud of the fact that they march faster than the infantry. The only ones who ride horses are the advance scouts, the officers and the gents who keep an eye on the service train; the rest of the regiment walks. The best mules carry guns; the smaller ones in the service train pack supplies and are herded, not led, with a bell mare and all. The 98th's armament is the 75-mm. howitzer, weighing 1,269 pounds, but everything's figured out so that the gun is taken down and packed by six mules, with loads evenly distributed. In a recent test exercise the boys saddled the mules, tore a howitzer apart, packed it on six mules and traveled 100 yards, all in three minutes, thirty-one seconds.

Now that they're in civilized surroundings the 98th has the luxury of a truck for carrying mail and for general delivery, but in actual duty they're on their own, with not a wheel in the outfit. Most persistent rumor (here we go again, boys) is that they'll soon be transferred to Alaska. One thing, though, is sure. With the aid of a national park ranger, the 98th will shortly make a pilgrimage to near-by snow-capped Mt. Rainier, to see if a warm-region outfit can function properly under Alpine conditions.

DURING their spare time, a couple of gents in the 146th F.A. worked out a fake fight routine that fools even the front-row customers. Don A. Sparks hauls off and socks Elmer Murphy, but as Don pulls his punch Elmer claps his hands together, then reels over. It sounds and looks terrific. In a between-rounds lull at a regiment boxing match, Sparks and Murphy suddenly began arguing, then socking each other. An M.P., in on the gag, rushed over and the crowd began yelling at the boys to finish it in the ring. Somebody put gloves on them but they took them off in a hurry; gloves would have ruined their act. "I'll lick him barehanded!" Murphy shouted. They sparred for a few seconds, the punishment looked like the McCoy, and the audience was eating it up. Then something went wrong, the crowd caught on—and the boys just about got away alive. "After Murphy gave me what looked like nothing less than a knockout blow," Sparks explained later, "I got back on my feet too fast."

GEORGIA

NAVAL RESERVE AVIATION BASE. There's no salt in Georgia's red clay hills, but the saltiest sort of language can be found at this base a dozen miles from Atlanta on the old Camp Gordon reservation, where Southern naval cadets are being trained in the jargon and tradition of the Navy. The new man feels self-conscious at first but he soon learns to ask permission to go ashore, promising to be back on board by 22:15 o'clock. Windows are portholes, floors are decks. If a piece of paper is thrown on the grounds it's adrift and must be "secured." Officers close recitation periods with "Secure," which is Navy for a task completed or a day's duty done.

The enrollment figure is a military secret but there are at least four times as many cadets in training here now as in May, and very few of them have ever seen salt water. Georgians like the boys but that Navy terminology is making girl competition tough for the lads who aren't yet in uniform. The gals go for the salty talk; there seems to be something fascinating about having a cadet call up and say he'll be around at 18:00 o'clock. Not long ago one of the cadets phoned the officer of the day. "Sir," said he, "I have a flat tire and may be late." Replied the O.D.: "Kiss her and get her home and be in your bunk by 22:15." He did and he was.

VIRGINIA

3D ARMY CORPS

FORT STORY, Virginia Beach. The 71st Coast (antiaircraft) Artillery is known as The Rollin' 71st because of the number and speed of their training convoys. Since May 1st they have made five, covering some 3,000 miles. The last one, made July 1st (first birthday of the regiment), took the lads to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where officers were entertained at a banquet given by Mary Pickford.

MEANWHILE, a Chesapeake Bay retriever named Red, and owned by Pvt. Frank D. Henderson, of the 246th C.A., is in a Norfolk hospital recovering from a complete nervous breakdown induced by the roar of Fort Story's sixteen-inch howitzers during recent practice firing. The seven-months-old, three-foot-high pup was tied up in his master's barracks while the noise went on and was completely washed out by the time it quit. He's doing nicely, they say.

MASSACHUSETTS

1ST DIV.

FORT DEVENS. Having first priority and forming with the First Marines a powerful and potential expeditionary force, the First Division is the best equipped, best trained Regular unit in the Army. Its men have been inoculated and vaccinated against everything, supplied with the lightest tropical and heaviest Arctic uniforms, and have been taught to fight under almost any conditions a war can produce. Last winter two infantry battalions practiced ship-to-shore landing operations in the Caribbean; the other battalions are getting a whack at it now on Cape Cod. The 26th Infantry learned how to fight from skis in the mountains of New York, while three of the four artillery battalions acquired skill with the long sticks and the art of handling big guns in the snow-covered mountains of Vermont. Since May 1st the whole division has been going through combat training that lacks only opposing fire.

The men of the First are hand-picked, rugged, alert. They have a lot to live up to, because in World War I the First established a flock of firsts. It was the first U. S. division to: Reach France, serve in the trenches, fire a hostile shot, lose a man in battle, capture a prisoner, repel a German raid, occupy an independent sector and capture and hold a town. It took all assigned objectives, fought the best German troops, never surrendered an inch of ground and captured 100 prisoners for every one it lost. So—if you want to know what's going on, keep one eye on Washington and the other on the First Division.

"That might be nice. I wonder if his tent is near a grove . . ."

BARBARA SHERMUND

GENERAL

CURIOUS situation No. 1: Regular Army majors can't be promoted to lieutenant colonel until they've served twenty-three years, but Reserve officers reach that grade after eighteen years, of which only a small fraction need be spent on active duty. Curious situation No. 2: Regular Army lieutenants and captains, temporarily promoted to higher grades, can't draw higher pay until they've served seven to fourteen years, respectively; but National Guard and Reserve officers get the pay of the grade in which they're commissioned. Result: Some Regular Army officers of twenty-two years active duty are serving under Reserve officers of eighteen years of service, and Regular Army instructors for Reserve units are getting less pay than the Reserve officers they instruct. A bill to correct the situation has been in the hands of Congress for some time, but the chairman of the committee, Representative Faddis of Pennsylvania, seems for some reason to be opposed to the change. Such a system!

THIRD and last bevy of reader-suggested nomenclatures for the 1st Armored Division at Fort Knox include Men from Mars, Earthquake, Tin Goat, Sock-O, Razorback, Black Jack and Bull Head. And somewhat enigmatically (from E.N.G., Oxford, Michigan): Mamma's Pets.

NOW that the Army is on its three-months nationwide same-supper-for-everybody field-ration experiment, how well the soldier eats becomes a real problem for the humble mess sergeant. At the regular garrison rate of forty-two cents a day for food per soldier, smart mess sergeants could get by; but the new field-ration figure is only about half that amount.

WHEN an Illinois selectee wrote a letter to his mother from Camp Croft, South Carolina, complaining about Army camp conditions, she mailed him a pair of lace panties with the notation: "I didn't raise my boy to be a panty-waist, but if I did, here's something he can wear."

YOO-HOO!

G. W.

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Expectation

Continued from page 24

must work untiringly. A few years ago my French son-in-law was shocked by the amount of derelict land here in contrast to supercultivated France. England was agriculturally broke.

Today there is no derelict land. The government urges us to plow and even pays for the plowing. Farmers are at it from dawn till dusk.

Fortunately, my own land is not only growing but breeding potential foodstuff—fowl. These normally require special feeding. The catalogues list items that are now obsolete. Specialists used to feed growing fowl number one and then number two in turn. But we have discovered that their well-being is not dependent upon artificial foods. The alternative is a boiled mass, but this takes time to prepare. The government is doing all in its power, short of penalizing us, to stop us from keeping hens. The grain ration is almost negligible and the controlled price of eggs discourages egg production beyond one's own personal needs. The rumor is now spreading that the government will control the supply of potatoes. Hungry people cannot feed potatoes to hens, oatmeal to rabbits or rice to ducklings. These crimes we have at times been guilty of. When you consider that to produce one pound of human food a hen requires fifteen pounds by comparison with a milk cow, which requires only five, you can hardly blame the government for its attitude. But we amateurs are a tenacious lot and will not be beat.

With daily decreasing feeding facilities the word "goose" spreads like an electric current. Did not geese save Rome? They may yet save us. They demand no food other than grass. Anyone with a stretch of grassland can breed geese.

Already all communities with available brood hens have them sitting in rows on goose eggs. Everywhere you see flocks of goslings of varying ages and colors.

Last week the price of gosling at a local market went up to ten shillings. What will fat goose be worth at Michaelmas if the government doesn't interfere? Ducks too have an advantage over hens; they lay as many eggs and can fend for themselves.

Another branch of potential food with one hundred per cent profit is rabbit. They combine the dual purpose of meat and pelt. I've paid as much as twelve pounds for a pair of white rex rabbits on account of the fur. Since the cessation of imports, rabbits are wanted in tens of thousands. We really cannot breed sufficient quantities, and children in the village have started on this commercial enterprise.

Since the severe milk ration came into force we have acquired a couple of pedigreed Jerseys that I milk myself. Hitler would despair of a successful blockade if he could see my cream and butter. I may not sell it, but there are plenty around me who can share it with me.

When the Russian revolution hurled the intellectuals and the aristocrats into a void they staggered back into life as artisans adapting themselves in the struggle for existence. Now people of long-rooted traditions face new conditions which cannot be regarded as temporary. Life can never be the same again for those who survive.

Even as I write, great guns are booming on the Channel. The reverberating explosion has shaken the house, soldiers at the foot of my garden are feverishly digging trenches. When will this capital Something happen? We are all keyed up waiting. There are those so firmly convinced of Hitler's historical sense that they insist he will land here by air or sea or both and that the battle of Britain may be re-enacted here on the site of 1066. And so we wait.

Taxes in Hiding

Continued from page 17

month to the taxation wolf without knowing it. That is 13.5 per cent of the $150-a-month income, but, here again, it is not the whole amount. At the 19.3-cents-per-dollar rate on spending, the tax bill is $28.95 a month, which is something more than a light tap on the wrist.

One more man blends into the Kilbourne family tax panorama. Harold F. Johnson is a $200-a-month executive of a small milling company. He drives a car that he bought new and he also puts $5 a month into a savings account. Budget cost of the new car and its operation is $20 a month but from that amount must be subtracted $4.26. The $4.26 is for indirect taxes.

In theory the Johnson savings account is untaxed, but actually there is a loss to taxes. Levies against banks either reduce or eliminate the interest payments that otherwise would be made. So, without considering the savings account, Mr. Kilbourne ferreted out indirect taxes on the Johnson income to the sum of $26.23 a month. At the 19.3 rate the bill would be $38.60 a month, a very pretty penny.

It will be seen that Uncle Sam isn't the only one who left a receipted bill in the hamburger. The state assembly did and the county supervisor. So did city councils, town boards, railroad commissions, drainage districts, a "myriad" of taxing bodies, to use Mr. Kilbourne's phrase. Money went out of that hamburger nickel to pay policemen and schoolteachers, to build roads and bridges, to buy battleships and hire generals, to fight forest fires and preserve public health. Diplomats and ditchdiggers, airport attendants and architects all got a piece of it. The point is that anybody who thinks he doesn't pay taxes is kidding himself. He may not go down to the courthouse and put it on the line but he pays just the same.

And whatever direct or hidden taxes are, it, isn't a patch on what they're going to be, what with defense expenditures. The new tax program in Washington will not only increase direct taxes but it will get at the hamburger buyer in a dozen added ways. It seems rather plain that if there is any cutting to be done, it will come through the local boards. Even if people aren't sure how much taxes they pay, there's a top to what the traffic will bear. The fact that the public can most easily reach its local officials means that the county boards will suffer.

The very least that can be said is that people are going to be educated. If we've been carefree about taxes before, it is hardly likely that we'll continue that way. The public pocketbook is going to take an awful wallop. We're going to know a great deal about public finances before this thing is over.

"The children didn't want to get off!

"And I don't blame them...why, I slept like a baby myself! Honestly, Mother, I've never had such an *easy* trip. You'd think New York Central owned those children of mine—the attention they got. They behaved like angels all the way...

"You should have seen our room—bright and comfy and big enough to be a playground. Air conditioned, too, of course, so we forgot the heat wave outside. And what a wonderful view of the Hudson River just outside our window!

"Of course, eating in a dining car is always a thrill to the children. But the food was so delicious, they even ate their vegetables without a murmur. Then they had such fun in the lounge, I let them stay up a full hour later than usual.

"I was afraid the excitement might keep them awake. But no—that Water Level Route is just like a lullaby. Before I knew it, I was asleep myself. Believe me, Mother, I'll go by New York Central—even when I *don't* take the children."

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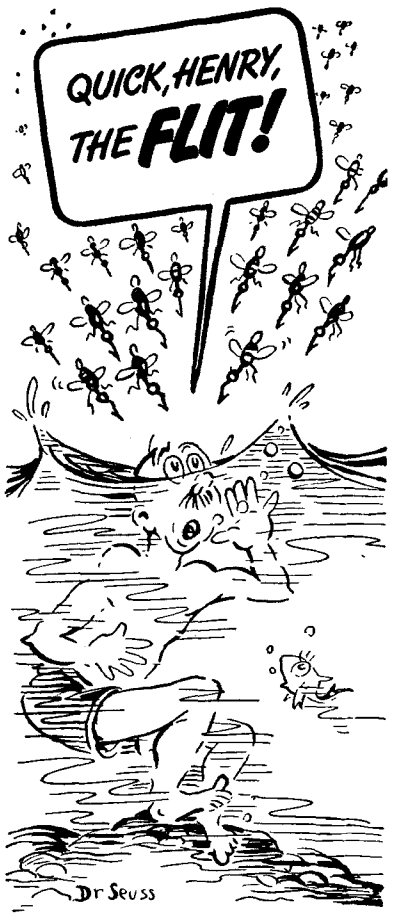

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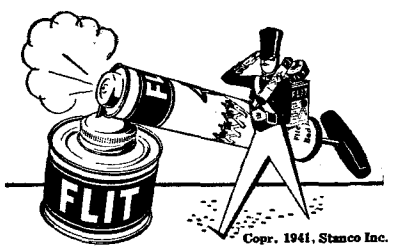

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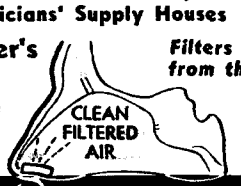

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Let Them Eat Cream

Continued from page 13

Then Bernardo Houssay, brilliant South American researcher, hit upon another fact which moved all diabetes research along another notch. Everyone knew that if the pancreas were removed from a dog, that dog would die within a fortnight. Houssay discovered that if the anterior pituitary were also removed the dog would live for years!

From here it was a natural step to London—and the work of Frank Young, a former student of Best's at the University of Toronto. This big, taciturn researcher, working at Britain's National Institute of Medical Research, found that if, for the period of a few weeks, dogs got daily shots of pituitary a permanent diabetes developed. Here was the basis for a good guess as to the cause of this wasting sickness. *Perhaps* —the italics are important—it was caused by a too-active pituitary. This gland secreted a stimulating juice which literally worked the islet cells of the pancreas to death.

Rest Cure for Cells

Here we swing back to Toronto, home port of diabetes research, and a yellow brick building, blackened by the coal soot of dozens of bitter winters. This is the Medical Building on the university campus, scene of Banting and Best's original work. It was here that a trio of top-notch research men began wrangling with the problem of diabetes prevention. The men: James Campbell, young, Scotch-born biochemist; Reginald Haist, also young, also somewhat grimly intent on whipping this thing; Charles Best, who seems altogether too boyish, too apple-cheeked, for his position as a medical immortal.

The trio sized up their problem. Evans and Houssay had produced convincing evidence that pituitary extract would produce diabetes; and Young and a colleague had indicated how. Very well. Was there anything which would counteract this effect? Anything which would, perhaps, let these cells which were being worked to death rest for a while and regenerate their strength? If such a thing could be found it would be of incalculable benefit. It might mean that the 27 out of every 1,000 girl babies born this year would escape the horrid diabetic death forecast for them by statisticians. It would mean new hope for whole generations to come.

Diet represented a logical point of attack. As long ago as 1914 Dr. Frederick M. Allen, then working at the Rockefeller Institute, had indicated the profound effect diet has on diabetes. He had outlined the starvation diets which make pitiable runts out of children, and bony invalids out of adults. These individuals paid terrible prices for the few additional years of life they gained. But Allen's ideas represented the logical jumping-off place for new work.

Rats were selected as the animals for these new researches. Dozens of them were ordered down from the attic animal room—where low beams and door frames are fiendishly set to scalp the unwary. These docile white rodents were required to answer one question puzzling the experimenters: could carefully concocted diets remove part of the load from the pancreas and, if so, how much of that load?

The rats were divided into three groups. One got a normal diet; the second fasted; the third subsisted largely on fats—which require little insulin for utilization. After a week of this the animals were killed, their pancreases removed. Assays indicated that the pancreas of the fasting, and of the fat-fed animals contained only half as much insulin as the controls!

Significance? It looked like starvation in one case, and fat feeding in the other had allowed the pancreas to go on a half-time schedule. Here was a means of giving an overworked organ a rest cure! Rest could work wonders with injured bones, damaged lung tissue or overburdened hearts. Would rest do as much for the microscopic islet cells that had been going at too fast a clip? More work had to be done before this one could be answered.

Next step was to see if periodic shots of insulin would lower the pancreas' content of this natural secretion. It did. Here, then, was a second way to let this gland rest. Up to this point Haist, Campbell and Best had worked with healthy animals. They had built up a body of convincing evidence that diet and insulin would allow the pancreas to drowse along on half time. But they hadn't come to grips with the big problem. Now they were ready for it. Let's set the problem up.

Experimental work with dogs had showed the link between diabetes and an overactive pituitary. Very likely the same picture held with man, autopsies frequently revealing widespread destruction of the islet cells. Now the question arose: was there anything which would offset the destructive effect of pituitary substance?

Insulin appeared as a likely contender. Simultaneously the researchers shot a group of dogs with two brews: destructive pituitary, healing insulin. Reg Haist and Jimmy Campbell spelled each other off on the night trick as they hovered over their animals. Day after day the creatures got the two gland juices. And day after day the two scientific cubs checked blood and urine of the animals for telltale rises in sugar. But the sugar stayed resolutely at normal or only slightly above! It wasn't accumulating in the blood, or being discarded by the kidneys in poisonous, sickening quantities! Insulin, it appeared, had worked prophylactically. It had prevented the disease which should have occurred in the experimental animals with grim regularity.

Cause for Rejoicing

As a further check, they would have to investigate the islet cells themselves. Haist began anesthetizing dogs. Deftly he shaved away a little belly hair, made an incision and snipped out a bit of pancreas. A colleague, Dr. Arthur Ham, went to work on it. The fragment was treated with paraffin to make it rigid, then cut into thin slivers by the lab's version of the restaurant bread slicer. There was rejoicing at what the eye saw when these slivers were viewed through the microscope! There was none of the watery bloat that marks an islet cell bound for destruction. The cells from these dogs were well, healthy, normal!

One more check was required to complete the work. Two dogs were selected for this experiment. For thirty days each animal got a daily shot of pituitary. One ate a normal diet, one subsisted largely on fat. The one on a normal diet became permanently diabetic; the other recovered. Here, then, was additional evidence that the destructive work of the pituitary could be overcome.

All this sounds quite easy and simple —on paper. But months of drudgery were required: snipping pancreas out of rats and dogs, extracting the insulin, shooting it into mice and noting how much was needed to send them into convulsions. Only in this way—a single assay might require 250 mice—was it possible to determine the precise amount of insulin an excised pancreas contained.

To sum up accomplishments, the researchers had found two methods of resting islet cells possibly bound for exhaustion; and two methods of combating a too-active pituitary. All workers in the field do not agree with the interpretation Best and his colleagues put on their hard-won facts. Time will tell who is right in this exceedingly important controversy.

Translation of this work to man may be a long-range process. People predisposed to diabetes by heredity will be periodically tested for telltale rises in blood and urine sugar. Immediately these rises occur, the patient has to modify his diet. Fats—cream, butter, bacon—will, for a while, have to supply the calories usually supplied by sweets. This will rest islet cells. An occasional small shot of insulin must be given to combat the harmful effects of too much pituitary.

The Unconquered Killer

A few figures will indicate why the clinical work now starting should be prayerfully attended. Despite the brilliant achievement of Banting and Best in discovering insulin, death rates from diabetes continue to mount. Today 30,000 people die of this disease in the United States each year. Why this shocking number? There are several explanations. Overeating has become more general—and 80 per cent of all diabetics are overweight. Better diagnostic methods now detect the disease where, at an earlier date, it escaped notice. And, on top of these factors, there is an accumulation of diabetic patients who are just beginning to die, but would have died years earlier had it not been for insulin. This magic stuff can't confer immortality.

These points help explain the rise in diabetic deaths, but have done nothing to stop the upsurge. We can't persuade a nation to diet; and can't escape heredity factors by forcing women from diabetic families to marry men from families free of it. So the problem has grown; diabetes achieving a greater importance for some age groups than tuberculosis.

Because of these considerations it has become increasingly urgent for some research man to find a means of prevention, a procedure which would ward off this terrible sickness as vaccine wards off smallpox. The new work at the University of Toronto appears to have laid the groundwork for such a tremendous accomplishment.

The Toronto workers emphasize one point. The present work holds no promise whatsoever of *curing* old cases of the disease. To point up its preventive potentialities they would like to see a wide-scale clinical test of the type dear to the hearts of all research men. They would like to have a group of 500 children predisposed to diabetes by heredity. Half would get treatment to rest the pancreas, half would go without it. Dr. Best realizes that "many years may be required to complete the obvious extensions of the present experiments . . . but sufficient information is now available to show that production of diabetes in experimental animals . . . may be prevented . . ."

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Dina Cashman

Continued from page 26

Helen; I couldn't go into the room without asking Helen's permission, and after Anna had dismissed me in the evenings, saying that her head ached, I'd hear her and Helen laughing and murmuring for hours. Helen waked her up as marriage couldn't and motherhood couldn't. I don't know now what the answer was. That went on for the last four years."

"Helen probably made her feel comfortable and saved her pain," Dina said thoughtfully.

"She did that. She understood Anna, too; joked with her and teased her in a way I never could do, somehow. Anna adored her. I was glad of it."

"And took up stamp collecting," Dina suggested shyly. There was surprise and pleasure in Rogers' brief laugh.

"AND took up stamp collecting," he agreed. "Well, then Anna died," he went on, "and Aline came back here. She was Mrs. Rosenstirn then, married to a fine fellow, musical, cultured, and, of course, thinking she was the most beautiful woman alive. And indeed she was. He had a place in Honolulu, another in Philadelphia—he was a big nerve specialist—

"Mental cruelty was what she accused him of. She had two children by Pollock; she got hold of them for a visit and went to Reno and I went up there to see her. Beautiful apartment, of course, beautiful children, nice nurse in charge, and everyone making a fuss about Aline. This was—let's see, last year."

"Only last year!"

"Yep. She told me she'd been a little fool all her life, that she had come to appreciate my old friendship, and that it would be heaven to get down to the old place in Burlingame and have her children with her. She wanted to be a country lady, she said. She said, 'We'll ride horses and garden, and have a few friends in and keep dogs—'

"My old dream," Rogers began again, after a moment's pause. "The dream I'd dreamed since I was twenty years old. I said to her that she needn't bury herself, we'd go to New York; we'd take in the symphony concerts and the opera in San Francisco. Everything was all straightened out. Her estate was pretty well wrecked; we saved what we could. Some debts she had run up, I wiped out. It was all wonderful!"

He stopped on a bitter note, and Dina, looking at him timidly, saw that his face was dark.

"I hate—I hate to have you look that way!" she said, her fingers on his arm.

He shook himself as if to shake off a tangible hurt.

"Well, as I tell you," he said in a milder tone, "I'm not feeling it as I did. Not always. Yesterday and today there've been breaks—rifts in the clouds I've been under for so many years. It's like coming out into the air after stifling, Geraldine. It's like finding water when you are dry—parched all the way down—mouth and eyes and stomach and throat!"

"And the next thing you knew she married Mr. Havens?"

"Went down to visit my sister-in-law—dear Caroline!—at Palm Springs, wrote me from there that I must love her Andy, that she was packing off her two children to their father, and she and Andy were going to be married right away, and that she had known all along that she didn't feel about me the right way!"

"But—but yesterday," Dina said bewildered, "you said she said something about *this* marriage being a mistake!"

"She did. But in a way that didn't blame him and didn't blame her," Rogers said. "You see, she's changed, and it's partly you who are responsible. From the moment she saw you in my house last January she said she felt changed—she knew then, d'ye see?—that she'd been fooling herself all this time. She—" He laughed indulgently. "She's jealous of you, Geraldine. She said so! She said she couldn't bear to see you in my house, mistress there, and if you had a child to have it *my* child. And then she—she came close to me and said, 'Toppy—' That was her old name for me, you know. 'Toppy,' she said, 'haven't we been the fools, you and I! All that I ever needed was—'

"Well," Rogers broke off with a gruff little laugh, "anyway, she said the things I've been waiting twenty years to have her say. But at the same time she couldn't say kind enough things for Andy."

He fell silent, and Dina was silent, too.

"Wouldn't you and she—you were quarreling so yesterday—" she presently offered hesitatingly.

"Oh, Lord, we've always done that!" Rogers said comfortably. "Once she was my wife there'd be no more of that! Because you see," he added confidently, "I'd have the whip hand now. She's come to me this time. She wants peace and quiet and companionship and security for her children, she said so. And she—she put her hand on my shoulder yesterday," Rogers finished, with another gruff, half-ashamed laugh, and said, 'Mind you never let me go again, Toppy!' "

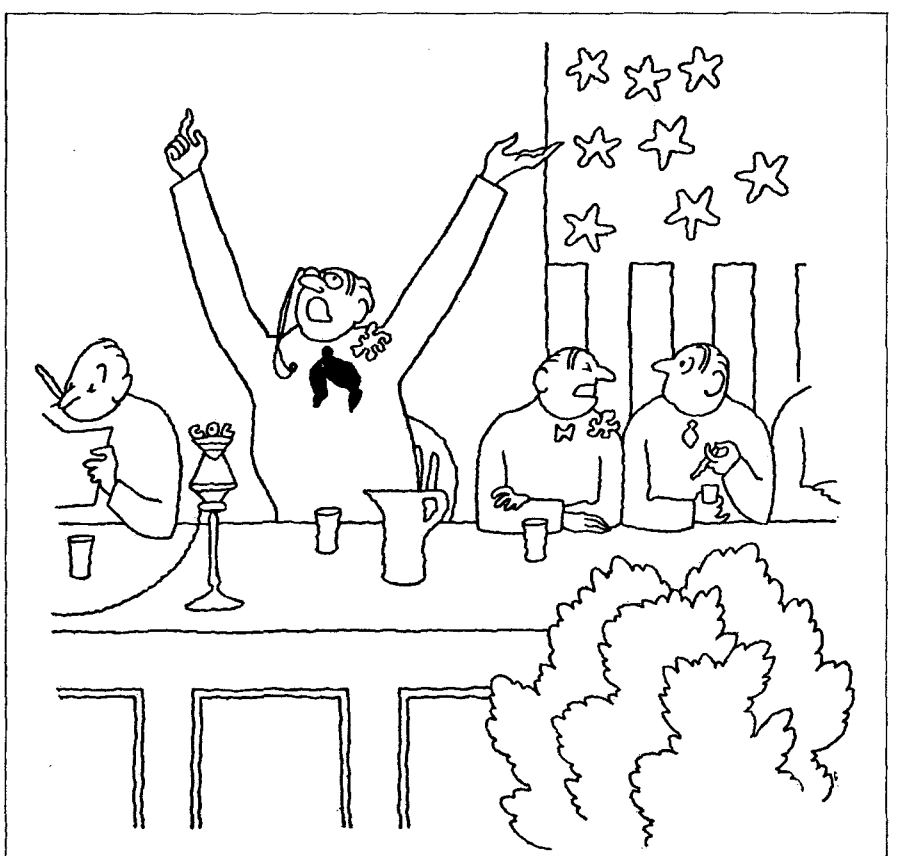
Dina could think of nothing to say, and as he now seemed to sink into his own happy thoughts the drive was finished without further words.

IN THE dreamy spring mornings she walked through the scented foggy world to the convent, where a small, wrinkled Spanish sister took her through the first miseries of Spanish verbs. Dina loved the atmosphere of the big school; while she struggled with grammar, and drew pictures to supplement her scanty Spanish and Sister Mary Felippa's almost equally deficient English, she could hear girls practicing piano scales furiously behind glass doors, hear their feet chipping in the halls and their shouts over basketball at recreation. Sometimes bells rang; sometimes a little nun came in to interrupt the lesson and murmur quietly to the Spanish teacher, who murmured as quietly in reply. Once they were all summoned to the chapel, girls and nuns, and Dina went with them and knelt watching absorbedly the ceremonial of benediction. There were flowers on the altar, roses and freesias whose breath mingled with the sharp, sweet smell of the incense; there were many candles burning bravely in a bar of sunlight.

Dina would get home flushed and hot from walking just as the sun was bursting through the mist. She would put on an old smock, a straw helmet she had bought in the five-and-ten-cent store, and descend to work in the garden, stopping only in time to wash her hands for lunch. At luncheon she would give Rogers a smiling, sleepy account of her adventures before going upstairs to lie down, perhaps to read and perhaps to nap.

Afterward they often had an engagement. Dina went with him to the city, half an hour's drive distant, to concerts, pictures, cocktail parties or perhaps to see some visiting friend at one of the big hotels.

Sometimes Mrs. Bucket packed an evening dress for her and she and Rogers changed to dinner wear in the rooms he kept in an apartment house on California Street. If they did, he always had some errand between six and half past six, returning only when Dina was dressed. She was never conscious of any



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embarrassment about it; he was like a good-natured older brother, a brother whose admiring talk of another woman sometimes bored her and often made her feel a sense of pity for his simplicity.

She never got quite used to being introduced as his wife, but that was perhaps because so many of his friends were amazed at the situation, too. The men would hold her hands, laughing, looking admiration at her youth, and teasing Rogers for being a cradle snatcher. The women were almost invariably nice to her; she grew less afraid of them and more sure of herself. Always she remembered his first advice, to be silent and smile, and although she knew that some of them thought Rogers' wife an absolute fool, she made very few mistakes, and often really enjoyed herself.

"That Mrs. Berry—that Betsey Berry—was she the one who talked about me, Rogers?"

"When'd she talk about you?"

"Don't you remember? Don't you remember Mrs. Havens—Aline—telling you that day—or no, you asked her what she'd said to Betsey Berry?"

"Oh, that was a shot in the dark, Geraldine. And you saw how it took! No, I don't think Betsey ever said anything unkind about anyone. I was trying to scare Aline, and it worked."

"I'm glad Mrs. Berry didn't say anything mean about me for she was so nice to me at the club today."

"HAVE any fun at the club lunch?" Rogers asked.

"Well, I liked watching the tennis. I'm beginning to understand tennis—how they score it."

"And how much do you like all this going around? Pebble Beach next Saturday and Minnie Carleton's dinner Tuesday night, and people coming here Wednesday?"

"But the people coming here Wednesday are going to play bridge, aren't they?" Dina asked, alarmed.

"They are, until about half past one, probably! You don't mind all this gadding?"

Dina hesitated. They were playing backgammon, and now she slowly turned the big dice about, sometimes setting up one number, sometimes another. The spring evening was warm; they had no fire tonight. The light from a floor lamp fell upon her shining head.

"I like it better when we're just alone here, like tonight," she presently said.

"You really do?"

"I like the days with nothing in them but my Spanish lesson or maybe our going to town to a movie or walking or working with your stamps. If we have a date I'm thinking about it—I'm a little scared about it—all day."

"It's years," the man said, "since I've gone around this way. I think it's your doing. I get a great kick about arriving places with you, and having you peel off your coat—"

"Always an effort when it's my new coat," Dina said, and Rogers laughed.

"They all like you," he said, "and it makes me—it makes me important. Everyone's interested—all my mother's old friends, Van's friends."

"I make you important?" Dina echoed, faint emphasis on the pronouns.

"You do, my dear. And one reason is," Rogers worked it out, "that you're happy. They can see it. The way you talk of this place, the way you let them see that you're not anxious to be asked to parties—not interested in dancing and night clubs—"

"Good heavens!" Dina said under her breath.

"Well, things will be quieter now," Rogers went on. "Everyone's going away. But this has been a queer sort of happy time for me, Geraldine, seeing people I haven't seen for years, getting into things again. Having my bride steal Aline's thunder," he finished with a smile.

"What'll they think—what'll they think in July, Rogers?" she asked, shrinking, her troubled eyes meeting his for a second, moving away again.

"Nothing. They'll all be away, going off to Honolulu and the Rogue River and Lake Tahoe and the East, and there'll be a baby here when they all get back—a premature baby, and that'll be that!"

"I thought—you remember we talked once?—of my going away, not coming back until perhaps October. But now I would rather not do that. I'm so—so sheltered here," Dina said, getting up to go look out of the window into a moon-washed night. "That is, unless you have some feeling about it."

"My feeling about it is that I'd rather have you here. Nobody bothers us and what goes on is nobody's business. We couldn't be better hidden than here. We go only the places we want to go. No one bothers us."

"You're taking a long trip. There's a dark man beside you and— Oh, oh, we're being interrupted for a late news flash"

BARBARA SHERMUND

"I'M IN a sort of dream, Rogers," Dina said, coming back to her chair, beginning to set up the men for another game. "I've been in a dream, since that day we went to Reno. Before that, maybe. I hope I won't wake up—I hope I'll never wake up!"

"Not a bad dream, Geraldine?" he asked, watching her intently.

"Oh, no, not a bad dream." Her earnest, shadowed eyes, with their look of young pain and puzzlement, went to his. "It's just that nothing is quite real," she said; "it began when I first liked Vere."

She had rarely mentioned him, the color came into her face as she said his name.

"After—after Paradise Valley," she went on, "it was all like a dream in which, you know, you sort of feel ahead, with a kind of—of being frightened, of being terrified, what's going to happen. But you can't stop it. You say, in your dream, 'Oh, here it comes, here it comes—' and it's so horrible. But you can't stop it.

"You remember, Rogers, when we went down to the Community Playhouse to see Six Characters in Search of an Author? Something like that. I think I knew from the very beginning that I was one of those girls who had to play it out—had to watch for the postman, and worry, and say to herself, 'No, it can't be so! Vere does love me! There's some mistake. He'll come back and make it all right!' "

"THERE are lots of them, Geraldine," Rogers commented mildly, as she stopped with a faraway look in her eyes.

"Oh, lots of them! But all through I had that dreamy feeling, that Vere *was* the kind that would go away, that after all I'd heard and all I knew—and all I'd been, Rogers, in school and in my job, it would happen to me!

"And then to come here, and see the ring on my hand, and go around this house with the servants calling me 'Mrs. Holland.' That was still the dream, and these lunches and dinners and cocktail parties—they're still the dream, too. Reality," she said, "reality's Railway Flats, and Dina Cashman getting breakfast and taking her brown sweater off the line not quite dry and rushing over to Meyer's."

"After a while it'll seem realer to you. Gradually you'll awake."

"I'll come alive," she said. "Instead of dreaming true like Peter Ibbetson I'll begin to live true and stop dreaming. Well, see if you can shake a five, Rogers, and we'll start on a double."

The Cashman family moved to Stockton on a hot May afternoon. Their heavier movables made the sixty-mile trip in the battered little truck of a Chinese fruit farmer; Art and Myrna, with the two younger girls, drove up in the family car among ropes and bales, bags and boxes, brooms and bedding. Their father, with his favorite, El'ner, had preceded them by bus, leaving his wife and Donny to settle matters at Railway Flats and report the loss of the key to the landlord.

The advance party was to spend the night at an auto camp near their new home, a prospect which filled them with an excited sense of being travelers. The girls had packed pajamas and brushes; they fluttered about in a very glory of departure and adventure.

"But where'll we have dinner, Art?"

"Oh, some restaurant! Tomorrow we can cook lunch in the kitchen."

The thrill of it carried them over any twinges of farewell to the neighbors at Railway Flats. Envious schoolmates stood about; the Cashmans were going to live in Stockton!

Dina remained behind with her mother and Donny; two days later she and Hall returned with the big car, and the last members of the Cashman family were taken in state to the new home. By this time, she hoped, Art and her father and Myrna would have the yellow house in some sort of order; she was pleasantly surprised upon arriving to find that they had taken the business of settling in very seriously, and that the place already presented a homelike and orderly aspect.

ROGERS had seen to it that the rugs were laid and the old curtains, freshly starched, restored to place at the shining windows. To the Cashmans it was incredible that there should be so many big comfortable chairs, so many deep bureaus. When Dina and her mother arrived El'ner and Lou were shyly making friends with two pigtailed small blondes from across the street, Dooley was putting scalloped oilcloth on kitchen shelves, and Myrna was trilling joyously at the piano.

Only superficial tasks were left: the distribution of a grocery order; directions to the nice young man who came to connect the telephone; arrangement of the family's shabby small addition of sheets and towels with the comfortable stacks of linen already in the closet.

"Me with a linen closet! Pa'll have a vallay next," Ethel Cashman observed.

Dina sat watching them all in the light of the warm spring afternoon. There was an apple tree outside the kitchen window; there were roses and flat lilies and marigolds in the garden. Everybody was busy—laughing, coming and going. She felt herself far away from them now; she was tired, and the prospect of being taken quietly home through the green countryside, presently to be resting on her wide bed in her own big room, presently to go downstairs in the taffeta dress and sit telling Rogers all about it, was infinitely restful.

She looked at the clothes her sisters were hanging in closets, folding into drawers. The same old clothes that she had seen them wearing only a few months ago, yet such aeons away! Ma's mottled red-and-yellow comb; Donny's little reefer with two buttons gone; Myrna's glassy transparent yellow raincoat. She had no part in them now; no part in this swarming hive of life and youth and eagerness. Something stronger than any mere physical barrier, any physical distance between them, had shut her away.

IT WAS some three months later, on a chilly, windy July afternoon that the evening papers had the news: there had been an accident on the Bayshore Highway; Rogers Holland, who had been driving the car, was only slightly bruised, but Mrs. Holland, his only passenger, had been taken to the hospital in a serious condition.

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The morning papers confirmed the story, and added that Mrs. Holland's little daughter had been born some hours after the accident.

"Save me everything the papers say about Margaret!" Dina said, when Rogers came into her room at midnight. "You've been crying," she reproached him. "And what a bruise! And your hand tied up!"

"I was scared about you," he said. "You—you're wonderful! I just wanted to say what a sport I think you are and they all say you are!"

"She said you could stay three minutes. Did you see the baby?"

"I'm to see her now."

"She's perfectly whole, anyway," said Dina. "I made them show her to me. I was afraid going over that bank might have been bad for her. They said I was brave?"

"To have your leg set while you were having a baby?"

"Rogers, don't be disappointed in her. Black hair and red spots. She looks so like a baby rat I almost pushed her off the bed!"

"You better let go, dear. They'll throw me out."

She had been clinging to his hand.

"It was awful, Rogers."

He set his jaw, shut his eyes, shuddered.

"But it's over. I had chicken soup. Imagine, Rogers! Lunching with you at home and now this!"

"I know. What an afternoon! And, Geraldine, have you thought of this? The accident takes care of the question of dates—there won't ever be any talk, now."

"YOU mean her coming too soon?" Dina's eyes, in a pale face, were wise and content. Her wet hair was still clinging to her forehead; there were still about her the odors of anesthetic and antiseptics; she wore a hospital nightgown of coarse, unbleached, much-laundered linen, buttoned in back. But perhaps the man found her beautiful, for the look in his eyes had in it something of reverence.

"Nothing seems to matter now except that she's here and all right," she said. "My mother asked me to name her Margaret for her mother. My name is Margaret Geraldine," Dina added. "Is that all right with you?"

"It was my mother's name, too."

"I know. Is that all right? I'm still a little dopey, so don't be afraid of tiring me!" Dina broke off to say: "I'm slap happy."

"You won't be slap happy tomorrow. Why wouldn't it be all right? Another Margaret Holland."

"I didn't know." She looked straight at him. A nurse came in from behind a screen at the door.

"Mr. Holland—I'm sorry—but this girl was smashed all to pieces at noon today and she's had a baby."

"I know! Goodby, dear. I'm going to see Margaret. What is it?" For she still held his hand.

"Only this, Rogers. I've known it all day long," Dina whispered. "I'm still stupid; I'm not quite sure where I am or what's happened. But just this last hour or two—when I waked up with my leg in plaster and Margaret here, I've known it. I'm awake!"

IT WAS strange to be invalided. It was strange to lie day after day in her big, comfortable room, with Mrs. Bucket coming in morning and afternoon to stop and gossip, Miss Rafferty, the nurse, bringing up trays, and Ida, the gentle, quiet colored woman, taking full charge of little Margaret.

The broken leg had knitted satisfactorily and in record time; the fracture had been slight and there had been no need of pulleys and weights, but a tedious complication had developed in the other leg long before Dina was allowed to walk, and the weeks stretched into months, and still there seemed to be no change in sight.

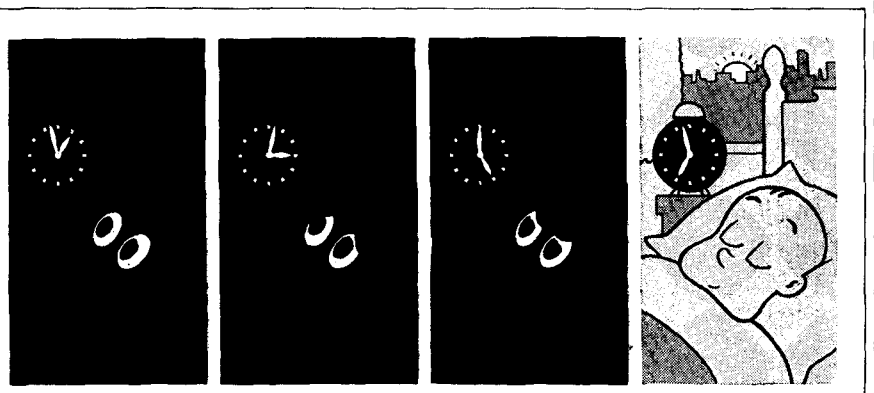
They had brought her home from the hospital in ten days, miraculously escaped from the accident that might have killed both her and her child. Dina was patient. She conceded a four- or five-week imprisonment in bed. A broken leg and a baby were a bad combination, and after all, she wanted to get quite well while she was about it.

But the joking stopped for a few days when she realized that as one leg came steadily back to normal, the other began to show signs of poisoning, and that all the courage and patience she could command were going to be needed in the long weeks ahead. For a while it seemed to her that she could not face it, and Rogers came in more than once to find her unable to keep back the tears.

She had never been ill. She had looked forward to the care of her baby, to peaceful days in the old house when she and her child would be alone for hours.

Instead, her room became the center of an unwonted activity. Friends who had not come to the Holland home for years appeared with good wishes and presents for the new Holland baby; messengers with flowers and with telegrams came and went, and the tiny Margaret was regularly displayed by her beaming attendant to afternoon callers.

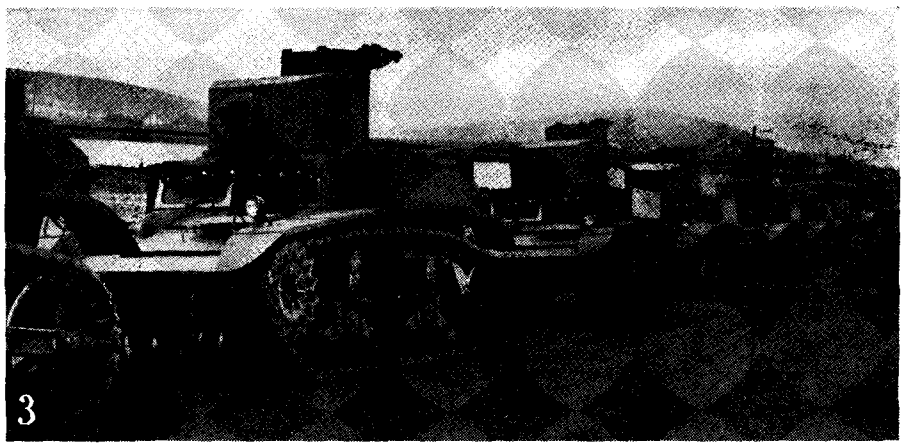
But with the rapidity characteristic of the invalid who does not suffer, and with her own active mind and imagination to aid her, Dina presently settled to the inevitable, and found her days surprisingly full. Miss Rafferty, whose affection and enthusiasm and sympathy were in themselves a cure, was busy with her for an hour or two after her leisurely breakfast. When the newspapers and the tray, the soaps and towels and basins had gone, the baby came in, and her bassinet was placed where her mother, looking downward, could study the small, placid face for quarter hours together. Before Margaret's two-o'clock and six-o'clock bottles Dina could hold her for a blissful interval, and now and then when Margaret roared in the night, Ida brought her in to her mother while



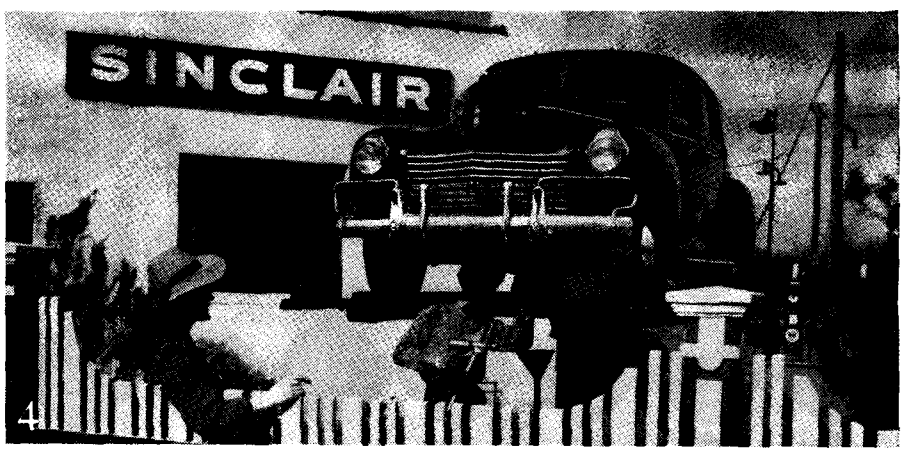
Insomnia CROCKETT JOHNSON

Dorothy Lamour, star of the Paramount picture "Aloma of the South Seas", is pictured inspecting . . .

. . . one of 3,089 tanks being built by the American Car and Foundry Company, Berwick, Pa. Each tank will be delivered to the U. S. Army supplied with Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil and other Sinclair lubricants. The fact that . . .



. . . Sinclair products were selected to lubricate these powerful tanks is convincing proof that you can depend on Sinclair lubricants to give dependable service in your car. Stop at a . . .



. . . Sinclair Dealer and ask for Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil the next time you buy oil. Sinclair Pennsylvania lasts so long it saves you money. Try it.

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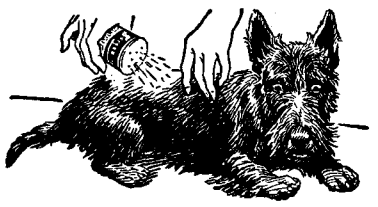
I'LL TELL YE ABOOT FLEAS! Th' flea is a wee vicious beastie—and verra onnecessary. Besides th' torture o' his bite, he carries wi' him th' eggs o' worrms! A verra low character!



YE'LL AGREE WI' ME, he desairves t' be done t' death afore his nosty wurrk is begun. And guid SKIP-FLEA POWDER is th' way t' do it! That and SKIP-FLEA SOAP *are fatal to fleas!*

FOR MYSEL', I use th' twa o' them in th' verra thrifty Sergeant's *Flea Insurance Kit,* and I ha'e no trooble wi' th' beasties. At drug and pet stores, and a *free* new Sergeant's DOG BOOK.

In this design, the wings flutter when the card is opened.
SOMETHING New
Animated GOLDEN BELL
GREETING CARDS - They Move
SEE THEM AT YOUR 5 AND 10

a warm meal and a dry crib were being prepared.

Every day the little Spanish nun came over for a lesson, and Dina worked hard at her written exercises. In midafternoon, when the baby slept, she dozed, and afterward she was helped into her prettiest nightgown and her Japanese jacket and callers found her fresh and philosophical and there was much laughter in the room.

Sometimes Rogers came up to join the women, and Dina rejoiced to see that he grew more and more to enjoy these visits and these visitors, when Lily would bring up trays of tall glasses, and the talk would turn to old days. Rogers' mother had been a social leader, and a friend to all these women as young girls or younger wives. There was such congratulation for the father of the small, sturdy, flourishing Holland baby, and he accepted it pleasantly, and watched Margaret's progress with almost as much interest as Dina's own.

The big phonograph had been moved upstairs, and after a few games of cards after dinner, when Dina grew tired of her somewhat cramped position, there was a concert. Rogers brought records upstairs, assorted them and arranged them in order, and he himself went about lowering lights and placing chairs. Dina would settle on her pillows, Miss Rafferty come in quietly to slip into a chair, Rogers lie back in his own great leather chair, and the glorious strains of operas, Rosenkavalier and Rheingold, Boris and even Iolanthe would drift through the quiet place. Dina came to know Tchaikovsky's symphonies, Beethoven's majestic sonatas, Vienna waltzes and Russian ballets. Sometimes tears would be on her cheeks as she listened; she would open her eyes to smile across the room at her husband.

"Chopin," he would apologize; "too sad for you?"

"No, I love it. I *love* it!" And she *did* love it, even though it seemed to have the power to wash away all the changes and pain of the past years, and take her back again to the wild, gay, gypsy little Dina who had mothered her brothers and sisters at ten, and camped wherever her parents' fickle fancy stopped the shabby car, and dreamed of a future in which whatever happened she would always be a leader and an idol.

SHE played patience if ever there was a dull hour; she had books of puzzles and became so absorbed in them that often the announcement of a visitor caused her a pang of regret. And she had books, an endless river of books poured through the room, Mrs. Bucket rarely entering without one or two that she had picked from the old library downstairs, Rogers instructing a San Francisco bookseller to keep her supplied with what was new.

Above all, there was the baby for an inexhaustible distraction, joy, pride, anxiety and responsibility. All the women in the house circled about Margaret, and the slightest fluctuation in her little routine caused them wild excitement. Miss Rafferty, the tiny, dainty, always immaculately clad nurse, would go skimming downstairs for fresh bed linen or a malted milk from the refrigerator; Chong would come puffing upstairs with the baby's bottle; Ida, the colored girl, and Lily, the upstairs maid, debated daily as to just what corner of the sun porch should be honored by the crib; Mrs. Bucket was early convinced the baby knew her and repeatedly sent both maids off to an evening's movies for the express purpose of being left in charge of the sleeping infant. Eager advantage was taken of every excuse that anyone could find to pick Margaret up, change her clothes, bathe her, poke her limp little arms into sweaters or wrap her up in her "bunting" on a foggy morning. Fortunately she was a serene, sweet lump of a baby, passing amiably from hand to hand, and rewarding her attendants with smiles.

What Dina thought of her nobody could have said, least of all Dina. The familiar phrase "having a baby," and the cataclysmic, world-shaking experience of having brought Margaret into the world seemed to have nothing in common. It had taken her to new depths of terror and suffering and raised her to new heights of joy, new heights of that relief that is the blissful forerunner of joy. These were her secret; she could share them with no one. But she liked to lie still at night and bring them to memory like treasures to be turned over and hugged to her heart in the darkness, or to waken before the summer dawn, when a pearly light was in the room, and Margaret fussing for her first meal could be heard in the adjoining apartment, and remember it all again.

Of the accident she had no impression whatsoever. On that fatal morning Rogers had been driving her to the city. Andrew Havens had been at the house earlier in the day adding some finishing touches to her portrait. The portrait had been completed weeks earlier but Andrew's exhibition had been postponed until the fall and he had wanted to lighten the shadow on Dina's face and—so he said—give more life to her hair. Dina and Rogers had been talking casually as the car approached the underpass entering South San Francisco. She had not even glimpsed the small, tearing jalopy that had forced a great truck to swerve and to knock Rogers' car from the road. Her first impression, when she had been conscious of any at all, came when she was being picked up for the ambulance trip to the hospital.

The gravelly, wet thing that had laid on her eyes she had discovered to be her hand; a great many other hands were lifting her; voices were murmuring shocked monosyllables.

She had been wheeled somewhere, a flat, broken thing with a blanket laid over all the blood and sweat, smashed bone and flesh. Pain had suddenly assailed her from half a dozen directions at once; her leg, her shoulder, her head aching heavily, and nausea shaking her whole racked being in spasmodic attacks. And then a new pain, creeping and all-embracing—lessening and coming back, stabbing and rending again. Swooning off into blackness, swooning back into consciousness, she had heard a doctor's voice, close to her face, "I don't know!"

SHE and Rogers had started for town shortly before twelve. Margaret Holland had been born to a bandaged mother with her leg in a cast at five. Hills and valleys of pain had lain between; Dina had been soaked with blood and sweat when first she had heard her child cry; her voice had come from a throat that was sore with screaming.

But strange mystery of pain and relief from pain! She loved the memory. She loved to think of resting, resting, pain over, and of the receding headache, the relaxed muscles. Then, so gently that she was not moved at all, had come the fresh nightgown, fresh sheets, warm blankets, lowered lights after the glare of the surgery, and someone saying: "She's a little darling; six pounds and a half, and quite perfect!" Then the taste of chicken soup—such good soup—

"One never goes back," she said to Rogers.

"Was it so awful?"

"I don't mean that. I just mean that—one never goes back."

"I suppose not."

"To start," Dina mused, "in that terrible little kitchen of ours in Railway Flats. I mean my first inkling that there might be a baby. Rainy and smelling of ashes and swill and pigs, and my feeling so sick, and everything dark and muddy with no money anywhere, and then to have her turn out to be a little fresh, warm rose with everything clean and safe about her! And now to feel so proud!"

"I think you may well feel proud," he told her.

Her head drooped. She spoke in a low tone. "Never proud again," she said.

(To be continued next week)

"You've convinced me but then I'm not my sister" REAMER KELLER

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Bowery Café

Continued from page 22

orders, the populace was eating sketchily but Frank even then knew the psychology of the masses. Give 'em entertainment and they'll find the money for it somehow. He got his weekly take up to thirty-seven bucks clear profit at one juncture. Then he started for Detroit and worked successively at Packard, Fisher Body, Murray Body, Briggs Body, Hudson and Chrysler. By this time he had saved $1,300 and was looking around for an investment. The Bowery was going for $2,500 and Frank bought it, borrowed a thousand bucks from his brother in Herrin, signed a note for $500 and had $300 for working capital. Also he had a tough place that was just about to be closed up by the police. Also it had a clientele that adored Saturday night brawls. When Frank broke up a rush of eight gentlemen by flattening the leader, there was great wonderment at his success.

"I hit him with a furnace shooker," said Frank modestly.

But by promoting carioca contests, waltz contests, neighborhood parties, fox trot contests and amateur song competitions, Frank was able to keep the place alive. In 1937 he obtained his liquor license; by 1939 he decided that the time had come for bigger action. Hence the big names, the expensive shows, the gamble. Fifi D'Orsay was the first name act, being followed by Jackie Coogan. Frank formed a permanent chorus of sixteen girls, he hired every out-of-town performer that ventured into Detroit. Since the show ran on endlessly and the stars only appeared twice a night, he needed lots of talent.

"Molding acts," said the cynics around town. "The kind that climb out of the woodwork."

In a frenzy Frank changed his booker every day, not waiting for the end of the week. Finally he settled on Joe Iodice, who has been handling the place since. His great find, years before, had been Charley Carlisle, who held over under the new policy, very ribald and funny. Mr. Carlisle smokes his long cigar, m.c.'s the show, introduces the visiting firemen. . . . "The Elks Club of Bay City has sent a delegation tonight. . . . A big hand for these handsome people, my hearties." Mr. Carlisle composes little homilies, such as, "I'd rather pay taxes than belong to the Axis," he compliments Mr. Frank Barbaro shamelessly, adding, "If that don't get me a raise, there ain't a cow in Texas," he kids the acts, he insults the audience, he makes an open solicitation of free cigars. He is a riot.

A Picture to Remember

The Bowery has been popularized as much as anything else by its remarkable advertising. It generally appears two columns wide and about five inches deep in the Detroit papers. The entire left hand is taken up with the picture of Mr. Frank Barbaro. At the head of the right hand, in mountain-sized letters, it says some more about the Bowery and Mr. Frank Barbaro. Down at the very right-hand corner, in small type, will be the name of the star. Lou Holtz or Sophie Tucker or Gertrude Niesen, almost readable.

"My pixsture," says Frank in explanation, "eez to rememb."

Barbaro handles everything himself and never leaves the place. His only vacation has been an overnight trip to New York to be a guest at Ben Marden's Riviera. It was his first ride in a plane, his first tuxedo. He refused to allow the stewardess to strap him in with a safety belt; he was deaf for a week after the trip.

"I'm telling you true about Noo York," says Frank. "Nawtheeng doin'."

His accent is exactly like that and there is little chance that it will improve at this late day. If it handicaps him, the figures don't show it. He is unmarried, lives several miles from the Bowery but often sleeps there in the tiny office overnight, keeps his finger in every pie, is called Frank by everybody but is very formal in addressing others, manages to mollify the politicians of Hamtramck without trouble and refuses to rent concessions at his establishment.

No Room for the Public

His café is almost invariably sold out in advance for Saturday and Sunday and he spent a great deal of money during the famous Lou Holtz engagement warning the public by advertisements that they should keep away from Wednesday on. He is a great gambler on the nags and once owned a stable of six that nearly drove him nuts. "They ate all night," says Frank. He has sponsored teams in every sport known, provided they advertised Frank Barbaro, but his real ambition is to manage a world's heavyweight champion. Right now he is grooming one Joe Spano, 220-pounds, eighteen years old. Joe also eats pretty heavily but in contrast with six horses it doesn't seem important. He has not had any fights. Frank is willing to wait.

Part of the charm of the Bowery lies in the sweet attitude of its hired hands in regard to its merits. When Joseph Cotten, who has a leading role in Citizen Kane with Orson Welles, visited the institution, asked for the menu and ordered a roast beef sandwich, the waitress shook her head sadly.

"You wouldn't want that," she said decidedly.

Mr. Cotten looked at the menu again and thought maybe an omelet would be all right.

"Well, if you wanna," said the lady, giving up.

So it goes in old Ham-trammick. The orchestra blares away; the strip-tease lady does her stuff; the chorus hoofs like mad; the stars sing and tell jokes and have the time of their lives. Over it all hangs the spirit of Mr. Frank Barbaro. When Gertrude Niesen appeared at the Bowery, Mr. Barbaro had a great idea. She would come to his office and he would lead her to the stage through the audience, thus giving a homey touch. Miss Niesen looked at the teeming multitude.

"And I get up there with nothing but my limbs missing," she said, and the subject was dropped.

When Emil Boreo led his Nights in Paris revue into the Bowery recently, there was a slight difficulty between the male member of a Cuban rumba team and Mr. Benny Resh of the orchestra. The Cuban gentleman complained audibly about the tempo employed by Mr. Resh. Passing Mr. Resh at the conclusion of the number, he uttered a derogatory noise, which enraged Mr. Resh to the point where he leaped off the stand and took a poke at his heckler. It was a fine little melee while it lasted and Mr. Barbaro was properly outraged. He bawled out Mr. Resh with some vigor.

"I'm telling you the true, Benny," he cried indignantly. "If annabody!"

It is part of Mr. Barbaro's pride that he runs a decent establishment. Two bouncers. And Mr. Barbaro.

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Fire Guards the Indies

Continued from page 21

proud patriotism. This gas certainly was stronger than the others. Whiffing it with extreme caution it nevertheless burned the nose and the throat.

"Tear gas," the professor said, offering another bottle. "Not serious."

I asked whether it was good for people to sit around sampling poison gases.

"Just a little at a time is all right," he said. "And every one who passes through this school can identify them all immediately and that is very necessary."

The efficiency of the Dutch has always been considerable, but in the Orient, in the tropics, it is breath-taking. Nothing is left to chance if they can help it. The enemy is not underestimated. They have tried to foresee and protect against every phase of modern war. Here they are, you say to yourself (feeling all the while a little dazed and dreamy), in a modern building, carefully studying poison gases. In the courtyard, six men in murderously hot rubber overalls are practicing gas decontamination. On the second floor, in a lightless maze, which is an imitation of a ship's engine room and which is flooded with tear gas, six men in gas masks are being trained to get out of a difficult and dangerous place in a quick, orderly manner.

Sometimes the Dutch use the most modern methods, as they are doing here. Sometimes they notch heavy trees for dynamite charges, so that roads will be blocked for miles by fallen trunks. Whatever they do, they do it thoroughly, in a matter-of-fact way, as if all this were perfectly normal.

I thanked the professor and told him I hoped his students would never have to put their knowledge into practice. He hoped so too. He had seen gas used in the last war. You never can tell what this war will bring.

Everybody's Business

Driving back from the navy yard, we passed the home defense. The home defense is every white man in the Netherlands Indies who is not already in the army, navy or air force. Three times a week, the businessmen and bankers, the doctors and the retired rubber planters set out in their cars or on their bicycles, wearing green uniforms (and sometimes marvelously incongruous footwear, cloth-topped patent-leather laced shoes, the fancy gear of a different generation). They ride or pedal to the training ground and the president of the oil company is apt to be taking orders from his lowest filing clerk.

In villages that are far from any road, there are natives who watch, and stand by a skin-covered gong. The air-raid warnings pounded from gong to gong will go beating through the countryside, across rice fields or jungle to all the scattered campongs. The blond ladies of Batavia will take over nursing jobs in field hospitals or direct ARP work. Everyone who can be trained has a job.

There are few good landing places on the big islands, luckily for the Dutch, and these are well defended. Air fields have been scooped out of the jungle and provisioned with food, petrol, bombs and machine-gun cartridges. The Dutch have been working, as the Dutch can, since May 10, 1940. Obviously, they lack much necessary material, and obviously also their armed forces are small. But with what they have, or can make, using the man power they can train, profiting by the difficulties of the terrain and the difficult sea approaches, they have done wonders. It is assumed that their defense plans are tied up to Singapore and Australia (a sure assumption). And like everyone else in this part of the world, the Dutch fervently hope that the U. S. Navy will not forget them in time of need. Meantime, their motto is: The Lord helps those who help themselves.

A Truly Idiotic War

The Dutch are not only preparing to defend their islands: they are ready to destroy everything the Japanese want in case they cannot keep the Japanese out. Mainly, right now, the Japanese want oil, though they can use anything that comes their way, from rice to timber. The Dutch have plenty of oil. They sell it to the Japanese. They sell the Japanese twice as much oil this year as last year. The Japanese can use the oil to fuel their industrial plants, even to run their ships (but not their planes). The Japanese are not allowed to buy so much oil that they can reship any part of it to Germany.

As a matter of fact the Japanese can buy now as always before at regulation prices everything they might make a war to get. It is just a question of whether you want to buy or seize, or whether you run your country so that you *can* buy, or whether you run your country so that you *must* seize. The Netherlands Indies imports more from Japan than from any other nation. If the Japanese invade the Netherlands Indies, it will be a truly idiotic war.

A government official said to me in Batavia, "Everything we have burns like hell. Sugar, rubber, oil. . . ."

The Netherlands Indies oil fields are in Borneo, Sumatra and Central Java. There is a fine field on Tarakan, a twenty-five-mile long island off the northwest coast of Borneo. This island has nothing except oil and a garrison of soldiers. It is not one of the world's beauty spots. It is hotter than the inside of a steam boiler; a beautiful, poisonous yellow flower grows in hedges along the roads; the wet, deadly jungle keeps moving back over cleared land, closing in on the oil derricks and the airfield. Tarakan is the most undisguised suicide post I have ever seen.

The wells here produce a very fine quality of fuel oil. The storage tanks are behind two long loading piers that run out through mud shallows to blue deep water. "It is all arranged," the manager of the B.P.M. oil company told me (talking amiably and sensibly as if he were explaining how to grow roses). "We mix benzine with the oil to make it burn," he said. "We have it piped from the tanks to the piers, we will just let it run out onto the water, too. Then we will light it. Very easy. The piers will burn, there will be fire on the water and the tanks will burn and the houses. This whole part of the island will be in flames."

"Oh," I said. "Then what?"

"At the same time we will be destroying the wells," he said. "That is easy, too. We lift up the pumps and let them fall into the wells. They will be bent or broken, useless anyhow; and the wells are blocked. It would take six months to clear them. And where would the Japanese be able to get new pumps?"

"Yes," I said. "Who is going to do this?"

"Each man has his instructions. Each knows what he must do. It is easy. We also set fire to the field, so that all the structure of the derricks is burned. It will be a very big mess," he added. "It will not be worth taking."

In Sumatra and Java also the wells will be dynamited or burned or sealed with cement, the machinery will be destroyed with sledge hammers and acetylene torches, the storage tanks and refineries will go up in great black clouds of smoke. Sugar and rubber make a fine blaze, too. The rice supply, stored in 300 depots throughout the islands, will be given to the natives and the Japanese will never get a grain of it. If this rubber-tin-oil war ever starts, and if the Japanese succeed in invading the Netherlands Indies, they will find, as they advance, ruin. It took a long time to build this Eden; it will not take very long to blow up roads and bridges, burn all factories, destroy all supplies and leave Eden a wasteland.

The Netherlands Indies are truly (and not just for tourist pamphlets) a paradise. All mixed up together there are the beautiful ruins of old temples and palaces, the dancers of Bali, the batik workers of Java, rubber, tobacco, oil, sugar, copra, most of the world's quinine, tin, gold and mountains rearing up 12,000 feet into the hot, tropical sky.

The Dutch have done a typical job of tidying up the tropics and making the Orient look really clean. And, of course, this paradise is a paying proposition.

They have also built cities (with canals, probably from homesickness) and the cities are good. The handsome white 18th century palace of the governor in Batavia, the opera house, the Harmonic Club which never shuts its doors night or day, the Art Museum, are buildings you would admire anywhere. It is understandable that people wish to hang onto their wealth: but hanging onto wealth does not explain the determination of the Dutch. They not only conquered a paradise, they kept it fine and they made it more beautiful. It is hard to imagine anyone dying for an oil well, but you can believe people will not easily abandon 350 years of building a magnificent country.

People ask: in case of war, will the natives panic? Will the natives remain loyal? The Dutch say no, they will not panic. Yes, they will remain loyal. These questions can be answered only after the event; after the first bomb lands, if there is going to be a bomb.

Safety Means Loyalty

Practically, if the natives panic, they will simply disappear into the country, and that will be a very sound solution of the air-raid problem. You cannot build adequate bomb shelters in cities where water lies just beneath the topsoil. As to loyalty (such a loose word anyhow) why would the natives prefer the Japanese to the Dutch? The natives know that their country is a rare and valuable thing, a treasure like the Kohinoor diamond. The only safety for such a jewel is to put it in a bank. In this case the Dutch are the bank. The natives are smart enough to realize they alone cannot protect their jewel, in a greedy world. The Dutch have not treated the natives with contempt or cruelty. You get the rare impression that there the natives actually like the white men. They may think the white men are pitiful or insane, with their wars, but still the white men are not necessarily enemies.

The Japanese have a long way to come, if they are to attack the Netherlands Indies. And once they get there, there is an awful lot of the Netherlands Indies. It is 3,600 miles from Tokyo to Batavia. The Indies themselves, from east to west, stretch 3,100 miles. The waters surrounding the 2,000 islands of the Netherlands Indies are not good waters for a battle fleet to maneuver in. The islands, ringed by shallows and hemmed in by jungle, are no cinch to walk over. The Japanese certainly know all the difficulties better than anyone else, except the Dutch. There are a good many people in the Netherlands Indies who doubt that the Japanese are going to start this war.

The talk goes this way: if England wins the war, the Japanese would be kicked out of the Netherlands Indies, so what is the use of risking their fleet in an effort to grab something they cannot keep?

If Germany wins the war, would Hitler allow the Japanese to keep one of the richest prizes in the world? In which case, again why risk the Japanese fleet? People do not forget how Poland stole a piece of Czechoslovakia and was later entirely swallowed up.

"I reason with him—appeal to his sense of right and wrong—do everything the book says. Then Eddie gives him a good licking and it works wonders"

DAVE GERARD

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Then people say: Do not reason. Reason is foolish. The Japanese military clique does not work on a basis of reason or why would they ever have started the war in China? And do not forget, they say, that the Japanese propaganda machine has been concentrating for years on "the New Order in Asia." That is the danger, the authorities say. Look at the schoolbooks of the children in Japan. Look at the magazines. Look at the stuff the Japanese people are fed all the time. The military clique will have to believe their own propaganda and act.

This Japanese propaganda is very curious and interesting. It begins to work on six-year-old tots, for whom there are brightly colored picture books which show the Japanese army, navy and air force always victorious, while other powers crumple beneath their savage onslaughts. (That is the tone.) There are lovely pictures showing Japanese bayoneting Chinese, burning houses, sinking ships, setting fire to grounded planes, waving bloody sabers, landing parachute troops and being generally invincible, if extremely ugly and bloodthirsty. Going right on through the propaganda designed for every mental age, one reaches at last a magazine called the Business World, which is a perfectly respectable Japanese publication supposedly printed for adults. Here the attack is on America. It seems that Japanese propaganda attacks in turn the Chinese, and the Western democracies, and the Dutch. There is no space to print entirely a wonderful article called America Comes to Self-Destruction, but here are some of the high lights:

America, according to the Japanese author, is entirely run by Jews, 90% of the government, including notably the President, Miss Perkins and Mr. Sumner Welles being the most outstanding examples. Mr. William Dudley Pelley, however, the leader of the Silver Shirts, the American Totalitarian Party, is going to save America for the true Americans. Joe Louis is the leader of the labor organization called the C.I.O. The object of this organization is to destroy small industrialists. It is all part of the New Deal, which is the same as what the Soviets call Bolshevism. The New Deal, however, was first started by Colonel House, who organized Marxism in an American way.

The fact that this stream of propaganda goes on inside Japan, and is smuggled to Japanese in foreign countries, worries people who ought to know what they are worrying about. They say simply: if the Japanese talk and write like this, for years, some day they will have to do something about it. They cannot very well admit they were lying, and that Japan does not need to rescue East Asia from the corrupt white man's domination.

No one, however, envies the admiral of the Japanese fleet who will be in command of the rescuing operation.

But when all the talk is done one fact remains: the United States Navy. Everyone in the Orient will agree about that. No matter what else may delay or prevent a war in these parts, the most calming influence in the Pacific is certainly our fleet.

If the Japanese can copy the Nazi propaganda methods, they can also copy that great Nazi weapon: the war of nerves. The Japanese have been waging a war of nerves for almost two years and it has been moderately successful in the Orient and very successful in America. The Dutch do not have bad nerves, and are poor subjects for the Japanese to work on. The Dutch have a country, a homeland, and they mean to defend it in case it is attacked. Until it is attacked, they will prepare without panic and with great efficiency. But they do point out that the war of nerves in the China Sea has not been a failure. The Japanese have immobilized in Malaya and Burma, the Netherlands Indies, Manila and Hong Kong a great many men, planes, tanks, ships, guns, munitions and supplies. By doing nothing at all, but forcing everybody to be ready in case they decide to start, the Japanese government has been a very useful ally to Germany. It now appears that he also serves Hitler who only sits and waits.

I was Beaned

Continued from page 19

spark plug of the team. It was the end of any challenge to Yankee power that summer, and the end of Cochrane as a ballplayer.

Often you've heard yells from the bench telling the pitcher not to let the batter dig in. This is merely a part of the eternal duel between batters and hitters. Hitters crowd the plate. The pitcher tries to "loosen them up" by throwing close and so driving them back. If you pitch high and inside to the average batter, you "set him up" for a low-inside pitch. Then a pitcher throws as close to the batter's head as he dares.

Players understand the position of the pitcher. They know his job depends on getting them out. So they don't resent being brushed back from the plate occasionally. A few dislike being thrown at, but my experience has been that it makes most players keener. My own average rose from .237 to .283 the year after I was beaned.

Headgear for batters has been proposed but has never met with success. Brooklyn this year introduced a new type of cap, which did away with the bulkiness of other protective headguards, and these have been of great help despite the accident to Mickey Owen when a pitch by Podgajny of the Phils clipped him a glancing blow over the eye. This sort of beaning is almost unheard of and nothing could protect against it. It is important, however, that Ducky Medwick and Peewee Reese of the same club have overcome their plate shyness by reason of wearing the new caps, despite their bad experiences last year.

I'm in favor of headgear, although I've seen only two men, Newsome and Jack Hayes, who wore them. Hayes told me after a few days he became accustomed to his, and it made no difference in his hitting. My feeling is that batters should wear a headguard of some kind.

Beanings can be tragic, but they can also have their funny side. In Boston, Bennie Karr was pitching, and Ira Flagstead was batting for the Sox. One of Karr's fast balls got away and struck Ira on the forehead over the right eye. Ira just stood there rubbing the bruise, while Karr raced in. After a minute Flagstead went to first.

"Are you hurt, Ira, are you hurt?" Karr called after him.

"Nope. Not at all." Flagstead kept going toward first. When Karr saw he was all right, he suddenly lost his temper: "Well, for the love of Pete, lie down, will you? It makes my fast ball look pretty lousy when I hit a man square on the head and can't even knock him down."

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The Servants of the Lord

Continued from page 16

"Hello, Rincon," the man in the gray suit said, in good Spanish. "How are things?"

"Not bad." Rincon was embarrassed suddenly.

"Off duty for a while?" Gray Suit said.

"For a while, Father," Rincon said.

"You people work hard," the other man said gravely. He looked older and thinner than when Rincon had first seen him several years before.

"No harder than we ought," Rincon said. "What are you doing so far from San Antonio?"

"I guess you know," Gray Suit said. "From the clothes." His smile was almost feeble.

He had known why, all right, Rincon thought. They were all crazy, Rincon knew, and this one among the craziest. Still, if they had all been like this one . . .

"You're going to go in again, huh?" Rincon said.

NOW Gray Suit looked embarrassed. He nodded his head and pulled in his lips slightly without speaking.

"It was bad last time," Rincon said. "You should know better."

"It is not so bad," Gray Suit said. "They do not kill us. Only in Tabasco have they killed us in recent years, and now no longer even there."

"No, they don't stand you against a wall any more. They just put you in one of those prisons and after a few days there, before the consul can get around to have you released, you get the dysentery and that kills you."

Gray Suit considered this a moment, blinking slowly. He was a simple man, Rincon thought, but all right. "No, it wasn't that bad," Gray Suit said. "There were three of us in jail in Chihuahua that last time when they got me. Only one of us died. And he was not a young man, like myself."

Rincon looked at the priest. "It is a wonder you can fool anyone, even with that hat and tie on," he said.

"It is strange," the priest conceded. "We fool all of them except those to whom we make ourselves known. There is only one class of people we do not fool. You would never guess who that is."

"It is obvious," Rincon said. "You do not fool the police. It is they who caught you."

"No," the priest said, "it is the waitresses. We fool all the others. But the waitresses, when we go into a café or little restaurant, immediately they become respectful, and that adds to the danger."

Unwilling to show that he was impressed, Rincon said, "You are all crazy. The priests and ministers. Myself, I am a practical man. I seek to avoid responsibility."

"You just say that," the priest said. "Your position is a responsible one."

"To me it is just a job."

"As you wish," the priest said. "You know, I was looking for you. It was I who wanted advice. At the ford, you know—is it safe to cross there still?"

Rincon shrugged. "Why not? We will not interfere with you or anyone going *into* Mexico. It is with those who are seeking to enter this country that we interfere. There is no patrol to speak of on the other side. It is later they will get you. I don't know why you bother."

"If the people want priests, we must go to them," the priest said. "But tell me, the ford has not shifted or anything like that? It is still there?"

"Yes. It is not used much any more. It is too well known."

"You will be riding by there tomorrow night?" the priest said. "If you hear someone on a mule, it will be myself. You and your partner will not mind?"

"It is your business," Rincon said. "I think you are crazy but I wish you luck. I must go now. To meet a friend across the river. *Adios.*"

"*Adios,*" the priest said. "I shall pray for you."

ALVAREZ was waiting for him in the patio behind the bar where the white tablecloths gleamed in the thin electric light from the bare bulbs strung randomly overhead. There was a young woman with Alvarez, as usual, handsome until she smiled and the gold tooth showed.

"*Amigo,*" Alvarez said, rising and embracing Rincon. He slapped lightly Rincon's hips for a gun, but Rincon did not feel insulted.

"I thought you were dead or in jail," Rincon said.

Alvarez laughed loudly. "Not I, *amigo,* not I." It was all much too hearty and Rincon knew that something unpleasant would be mentioned soon.

IT CAME after a while, when the meal was about over. With Alvarez, Rincon knew, the man gave himself away by many small things. Now he had started to call Rincon *José.* . . . To let Rincon know they were both of Mexican blood.

"*Vamos!*" Alvarez said suddenly to the girl. His grip on her arm was heavy enough to make her wince as he half dragged her up from the chair without rising himself. "Sit at the other end of the bar until we are through."

The girl went away, and Alvarez grinned at Rincon. "You look nervous, *José, amigo,*" he said. "You think I am going to ask for something dangerous but I am not."

"No?" Rincon said.

"No. Tomorrow night I will be driving a small mule train, possibly two burros, across at the ford below the *lomas.* You will be on patrol in that area tomorrow, no?"

"You know," Rincon said.

"It would be to my advantage, to say nothing of your own, if I were not to be noticed."

Rincon stared at the edge of the table to the left of Alvarez. He was quiet for longer than he realized, until Alvarez said, "Well, what do you say, *José, amigo?*"

"What are you bringing in?"

"Does it matter, *amigo?*"

He said *amigo* too much, Rincon thought. He heard himself say, "Yes . . ."

"Well, what'll we do, have another bag of popcorn or walk down to the hamburger stand for a real meal?"

JOHN A. RUGE

Alvarez didn't like it. Now it was going to be nasty, Rincon knew. "Supposing," Alvarez said, "that your superiors were told of the time you let the Gold Shirts run the guns across at Matamoros?"

"It was not strictly our business to stop them."

"And suppose they knew you were one of the Gold Shirts?"

"I was a Fascist at the time," Rincon said, "because I thought they would free Mexico. Then I found it was a racket, too, like most of the revolutions of my time . . ." He was without bitterness.

Alvarez shrugged. "Still, your superiors would not be interested in how noble your intention was. They would be interested merely in a border patrolman being on the membership list of the Gold Shirts."

"The Gold Shirts are all finished with now," Rincon said. "My superiors would not believe you."

"We could see about that," Alvarez said. "You are of Mexican blood. They would be suspicious."

It was a good thrust, Rincon knew. It was what Alvarez had used those other times: how they did not like or trust him because he was a Mexican, so why not betray them?

"What are you bringing in?" Rincon said.

"You are stubborn," Alvarez said.

"I know it's not liquor," Rincon said.

Alvarez looked at him: "Morphine."

Rincon grew excited for some reason obscure to him. "Morphine? That much morphine—two mule loads must be worth tens of thousands of dollars. You'll be rich."

Alvarez nodded, grinning as though pleased. "And then planes—fast planes to do a really good job here along the border."

"We'll have planes by then to stop you."

"I doubt it," Alvarez said.

RINCON did not speak. Excitement and revulsion were curiously blended in him.

"You will do it, then?" Alvarez said. "Arrange to be near the ford, instead of Manners? It could be unfortunate for Manners."

"No, I can't help you." Rincon said.

"Why not?"

"I don't like the idea."

"You were not so particular during prohibition."

"That was different. There is nothing wrong with a man taking a drink."

"There is no difference," Alvarez said. "Some take pleasure from drinking, some from women, some from drugs. Who are we to worry over which a man may choose?"

There seemed—to Rincon—a certain logic in Alvarez's glibness, and he hesitated. "Still, I do not like it," he said.

"Why?"

Rincon hesitated again. "When we go on vacation to the north," he said, "we are encouraged to go to the places of imprisonment in other cities and study there, what do they call it, penology?"

"Yes, penology," Alvarez said in English. He didn't know what the word meant.

"We go to all the various types of prisons up there. When a man is given to the taking of drugs and they have caught him, they give him what they call a reducing treatment. Seven days, I think it is, of lessening doses, and then he is placed in a cell with others of his kind and with none of the drug. It is not pleasant."

"Why not?"

"Well," Rincon said, lamely, "seven days is not enough. His body still craves the drug. The guards there have a name for what happens. The placing of the man in the cell is called by them 'kicking it out.' "

"You mean they are beaten?" Alvarez said.

"No, it is simply that their bodies are not prepared for abstention from the drug. I saw them, there. It was not pleasant."

"It is no concern of mine," Alvarez said, "if the big cities of the north do not know how to treat their prisoners.

Rincon saw that Alvarez had missed the point. Rincon thought it must be his own fault that Alvarez had; it did not occur to him that it was a point Alvarez could not get, under any circumstances.

They were both silent for a while, Alvarez looking steadily at Rincon, who

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looked away from Alvarez. "Are you going to be there tomorrow night?" Alvarez said.

"No," Rincon said.

"Five hundred dollars for you, also?"

"I don't like it," Rincon said.

"You'll be there and let us through," Alvarez said without anger.

Rincon did not raise his eyes. He heard Alvarez get up. "We'll time it to be there when your patrol is passing so that you can arrange to be the one to take the trail by the river."

The fellow knew everything, Rincon thought, but still did not look at Alvarez. He would be there, all right, he knew, just as Alvarez wanted him to be.

NOT enough dew had fallen to settle the dust. It rose under their horses' hoofs and billowed up, almost unseen in the clear starlight. Manners was a man without much imagination. For him, Rincon's silence tonight had no unusual quality. Riding the trail that ran near the wide gorge in which the river flowed, Manners heard Rincon exclaim wordlessly:

"What's the matter, Joe?"

"Nothing," Rincon said.

They rode on in silence. It had just occurred to Rincon that it was not unlikely that the priest would be crossing the ford about the time Alvarez's mules would be coming over the other way; in the first, full dark, before the moon rose. The man was crazy, like a child, Rincon thought. Still, he thought almost wistfully, it must be fine to be that way: devoted to something that much, believing in God enough to want to serve Him. For an uneasy moment, Rincon wished that he, too, might again believe in God that much, as he had when a young man. Well, the priest would have to take his chances. He knew what he was going into.

They were at the place where the trail forked. The right branch ran along the plain, the left went diagonally down the bluff or *lomas* to run for about two miles along the riverbank. In the middle of this stretch it was intersected by the ford, used legally and illegally for centuries. After running along the river, paralleling the right fork, but a mile or so away from it, the trail went upward again, rejoining the right fork about four miles from where it left it.

"I'll go down tonight," Manners said. When they were shorthanded, as they had been lately, one man rode the upper trail, one the lower.

"I'll go," Rincon said.

"You went last time," Manners said. "I'll go. This damn' business of riding patrol shorthanded is a nuisance. It could be bad down there some night. Patrolmen have been killed there before."

"Not in ten years," Rincon said, dully. "The ford is hardly ever used now."

"We should both go down."

"The orders are to patrol both forks of the trail."

Manners protested some more, but when they separated, it was Rincon who rode down toward the river.

The heat increased and the smell of sage was stronger. There was no sound but that made by the horse.

Although the gorge was perhaps a quarter of a mile wide, the river here was not itself wide. What wind there was blew overhead, from bluff to bluff. Down where Rincon was, there was only the heat and the silence and the uncertain starshine in the water. The horse moved uneasily and nuzzled a little hollow where moisture had lain after the last rain. Rincon let the animal move closer to the channel, where it drank briefly. Rincon felt oppressed. It would be foolish, standing there while Alvarez' mules came. Still, what else was there to do? And five hundred was nice. Nor would he lose his pension as he would if his superiors knew of those things which were part of the past.

They were coming now. Rincon had really heard them first, but it seemed to him that he saw them before he heard them, slow, shapeless masses of darkness moving against the luminous darkness of the water above the ford. His horse stamped.

"*José, amigo?*" Alvarez's voice was querulous, hushed.

"What is it?" Rincon said in a low voice. In that silence, in that place, a whisper would carry almost across the channel.

"It is us," Alvarez said in Spanish.

The donkeys made harsher noises as their hoofs came from water onto rock. Closer now, Rincon could see them. Something made him feel dull and stupid, perhaps his conscience. There was two others with Alvarez. Rincon could see their rifles gleam in the starlight. His own rifle remained in its boot, his automatic in its holster.

The burros paused. Rincon could feel the eyes of the drivers on him. "This is fine," Alvarez said. Some triumph, apart from a successful financial coup, sounded in his voice; he was of those who take pleasure in making another do wrong. Rincon sensed what was in Alvarez's voice, without actually knowing what it was. Before he could speak there was the sound of a donkey approaching from the west along the trail.

Alvarez cursed and his men turned away from Rincon. It was the priest, Rincon knew, and spoke quickly: "Do not be alarmed, it is no one of importance."

"If we are trapped, I shall kill you," Alvarez said. "If I am captured, I shall tell them of you."

"It is a priest," Rincon said. "A simple man. He must go into Mexico. Who are we to interfere?" He wished the priest had waited.

The priest and his small donkey were near now and paused. He was dressed as yesterday, Rincon saw, noting the outline of the straw hat against the sky. There was a slight pause before anyone spoke. Rincon, whose intuitions were more accurate than his thought, knew that the priest had sensed evil.

"I—I see you have friends with you tonight, Rincon," the priest said, rather incongruously. "I hope I have not embarrassed you."

"No," Rincon said. "Just go across."

IN ANOTHER silence the priest hesitated. "It would be best to hurry," Rincon said. Why hadn't the man avoided evil instead of coming into it, he thought.

"No," Alvarez said quickly. Then, in Spanish to Rincon: "He may inform on both of us. You must be crazy. It would be best to kill him."

"He speaks Spanish," Rincon said. Something had gone wrong and words, which were often a trouble to him, would not come. He started to say "No," when the gun went off. As the priest fell silently and heavily to the ground, it seemed to Rincon that the man's right arm had been raised almost as though in a blessing.

"In the channel," Alvarez said, "it is deep and my men can drop him there quickly. They can hurry before your partner can come down the west trail." He was very cool, even rather pleased with himself, and totally unprepared for Rincon's shooting him. The heavy slug from the automatic caught him in the left shoulder, spinning him once before he fell. A rifle went off near Rincon and his cap was jerked from his head. He fired once at a moving, leaning shape and dropped, rolling to the cover of a rock.

From near by in the darkness Alvarez was cursing; the mildest thing Rincon was was a traitor. Far off, easily two miles away, Manners fired a shot of assurance. A lot could happen before Manners came, Rincon knew. One of them would go behind him . . .

He made a sudden movement in the silence; a rifle and Alvarez's automatic went off. Rincon found out what he wanted to know. He had gotten one of the drivers. The donkeys were clattering off toward the ford. "The burros, the burros," Alvarez said. "Catch them." Rincon saw the other driver start erect, in fear of Alvarez, then start to crouch again, then fall as Rincon's slug took him sidewise.

"I shall kill you," Alvarez said, but there was fear in his voice, "and if they should first capture me, I will inform on you."

"Then it might be best if I were to kill you," Rincon said, "*amigo.*"

The burros were still moving toward the ford. "Conrado! Miguel!" Alvarez screamed for his dead drivers. "The burros! The stuff is not in watertight bags. If they should fall!"

THE sound of the burros on rock faded to their sound in water. Alvarez rose to one knee and fired directly at where he had seen the flash of Rincon's gun. The bullet whined off and the rock fragments hit Rincon in the forehead, stunning him slightly. Blood ran into his left eye. He could hear Alvarez running toward the ford. Rincon fired but the running kept on. He held his hand over his left eye and could see the shape moving in the darkness. He took aim, coldly and deliberately, and fired. Alvarez started to scream but there was only a kind of animal-like gurgle and then silence.

Rincon waited, then stood up. Not until after he had been standing almost a minute did he think that if one of the others was feigning death, he himself would be shot. But they were all dead. He moved slowly and stupidly from one body to another. They were all dead. The priest, cleanly and quickly through the head. One of the drivers through the head, another sidewise through the arm and heart. Alvarez through the shoulder and then—a lucky shot—through the throat.

Rincon stood there, silently, among the slain. He tried to think, but none of the proverbs in which he thought seemed to cover what had happened. . . .

He heard, as though it were unimportant, Manners creeping toward them among the brush and rocks. "It is all right, Bill," Rincon said in a small voice. "They are all gone."

Manners stood and walked toward them. His heavy flashlight picked out, one by one, the dead, from where he stood near Rincon. He whistled. "Boy, you didn't clean up or anything, did you, Joe?"

When Rincon did not speak, Manners touched the priest with his toe. "This one looks like an American. What was he doing with them?"

"He was not of them," Rincon said.

"Then how come he's dead?"

For an instant, the mind flashed clear. They had all died for himself, Rincon felt suddenly, but the priest especially had died so. It was not an altogether pleasant feeling. He knew, in the same flash, that he would carry their deaths with him all his life, as a kind of burden of honesty. It was too much for him.

Manners noticed, in the light on the rock, several little drops fall at Rincon's feet. "What's that dripping, Joe?"

"Blood," Rincon said. "Pieces of the rock cut me when they fired."

He turned away quickly from Manners' searching glance. The spots on the rock were not blood, they were tears. The little wounds had dried before Manners came. But now, at this moment, it seemed easier to Rincon to say blood than tears.

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24 for 15¢

←**4 MORE** than the usual 20. To the pack-a-day smoker this means 1460 *extra* cigarettes per year.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.50 for a carton containing 10 packs (240 cigarettes) to Reed Tobacco Co., Dept. C-8, Richmond, Va.

HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES

3 ways at same time!

Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

● A splitting headache disturbs your nervous system; with jumpy nerves often goes an upset stomach — all tending to aggravate the pain in your head. *That's headache's "vicious circle!"*

And that's why a mere single-acting pain-reliever may prove so unsatisfactory. It may relieve only the pain in your head and still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with a product that acts *3 ways at the same time*—Bromo-Seltzer. Because Bromo-Seltzer not only helps STOP THE PAIN, but also CALM THE NERVES and SETTLE THE STOMACH.

Next time you get a headache, fight it 3 ways at the same time. Take 60 seconds out for a Bromo-Seltzer.* See if it doesn't leave you feeling refreshed; more alert both mentally and physically. Get Bromo-Seltzer today!

**Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.*

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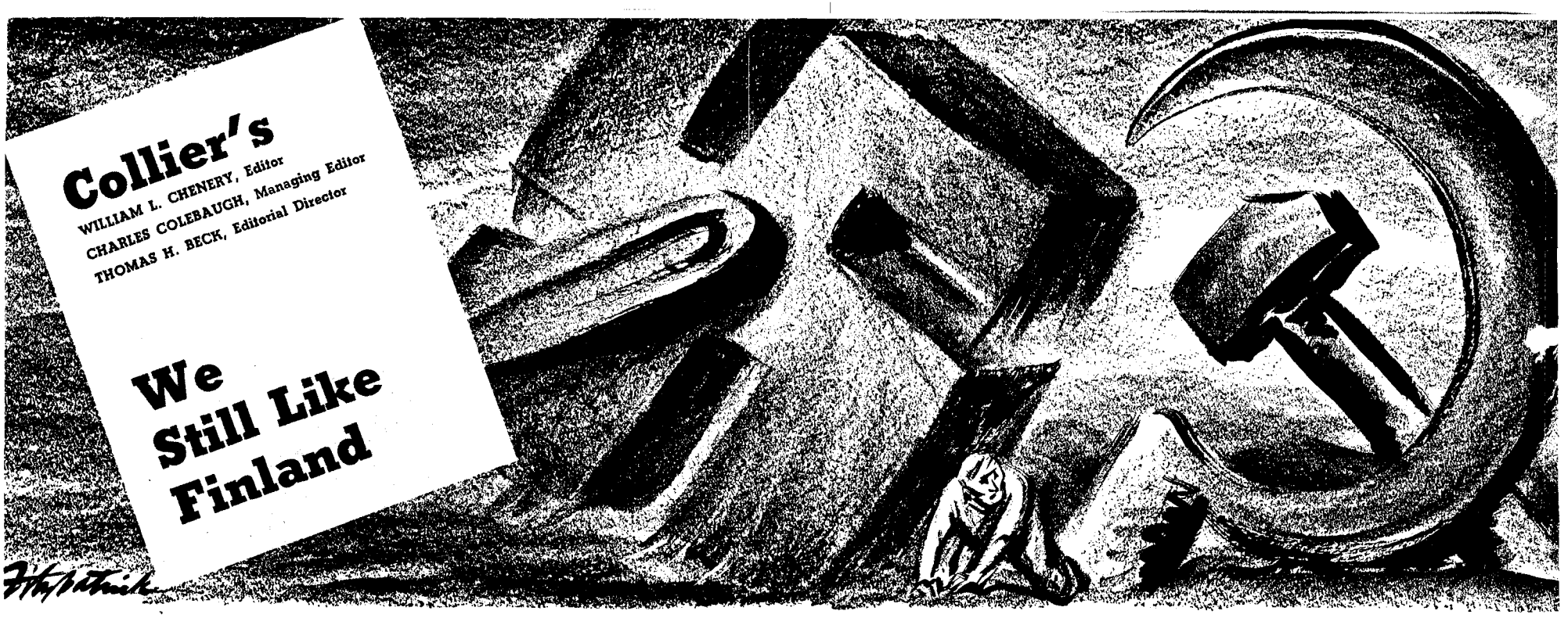

WE YIELD to nobody in our dislike for Hitler, or in our hope to see him some day, somehow, kicked up some convenient blind alley for good. Nevertheless, we have to stretch our imaginations strenuously in order to picture ourselves hating Finland.

In the winter of 1939-40, the Finlanders under Field Marshal Mannerheim put up the most heroic struggle against overwhelming odds that the world had witnessed since the Dutch fought off the Spaniards in the 16th Century.

For one reason or another, neither Britain nor France sent the Finns any aid to amount to anything, though there were loud shouts of "Go it, boys; we're all for you!" Could the Finns have held out a little longer, substantial Allied aid would have arrived; but they couldn't, and it didn't. Finland had to quit.

The dauntless little nation was robbed of the best one tenth of its territory by Russia, and went on semistarvation rations while it strove to rebuild. It gradually moved into the German orbit, as happened during the previous war, and presently the British were blockading Finland. Britain was no doubt justified in doing that, under the rules of war as practiced nowadays; but the effect on the Finns personally was that they got hungrier than ever.

Then came Hitler's decision to leap for Stalin's throat. Rumania, another nation from which Stalin had grabbed territory while the grabbing was good for him, went all the way with Hitler. Finland gagged for a few days but finally also sided with Hitler.

To repeat, we don't blame Finland. We expect never to forget the epic of the Mannerheim Line, or that other epic of little Finland's paying on its American debt year after year. We hope for Hitler's eventual immolation. But we also hope that Finland may somehow come out of this fight stronger, better protected and happier than it ever was before.

There Ought to be a Law

IT'S an overworked phrase: "There ought to be a law." But in the case of the Federal Communications Commission, we're convinced that there really ought to be a more stringent law than there is.

The FCC is a seven-man board which grew out of the old Federal Radio Commission, which was created by Congress and told with a vague wave of the hand to regulate the then infant radio industry.

In the last few years the FCC has made itself ridiculous time and again. It has tried to regulate the morals of radio programs, and then the thrill-content of them, tripping over its own feet in both cases. It threw a wrench a while ago into the natural development of television —a wrench which the radio industry only now is beginning to extract from the works.

And now the FCC, like Don Quixote attacking the windmill, is trying to break up an alleged National Broadcasting Co. monopoly which, so far as we can make out, does not exist. NBC operates two networks. These two networks do not throttle freedom of speech by air, and do not cut legitimate radio operators off the air. They do enable NBC to collect enough money from sponsored programs to pay the freight on a lot of worth-while unsponsored programs. The Town Meeting of the Air, Toscanini and the Metropolitan Opera are three examples.

If the FCC succeeds in smashing this arrangement, it will open the door to radio wildcatters and shoestringers, who will torment the listening public with worse stuff than the worst put out by NBC or any other chain—truly a frightful prospect. Further, the FCC will, if it wins this fight, make it financially nonfeasible for NBC to be anywhere near as generous as it is now with free time for politicians to present both sides of various issues to the public.

All this power-grabbing by the five-man majority on the FCC (Commissioners Craven and Case often show sense and discretion) could be stopped if Congress would pass the aforesaid law.

Such a law would specifically delimit the powers of the FCC. It would protect the air waves against bureaucrats who make work for themselves so as to look as if they are earning the salaries the taxpayers pay them. It would protect small stations from impositions by large stations, and—equally important—vice versa. And it would strictly curtail the FCC's present power to jerk any station's license on nothing more than the whim or caprice or peeve of this commission.

Unless Congress enacts such a law, and reasonably soon, the FCC can be counted on to leech away the freedom of the air, until at last American radio listeners will be able to hear nothing but what seven bureaucrats in Washington think they ought to hear. In times like these, when truth is both essential and hard to get, we can imagine no greater misfortune to the American people.

Epitaph for an Era

THOMAS E. DEWEY observed in a recent speech:

I was graduated from college and then law school in the early '20's. Life then was very simple indeed, as we now view it. I don't remember a single classmate of mine in college or law school who had great trouble getting a job. . . . The object was to choose the right job offered, make as much money as you could and learn to break 80 on the golf course. The world was going to take care of itself, and all any individual had to do was to accept his share.

A learned speaker at one commencement in those days solemnly advised the youth before him that the principal things of life would be achieved by joining the right organizations and knowing the right people.

Another, I remember, suggested that the correct solution was even simpler—all you had to do was to marry the boss' daughter.

What we say is, thank heaven that world cracked up. What a bore life would be today if it had gone on rolling along as in the '20's. It's a tougher world now, but it's an infinitely more interesting one; and its rewards, though harder to win, are more worth winning.

All of which is only a variation on the old truism that the good old days are always right now and right here.

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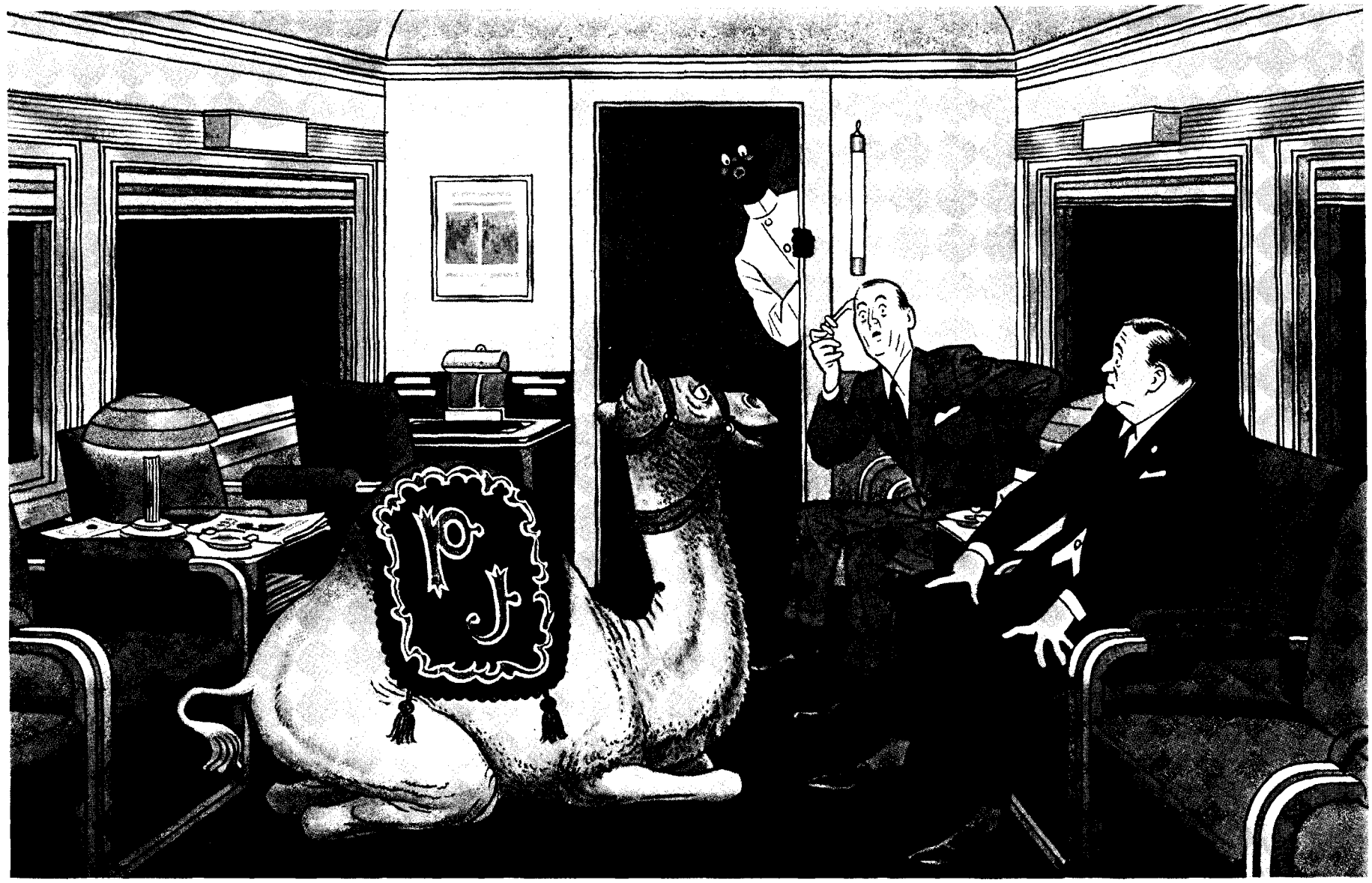
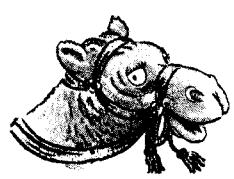


"As I said to that salesman from Dubuque..."

MAN: Well, at this point I'm ready to believe anything! Here we have, not only a camel in the club car, but a camel who claims he can settle our argument about the best buy in whiskey!

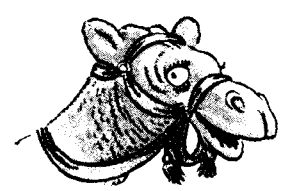


CAMEL: Puzzled, much-traveled-one? Then remember that in my humble way, I am an expert on the subject of whiskies. For I am the symbol of that much to be desired quality in whiskey—*dryness!* Why, just the other day, I was telling a salesman from Dubuque—

MAN: Dryness indeed! Is that what you told this man from Dubuque?

CAMEL: Try one of these Coronas, friend, and I will relate my tale. As I explained to my companion, *dryness,* or lack of sweetness in whiskey, is a quality to be cherished more than fine gold. For it is the *dryness* in whiskey that allows one to savor, unimpaired, the full, mellow taste and delicate aroma of a whiskey's bouquet. Only when your whiskey is *dry* can you know how enjoyable a drink can be!

MAN: As I always tell the boys at the home office—let's have the *facts!* Where can I get a whiskey that has this unusual quality of *dryness?*



CAMEL: Go, brother, and may your feet have wings! Go where the whiskey known as PAUL JONES is sold. Taste PAUL JONES and you will know I have spoken wisely. You will discover for yourself its mellow pleasing taste, its distinctive dryness. You will be pleased also, when you discover that its price is moderate. But you will not have been the first to discover this great whiskey buy. For its popularity increased five times in two years!

MAN: Pal, I'm sold on that *dry* PAUL JONES. And if you ever get to Chicago, look me up. We can always find a spot in our organization for a smart young fellow like you!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

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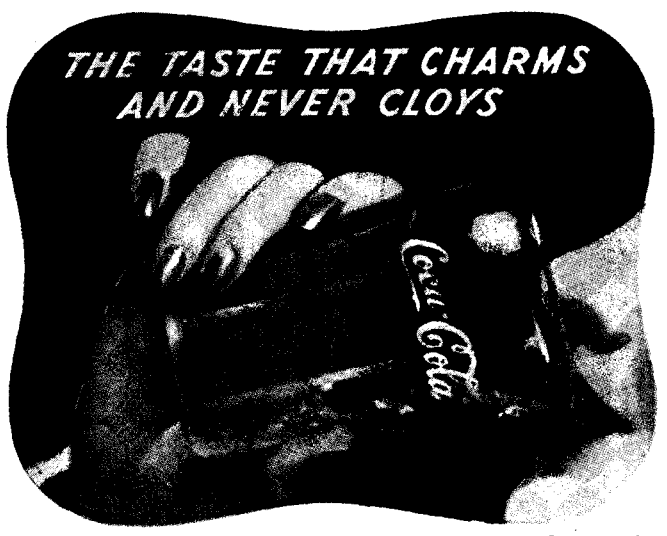

You'll welcome ice-cold Coca-Cola just as often and as surely as thirst comes. You taste its quality,—the quality of genuine goodness. Ice-cold Coca-Cola gives you the taste that charms and never cloys. You get the feel of complete refreshment, buoyant refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

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THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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